[CONTINUED.]

"Of course I did."

"And you notice the likeness?"

"Not I!"

The doctor's uproarious laughter startled the people who were walking near them in the street. "Here's another proof," he burst out, "of the true saying that no man knows himself. You don't deny the likeness, I suppose?"

"Do you yourself see it?" Lord Harry asked.

Mr. Vimpany answered that question scornfully: "Is it likely that I should have submitted to all the trouble I have taken to get possession of that man, if I had not seen a likeness between his face and yours?"

The Irish lord said no more. When his friend asked why he was silent, he gave his reason sharply enough: "I don't like the subject."

CHAPTER XI.—THE MEDDLESOME MAID.

On the evening of that day Fanny Mere entering the dining-room with the coffee, found Lord Harry and Mr Vimpany alone, and discovered (as soon as she opened the door) that they changed the language in which they were talking from English to French.

She continued to linger in the room, apparently occupied in setting the various objects on the sideboard in order. Her master was speaking at the time: he asked if the doctor had succeeded in finding a bedroom for himself in the neighborhood. To this Mr. Vimpany replied that he had got the bedroom. Also, that he had provided himself with something else, which it was equally important to have at his disposal. "I mean," he proceeded, in his bad French, "that I have found a photographic apparatus on hire. We are ready now for the appearance of our interesting Danish guest."

"And when the man comes," Lord Harry added, "what am I to say to my wife? How am I to find an excuse, when she hears of a hospital patient who has taken possession of your bed-room at the cottage—and has done it with my permission, and with you to attend on him."

The doctor sipped his coffee. "We have told a story that has satisfied the authorities," he said coolly. "Repeat the story to your wife."

"She won't believe it," Lord Harry replied.

Mr. Vimpany waited until he had lit another cigar, and had quite satisfied himself that it was worth smoking.

"You have yourself to thank for that obstacle," he resumed. "If you had taken my advice your wife would have been out of our way by this time. I suppose I must manage it. If you fail, leave her ladyship to me. In the meanwhile, there's a matter of more importance to settle first. We shall want a nurse for our poor, dear invalid. Where are we to find her?"

As he stated that difficulty, he finished his coffee, and looked about him for the bottle of brandy which always stood on the dinner-table. In doing this, he happened to notice Fanny. Convinced that her mistress was in danger, after what she had already heard, the maid's anxiety and alarm had so completely absorbed her that she had forgotten to play her part. Instead of still busying herself at the sideboard, she stood with her back to it, palpably listening. Cuuning Mr. Vimpany, possessing himself of the brandy, made a request too entirely appropriate to excite suspicion.

"Some fresh cold water, if you please," was all that he said.

The moment Fanny left the room, the doctor addressed his friend in English, with his eye on the door: "News for you, my boy! We are in a pretty pickle—Lady Harry's maid understands French."

"Quite impossible!" Lord Harry declared.

"We will put that to the test," Mr. Vimpany answered. "Watch her when she comes in again."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to insult her in French. Observe the result."

In another minute Fanny returned with the fresh water. As she placed the glass jug before Mr. Vimpany he suddenly laid his hand on her arm and looked her straight in the face. "Vous nous avez mis dedans, drolesse," he said. "Vous entendez le Francais?" (In English: "You have taken us in, you jade. You understand French.")

An uncontrollable look of mingled rage and fear made its plain confession in Fanny's face. She had been discovered; she had heard herself called "drolesse," she stood before the two men self-condemned. Her angry master threatened her with instant dismissal from the house. The doctor interfered.

"No, no," he said, "you mustn't deprive Lady Harry, at a moment's notice, of her maid. Such a clever maid, too," he added, with his rascally smile. "An accomplished person, who understands French, and is too modest to own it!"

CHAPTER XII.—FICTION: ATTEMPTED BY MY LORD.

The doctor had led Fanny through many a weary and unrewarded walk, when now she followed him to the hospitals: he had inflicted a deliberate insult by calling her "drolesse," and he had completed the sum of his offenses by taking contemptuously of her modesty and her mastery of the French language. The woman's detestation of him, which under ordinary circumstances she might have attempted to conceal, was urged into audaciously asserting itself by the strong excitement that now possessed her. Driven to bay, Fanny made up her mind to discover the conspiracy of which Mr. Vimpany was the animating spirit by a method daring enough to be worthy of the doctor himself.

"My knowledge of French has told me something," she said. "I have just heard, Mr. Vimpany, that you want a nurse for your invalid gentleman. With my lord's permission, suppose you try me?"

Fanny's audacity was more than her master's patience could endure. He ordered her to leave the room.

The peace-making doctor interfered again: "My dear lord, let me beg you will not be too hard on the young woman." He turned to Fanny, with an effort to look indulgent, which ended in the reappearance of his rascally smile. "Thank you, my dear, for your proposal," he said; "I will let you know if we accept it, tomorrow."

Fanny's unforgiving master pointed to the door; she thanked Mr. Vimpany, and went out. Lord Harry eyed his friend in angry amazement. "Are you mad?" he asked.

"Tell me something first," the doctor rejoined. "Is there any English blood in your family?"

Lord Harry answered with a burst of patriotic feeling. "I regret to say my family is adulterated in that manner. My grandmother was an Englishwoman."

Mr. Vimpany received this extract from the page of family history with a coolness all his own.

"It's a relief to hear that," he said. "You may be capable (by the grandmother's side) of swallowing a dose of sound English sense. I can but try, at any rate. That woman is too bold and too clever to be treated like an ordinary servant—I incline to believe that she is a spy in the employment of your wife. Whether I am right or wrong in this latter case, the one way I can see of paring the cat's claws is to turn her into a nurse. Do you find me mad now?"

"Madder than ever."

"Ah, you don't take after your grandmother! Now listen to me. Do we run the smallest risk if Fanny finds it her interest to betray us? Suppose we ask ourselves what she has really found out. She knows we have got a sick man from a hospital coming here—does she know what we want him for? Not she! Neither you nor I said a word on that subject. But she also heard us agree that your wife was in our way. What does that matter? Did she hear us say what it is that we don't want your wife to discover? Not she, I tell you again! Very well, then—if Fanny acts as Oxbye's nurse, sly as the young woman may be, she innocently associates herself with the end that we have to gain by the Danish gentleman's death! On, you needn't look alarmed! I mean his natural death by irritable disease—no crime, my noble friend—no crime!"

The Irish lord, sitting near the doctor, drew his chair back in a hurry.

"If there's English blood in my family," he declared, "I'll tell you what, Vimpany, there's devil's blood in yours!"

"Anything you like but Irish blood," the cool scoundrel rejoined.

As he made that insolent reply Fanny came in again, with a sufficient excuse for her reappearance. She announced that a person from the hospital wished to speak to the English doctor.

The messenger proved to be a young man employed in the secretary's office. Oxbye still persisting in his desire to be placed under Mr. Vimpany's care, one last responsibility rested on the official gentlemen now in charge of him.

They could implicitly trust the medical assistance and the gracious hospitality offered to the poor Danish patient; but, before he left them, they must also be satisfied that he would be attended by a competent nurse. If the person whom Mr. Vimpany proposed to employ in this capacity could be brought to the hospital, it would be esteemed a favor; and, if her account of herself satisfied the physician in charge of Oxbye's case, the Dane might be removed to his new quarters on the same day.

The next morning witnessed the first in a series of domestic incidents at the cottage which no prophetic ingenuity could have foreseen. Mr. Vimpany and Fanny Mere herself left Passy together for Paris.

The day on which the doctor took his newly appointed nurse with him to the hospital became an occasion associated with distressing recollections in the memory of Iris.

In the morning Fanny Mere had asked for leave to go out. For some time past this request had been so frequently granted, with such poor results so far as the maid's own designs were concerned, that Lady Harry decided on administering a tacit reproof by means of a refusal. Fanny made no attempt at remonstrance; she left the room in silence.

Half an hour later Iris had occasion to ring for her attendant. The bell was answered by the cook, who announced, in explanation of her appearance, that Fanny Mere had gone out. More distressed than displeased by this reckless disregard of her authority on the part of a woman who had hitherto expressed the most grateful sense of her kindness, Iris only said, "Send Fanny to me as soon as she comes back."

Two hours passed before the truant maid returned.

"I refused to let you go out this morning," Lady Harry said, "and you have taken the liberty of leaving the house for two hours. You might have made me understand, in a more becoming manner, that you intended to leave my service."

Steadily respectful, Fanny answered: "I don't wish to leave your ladyship's service."

"Then what does your conduct mean?"

"It means, if you please, that I had a duty to do—and did it."

"A duty to yourself?" Iris asked.

"No, my lady; a duty to you."

As she made that strange reply the door was opened, and Lord Harry entered the room. When he saw Fanny Mere he turned away again, in a hurry to go out. "I didn't know your maid was with you," he said. "Another time will do."

His permitting a servant to be an obstacle in his way when he wished to speak to his wife was a concession so entirely unbecoming in the master of the house and so strangely contrary to his customary sense of what was due to himself that Iris called him back in astonishment. She looked at her maid, who at once understood her, and withdrew.

"What can you possibly be thinking of?" she said to her husband, when they were alone. Putting that question, she noticed an embarrassment in his manner and an appearance of confusion in his face which alarmed her. "Has something happened?" she asked; "and is it so serious that you hesitate to mention it to me?"

He sat down by her and took her hand. The loving look in his eyes, which she knew so well, was not in them now: they expressed doubt and something with it which suggested an effort at conciliation.

"I am fearing I shall surprise you," he said.

"Don't keep me in suspense!" she returned. "What is it?"

He smiled uneasily: "It's something about Vimpany."

Having got as far as that, he stopped. She drew her hand away from him. "I understand now," she said. "I must endeavor to control myself—you have something to tell me which will try my temper."

He held up his hands in humorous protest: "Ah, my darling, here's your vivid imagination again, making mountains out of molehills, as they say! It's nothing half so serious as you seem to think; I have only to tell you of a little change."

"A little change?" she repeated. "What change?"

"Well, my dear, you see—" He hesitated and recovered himself. "I mean you

He held up his hands in humorous protest.

must know that Vimpany's plans are altered. He won't any longer occupy his bedroom in the cottage here."

Iris looked inexpressibly relieved. "Going away at last!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Harry, if you have been mystifying me I hope you will never do it again. It isn't like you; it's cruel to alarm me about nothing. Mr. Vimpany's empty bedroom will be the most interesting room in the house when I look into it to-night."

Lord Harry got up and walked to the window. As a sign of trouble in his mind, and of an instinctive effort to relieve it, the object of this movement was well known to Iris. She followed him and stood by his side. It was now plain to her that there was something more to be told—and that he was hesitating how to confide it to his wife.

"Go on," she said, resignedly.

He had expected her to take his arm, or perhaps to caress him, or at least to encourage him by her gentlest words and her prettiest smiles. The steady self-restraint which she now manifested was a sign, as he interpreted it, of suppressed resentment. Shrinking, honestly shrinking, from the bare possibility of another quarrel, he confronted the hard necessities of further confession.

"Well, now," he said, "it's only this—you mustn't look into the empty bedroom to-night."

"Why not?"

"Ah, for the best of all good reasons! Because you might find somebody in there!"

"I asked you, Harry, whether the person who is to occupy our spare bedroom to-night was one of Mr. Vimpany's friends?"

"Say one of Mr. Vimpany's patients—and you will be nearer the truth," he answered, with an outburst of impatience.

She could hardly believe him. "Do you mean a person who is really ill?" she said.

"Of course I mean it," he said, irritated into speaking out at last.

"A man? or a woman?"

"A man."

"May I ask you if he comes from England?"

"He comes from one of the French hospitals. Anything more?"

Iris left her husband to recover his good-humor, and went back to her chair. The extraordinary disclosure which she had extracted from him had produced a stupefying effect on her mind. Her customary sympathy with him, her subtle, womanly observation of his character, her intimate knowledge of his merits and his defects, failed to find the rational motive which might have explained his conduct. She looked round at him with mingled feelings of perplexity and distrust.

He was still at the window, but he had turned his back on the view of the garden, his eyes were fixed in furtive expectation, on his wife. Was he waiting to hear her say something more? She ran the risk and said it.

"I don't quite understand the sacrifice you seem to be making to Mr. Vimpany," she confessed. "Will you tell me, dear, what it means?"

Here was the opportunity offered of following the doctor's advice, and putting his wife's credulity to the test. With her knowledge of Vimpany, would she really believe the story which had imposed on the strangers who managed the hospital? Lord Harry made up his mind to try the experiment. No matter what the result might be, it would bring the responsibilities that were crushing him to an end. He need say no more if the deception succeeded. He could do no more, if it failed. Under the influence of this cheering reflection, he recovered his temper; his handsome face brightened again with its genial boyish smile.

"What a wonderful woman you are!" he cried. "Isn't it just the thing that I am here for, to tell you what I mean—and my clever wife sees through and through me, and reminds me of what I must do! Pay my fee beforehand, Iris! Give me a kiss—and my poor meaning shall be offered in return. It will help me if you remember one thing. Vimpany and I are old friends, and there's nothing we won't do to accommodate each other. Mind that!"

Tried fairly on its own merits, the stupid fiction invented by the doctor produced no effect for which Lord Harry was not prepared. The longer Iris listened, the more strangely Iris looked at him. Not a word fell from her lips when he had done. He noticed that she had turned pale: it seemed to be almost possible that he had frightened her.

If his bird-witted brains could have consulted cause and effect, this was exactly the result which he might have anticipated.

She was asked to believe that a new system of medical practice had been invented by such a person as Mr. Vimpany. She was asked to believe that an invalid from a foreign hospital, who was a perfect stranger to Lord Harry, had been willingly made welcome to a bedroom at the cottage. She was asked to believe that this astounding concession had been offered to the doctor as a tribute of friendship, after her husband had himself told her that he regretted having invited Vimpany, for the second time, to become his guest. Here was one improbable circumstance accumulated on another, and a clever woman was expected to accept the monstrous excuses, thus produced, as a trustworthy statement of facts. Irresistibly, the dread of some evil deed in secret contemplation cast its darkening presence on the wife's mind. Lord Harry's observation had not misled him, when he saw Iris turn pale, and when the doubt was forced on him whether he might not have frightened her.

"If my explanation of this little matter has satisfied you," he ventured to resume. "we need say no more about it."

"I agree with you," she answered, "let us say no more about it." Conscious, in spite of the effort to resist, of a feeling of oppression while she was in the same room with a man who had deliberately lied to her, and that man her husband, she reminded Lord Harry that he had proposed to take a walk in the garden. Out in the pure air, under the bright sky, she might breathe more freely. "Come to the flowers," she said.

They went to the garden together—the wife fearing the deceitful husband; the husband fearing the unsuspicious wife.

Watching each other like two strangers, they walked silently side by side, and looked now and then at the collection of flowers and plants. Iris noticed a delicate fern which had fallen away from the support to which it had been attached. She stooped and occupied herself in restoring it to its place. When she looked round again, after attending to the plant, her husband had disappeared, and Mr. Vimpany was waiting in his place.

"Where is Lord Harry?" Iris asked.

The reply startled her: "Lord Harry leaves me to say to your ladyship what he has not had resolution enough to say for himself."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Vimpany."

The doctor pointed to the fern which had just been the object of Lady Harry's care.

"You have been helping that sickly plant there to live and thrive," he said, "and I have felt some curiosity in watching you. There is another sickly plant which I have undertaken to rear if the thing can be done. My gardening is of the medical kind—I can only carry it on indoors—and, whatever else it may be, I tell you plainly, like the outspoken sort of fellow that I am, it's not likely to prove agreeable to a lady. No offense, I hope? Your humble servant is only trying to produce the right sort of impression—and takes leave to doubt his lordship in one particular."

"In what particular, sir?"

"I'll put it in the form of a question, ma'am. Has my friend persuaded you to make arrangements for leaving the cottage?"

Iris looked at Lord Harry's friend without attempting to conceal her opinion of him.

"I call that an impertinent question," she said. "By what right do you presume to inquire into what my husband and I may, or may not, have said to each other?"

"Will you do me a favor, my lady? Or, if that is asking too much, perhaps you will not object to do justice to yourself. Suppose you try to exercise the virtue of self-control?"

"Quite needless, Mr. Vimpany. Pray understand that you are not capable of making me angry."

"Many thanks, Lady Harry; you encourage me to go on. When I was bold enough to speak of your leaving the cottage, my motive was to prevent you from being needlessly alarmed."

Iris interrupted him. Instead of confessing the truth, he was impudently attempting to frighten her. "I don't allow a person in whom I have no confidence to advise me," she said; "I wish to hear no more."

CHAPTER XLII.—MAN AND WIFE.

Towards evening the Dane was brought to the cottage.

A feeling of pride which forbade any display of curiosity, strengthened perhaps by an irresistible horror of Vimpany, kept Iris in her room. Nothing but the sound of footsteps outside told her when the suffering man was taken to his bedchamber on the same floor. She was afterwards informed by Fanny that the doctor turned down the lamp in the corridor, before the patient was helped to ascend the stairs, as a means of preventing the mistress of the house from plainly seeing the stranger's face and recognizing the living likeness of her husband.

Lord Harry had remained in Paris to attend a theatre party and missed his last train home.

The hours advanced—the bustle of domestic life sank into silence—everybody but Iris rested quietly in bed.

Through the wakeful night the sense of her situation oppressed her sinking spirits. Mysteries that vaguely threatened danger made their presence felt, and took their dark way through her thoughts. The cottage, in which the first happy days of her marriage had been passed, might ere long be the scene of some evil deed, provoking the lifelong separation of her husband and herself! Were these the exaggerated fears of a woman in a state of hysterical suspicion? It was enough for Iris to remember that Lord Harry and Mr. Vimpany had been alike incapable of telling her the truth. The first had tried to deceive her; the second had done his best to frighten her. Why? If there was really nothing to be afraid of—why? The hours of the early morning came, and still she listened in vain for the sound of my lord's footstep on the stairs; still she failed to hear the cautious opening of his dressing-room door. Leaving her chair, Iris rested on the bed. As time advanced exhaustion mastered her: she slept.

Awakening at a late hour, she rang for Fanny Mere. The master had just returned. He had missed the latest night-train to Passy; and, rather than waste money on hiring a carriage at that hour, he had accepted the offer of a bed at the house of his friend's. He was then below stairs, hoping to see Lady Harry at breakfast.

His wife joined him.

Not even at the time of the honeymoon had the Irish lord been a more irresistibly agreeable man than he was on that memorable morning. His apologies for having failed to return at the right time were little masterpieces of grace and gaiety. The next best thing to having been present, at the theatrical performance of the previous night, was to hear his satirical summary of the story of the play, contrasting delightfully with his critical approval of the fine art of the actors. The time had been when Iris would have resented such merciless trifling with serious interests as this. In those earlier and better days she would have reminded him affectionately of her claim to be received into his confidence—she would have tried all that tact and gentleness and patience could do to win his confession of the ascendency exercised over him by his vile friend—and she would have used the utmost influence of her love and her resolution to disunite the fatal fellowship which was leading him to his ruin.

But Iris Henley was Lady Harry now.

"Have you had a look at the poor fellow whom the doctor is going to cure?" he asked abruptly, eager to discover whether she had noticed the likeness between Oxbye and himself.

At that critical moment Fanny Mere entered the room with a telegram in her hand.

"For you, my lady!"

Iris opened the telegram. The message was signed by Mrs. Vimpany, and was expressed in these words: "You may feel is your duty to go to your father. He is dangerously ill."

Lord Harry saw a sudden change in his wife's face that roused his guilty suspicions. "Is it anything about me?" he asked.

Iris handed the telegram to him in silence. Having looked at it, he desired to hear "what her wishes were."

"The telegram expresses my wishes," she said. "Have you any objection to my leaving you?"

"None whatever," he answered eagerly. "Go, by all means."

Carefully on the look-out for any discoveries which might enlighten her, Fanny noticed with ever-increasing interest the effect which the harmless Dane seemed to produce on my lord and the doctor.

Every morning, after breakfast, Lord Harry presented himself in the bedroom. Every morning his courteous interest in his guest expressed itself mechanically in the same form of words:

"Mr. Oxbye, how do you find yourself to-day?"

Sometimes the answer would be: "Gracious lord, I am suffering pain." Sometimes it was: "Dear and admirable patron, I feel as if I might get well again." On either occasion, Lord Harry listened without looking at Mr. Oxbye—said he was sorry to hear a bad account or glad to hear a good account, without looking at Mr. Oxbye—made a remark on the weather, and took his leave, without looking at Mr. Oxbye. Nothing could be more plain than that his polite inquiries (once a day) were unwillingly made, and that it was always a relief to him to get out of the room. So strongly was Fanny's curiosity excited by this strange behavior, that she ventured one day to speak to her mistress.

"I am afraid, my lord, you are not hopeful of Mr. Oxbye's recovering."

"Mind your own business," was the savage answer that she received.

As for the doctor's behavior to his patient, it was, in Fanny's estimation, worthy of a savage.

He appeared to feel no sort of interest in the man who had been sent to him from the hospital at his own request, and whose malady it was supposed to be the height of his ambition to cure. When Mr. Oxbye described his symptoms Mr. Vimpany hardly even made a pretense at listening. With a frowning face he applied the stethoscope, felt the pulse, looked at the tongue—and drew his own conclusions in sullen silence.

If the nurse had a favorable report to make he brutally turned his back on her. If discouraging results of the medical treatment made their appearance at night, and she felt it a duty to mention them, he sneered as if he doubted whether she was speaking the truth. Mr. Oxbye's inexhaustible patience and amiability made endless allowances for his medical adviser. "It is my misfortune to keep my devoted doctor in a state of perpetual anxiety," he used to say, "and we all know what a trial to the temper is the consequence of unrelieved suspense. I believe in Mr. Vimpany." Fanny was careful not to betray her own opinion by making any reply: her doubts of the doctor had by this time become terrifying doubts even to herself. Whenever an opportunity favored her, she vigilantly watched him. One of his ways of finding amusement, in his leisure hours, was in the use of a photographic apparatus. He took little pictures of the rooms in the cottage, which were followed by views in the garden. These having come to an end, he completed the mystification of the nurse by producing a portrait of the Dane, while he lay asleep one day after he had been improving in health for some little time past. Fanny asked leave to look at the likeness when it had been "printed" from the negative, in the garden. He first examined it himself—and then deliberately tore it up, and let the fragments fly away in the wind. "I am not satisfied with it," was all the explanation he offered. One of the garden chairs happened to be near him; he sat down, and looked like a man in a state of torment under his own angry thoughts.

If the patient's health had altered for the worse, and if the tendency to relapse had proved to be noticeable after medicine had been administered, Fanny's first suspicions might have taken a very serious turn. But the change in Oxbye—sleeping in purer air and sustained by better food than he could obtain at the hospital—pointed more and more visibly to a decided gain of vital strength. His hollow cheeks were filling out, and color was beginning to appear again on the pallor of his skin. Strange as the conduct of Lord Harry and Mr. Vimpany might be, there was no possibility, thus far, of connecting it with the position occupied by the Danish guest. Nobody who had seen his face, when he was first brought to the cottage, could have looked at him again, after the lapse of a fortnight, and have failed to discover the signs which promise recovery of health.

[To Be Continued.]

Fighting The Apaches.

James Payne of Arizona can tell more about the bloodthirsty Apaches in a minute than any other man. The Apaches have raided Mr. Payne's ranch three times and stolen any amount of stock.

"You can't depend upon them," said the rancher. "Just as soon as they get back Geronimo will lead them to San Carlos Agency and then the trouble will begin. At their feasts they drink a grain whisky which makes them crazy. They start out on plundering expeditions. If they are removed it will be against the wishes of the people of Arizona and New Mexico."

With Mr. Payne is J. B. Shepard. He is the champion Indian story-teller of the West. Speaking of Gen. Crook he said: "I'll never forget when I fought beside Gen. Crook in an Apache battle. We had been after the redskins some days, and one noon we sighted a band at Crazy Jim Gulch. The General started us on a run, and the way we sailed after the Apaches was a caution. They stopped and set fire to the prairie grass, hoping to head us off, but we fooled them. When they saw that they couldn't get away they rounded up their ponies in a circle and stood in the center. We skirmished around a bit and then sailed in. Gen. Crook has a heart like an ox, and he said: 'Boys, just slay a few dozen of the warriors. Don't kill all, just enough to let them know that we are the people.' 'Twas a sweltering day and there wasn't a spot on the sun. After throwing off our coats and rolling up our trousers we opened fire. In a few seconds the Apaches began to drop. Taking advantage of an open place I led a crowd right into the midst of the Indians. Suddenly my pistol was hurled from my hand and I had to work with an old sword. Being pretty handy with the big knife I more than held my own. I had just laid out my tenth man when I felt a touch on the elbow. The air was so filled with Indian hair you could not see the sun and I asked:

"'Who is there?'

"Gen. Crook,' was the reply.

"'What is it sir?'

"'I wish to restrain you,' spoke the General. 'There is nothing I admire so much as a good fighter—you know that Jim, but when it comes to turning this little spot on the prairie into a slaughter house I kick.'

"Appreciating the fact that I had gone too far I withdrew, but from that day until now Gen. Crook and I have been like two brothers."—*Chicago Tribune.*

He Fled.

A woman was standing on the corner of Michigan avenue and Fourth street the other day, says the Detroit *Free Press*, when a tramp came along and began.

"Madame, I am trying to raise money to go to Buffalo, where I hope to strike a job."

"Yes."

"I have been very unfortunate; my wife is dead."?

"Poor man!"

"And then my children died."

"How sad."

"And then I fell and broke my leg and I have just recovered from the hurt."

"Poor, poor man!"

"I came to Detroit to work at my trade which is shoveling snow, but there is no snow to shovel."

"I see."

"And so if you could help me a bit I would be eternally grateful."

"I'm willing," she replied. "I have no money to give you, but if you are willing we'll get married and open a hand laundry. I'll keep the books and take care of the cash and you can——"

"Do the washing and ironing! Never! Good-day, madame!"

Mrs. Greeley's Patience.

There are an endless number of stories hinging upon the peculiarities of the late Horace Greeley, most of them having to do with his penmanship. But we know next to nothing of his home life and what Mrs. Greeley did with the great journalist. While living at Chappaqua he formed the habit of taking guests home with him unexpectedly, and, as may naturally be supposed, much to the annoyance of his wife. Thackeray told with glee how he walked into the parlor after the placid Horace, and how the journalist tried to assure a pleasant welcome by greeting his better half with an effusive smile. He had no sooner dropped his hat on the center table than she picked it up and threw it out of the window, thus mildly expressing her disgust. Having eased her mind she saluted the distinguished guest with becoming gravity and all was well.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"Dearest Laura, don't cry so! If everything else vanishes we shall yet have left to us memory!" "Ah, dearest Emma, then perhaps you will remember that I lent you $5 two years ago."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

Mr. Plumb expressed the opinion that the home for polygamous women in Utah being maintained there by the government was an utter failure, and said that he found that to be the general view at Salt Lake. He regarded expenditure for it as a great waste of public money.

Mr. Edmunds stated the purpose of congress to be that of aiding the work of Christian women in Utah to save Mormon women from the slavery of polygamy. He admitted that not many Mormon women took advantage of it, but he said the building was an open invitation to them and that he should be glad to have the people of the United States help the home for that reason alone.

Mr. Cockrell stated it as his belief that there were no persons at the home except those who were receiving salaries from the United States.

Among the items of interest to the southwest in the general deficiency bill reported to the house are the following: To carry out the provisions of the Oklahoma town site act $40,000. for Haskell institute, Lawrence, Kan., $110; expenses of the United States circuit court in the Indian territory, $4, 244; for additional expenses incurred by the government fish hatcheries at Neosho, Mo., $4,000.

The Senate will have up the tariff bill for final consideration this week. The Indian appropriation bill will be considered also which is the last but one of the appropriation bills. The finance committee will take under advisement several amendments to the bill and will likely report upon them. The Republicans may call a caucus to consider a change of rules so as to permit the federal election bill to be taken up. The managers of the original package bill are anxious to get a vote on it as soon as possible and this may be reached by the last of the week.

The senate bill giving a pension of $2,000 a year to Mrs. Jessie Fremont was reported from the committee on pensions and placed on the calendar.

The senate proceeded to the consideration of the Indian appropriation bill.

Having disposed of thirty-three pages of the bill (exactly one-half) the bill was laid aside until tomorrow.

The house bill for the disposal of the Fort Ellis reservation under the homestead law taken from the calendar and passed (with an amendment). Also the house bill granting certain lanes to Miles City, Mont., for a public park.

The house committee on merchant marine has recommended that the senate bill to place the American merchant marine engaged in the foreign trade on an equality with that of other nations be passed in place of the bill already reported favorably by the committee of the house, as they are almost identical.

The senate committee on pensions ordered a favorable report to be made on the bill granting a pension of $2,000 to the widow of General McClellan.

OF INTEREST TO WESTERNERS.

The house committee on Military affairs has favorably reported Congressman Morrill's bill for the relief of Major John M. Lang, of Leavenworth, Kansas. A new postoffice has been established at Enterprise, Choctaw nation, I. T., with W. C. V. McCarty, as postmaster, supplied special from Brooken. Dr. John H. Higbee has been appointed medical pension examiner at Greensburg, Kans.

THE FISHERY CORRESPONDENCE.

The president has sent to the house the official correspondence between the government of the United States and the government of Britain touching the seal fisheries of the Behring sea. The correspondence includes thirty-eight separate papers beginning with a letter from Mr. Edwards, first secretary of legation and charge 'd affairs after Minister West's recall, and the thirtieth and last letter of this mass of correspondence, which would, if printed entire, fill over twenty newspaper columns, was addressed by Mr. Blaine to Sir Julian Pouncefote from Bar Harbor, last Saturday. In it the secretary says: "I am instructed by the president to say that the United States is willing to consider all the proceedings of April 16, 1888, as cancelled so far as American rights may be concerned. This government will ask Great Britain to adhere only to the agreement made between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Phelps on the 25 of February, 1888. That was an agreement made directly between the two governments and did not include the rights of Russia asking Lord Salisbury to adhere to the agreement of February 25. We leave the agreement of April 16 to be maintained, if maintained at all, by Russia, for whose cause and for whose advantage it was particularly designed."

THE ORIGINAL PACKAGE BILL.

The original package bill will go into conference. The house conferees will be E. B. Taylor, of Ohio, Stewart of Vermont and Culberson of Texas. The senate conferees have not yet been selected, but they will be three members from the committee on judiciary, probably Edmonds of Vermont, Wilson of Iowa and West of Missouri. The indications are that the house will recede from its amendment, the Reed substitute, and that something like the Wilson bill will be agreed upon. The senate will be disposed to stand by its bill, and many of the members of the house who supported the Reed substitute now believe that they ought to have voted for the Wilson bill.

The dressed-beef people are very much afraid of the Reed substitute, and the ultra prohibitionists are hardly satisfied with its provisions. They say that it is too general in its terms, and not specific enough concerning liquor. They propose that it shall not only prohibit the sale of liquor in communities, but also the transportation. These two elements in the house will no doubt be strong enough to pass the Wilson bill, in case the senate insists upon the adoption of that measure through the conference committee.

PLUMB'S PLAN.

Mr. Plumb has introduced in the senate a proposed amendment to tpe bill recently reported from the committee on finance "to reduce the amount of bonds to be required of national banks and to restore to the channels of trade the excessive accumulation of lawful money in the treasury."

A RECOUNT.

Superintendent Porter of the census bureau, has written a letter to the secretary of the interior recommending a recount of the population of St. Paul and Minneapolis. The superintendent states that an organized conspiracy was detected in Minneapolis to pad the census and that a good deal of fraud was also discovered in St. Paul returns. For this reason the recount is recommended. The secretary of the interior approved the recommendation and the recount will be begun at once.

SHORT STOPS.

President Carnot is said to be the most tastefully dressed public man in France.

James Fitzgerald, an employe of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad at Dixon, Ill., was killed by a freight train at that place.

Superintendent Porter has began sending out checks in payment of the services of the census enumerators, over 50,000 in number.

One hundred and one bodies have been recovered from the Lake Pepin disaster. It is believed that all have now been recovered.

The Atlantic Mining company has declared a dividend of $1 per share.

John C. McGee, well known as "Suspender Jack," the frontiersman, is to be made a policeman in New York.

The seventh annual reunion of the Seventeenth regiment Iowa Vetern Volunteer insantry will be held in Brighton, Iowa, August 26, 27 and 28.

A fire at North Livingstone, R. I., consumed J. M. Lincoln's slaughter house. Loss $40,000.

The Siberian cattle plague is ravaging the province of Riazan. Cattle, horses and sheep are dying by thousands. Two-thirds of the animals attacked die from the disease.

Unofficial census footings make the population of the fourteen largest places in Vermont 84,076 a gain of 17,649 since 1880. The entire state is expected to show a population of 340,000.

William Griffin, 80 years of age, and his grandson 8 years of age, were both drowned recently at Holton near Toronto, Ontario. The boy fell into the driver and the old man attempted to rescue him, but his strength failed and both perished.

A Lake Erie & Western train was struck recently by a cyclone at Bridge Junction, Ill., and one car shipped out of the train and smashed. A coach containing about a dozen passengers was overturned and hurled down an embankment. Several people were injured.

BRIEF MENTION.

Flashes, Dots and Dashes, Boiled Down From Late Dispatches.

The crops of Ontario, except oats, peas and apples, are reported in first class condition.

The wine dealers of San Francisco claim to have been defrauded of large amounts of wine by bogus New York firms.

William Norton, aged ninety-one, died at the house he had lived in west of Sedalia, Mo., for fifty years.

Captain Rye, a justice of the peace and noted hunter of Ireland, has been sentenced at Cork to two months imprisonment at hard labor for shooting and wounding a poacher.

Judge Howland, of Indianapolis, Ind., in a test case, has decided that German must be taught in the public schools of Indianapolis under the State law.

Vance Safrel, of London, O., died of hydrophobia at the union station recently.

In the school board election in Salt Lake City, Utah, the Liberals elected seven members and the Mormons three.

The official rough count gives New York a population of 1,523,301, and increase of 25.4 per cent. during the decade.

The people of Spain are reported as being greatly dissatisfied with the new Conservative Cabinet, and the situation is very critical.

The rumor was current in London that Premier Stambuloff, of Bulgaria, had prepared a proclamation of freedom for Bulgaria which, if issued, would complicate the Eastern situation.

Mrs. R. J. Spencer, wife of a bridge carpenter of Lacygne, Kansas, has shot and killed herself. No cause was known.

Captain Williams, of Jeffersonville, Pa., twenty years blind, is recovering his sight. He thinks the glare in his room of an electric light has something to do with his recovery.

Olive Logan, the pioneer of newspaper women, has the honor of being elected a member of the incorporated Society of Authors, of which Lord Tennyson is president and Walter Besant the secretary.

A Vienna suicide of genius painted his initials and three crosses on a barrel of vinegar and then drowned himself inside.

A man in Cincinnati has eaten 120 spring chickens in 120 consecutive days and still continues without the diet having effect on his heart.

A chicken with four legs was recently hatched out on the farm of L. Hoff, in Northampton township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. It only lived a few days.

The Princess Louise, marchioness of Lorne, is making a statue of the queen as she looked in girlhood, to be given to Kensington as a memorial of her majesty's early life there.

Negroes of all ages are going to school at Meansville, Ga. One negro woman seventy-five years old goes and carries her children, and a negro man eighty-five years old attends school and is in his A B C.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has given $5,000 for the erection of a monument to Father Junipero Serra, of Monterey, which will take the place of a wooden cross that marks the spot where he landed in 1770.

William and Asa Morrill, boys from Sandy creek, Oswego county, N. Y., were out fishing on Robert Corner pond, near Adams, Tuesday afternoon. In trying to land a pickeral the boat capsized and they were drowned.

At Lost Springs, Kansas, John McDermott, a brakeman on the Chicago, Kansas & Western, was caught between the cars while coupling and instantly killed. His body was badly mangled before it could be taken from under the wheels.

A dispatch from Paris gives the Gaulois for authority that an engagement has occurred between the natives and the French expedition to the upper Niger, and that the French were routed. It is feared that the natives have blocked the line of retreat of the French.

Henry Hall, an elderly teamster of Council Bluffs, fatally shot his wife recently and cut his own throat, inflicting a probably mortal wound. He quarreled with his wife and she took refuge at a neighbor's. The Halls leave six grown up children.

Alfred Blunis, a prominent and respected citizen of Baxter Springs, Kans., was instantly killed recently by being violently thrown against a tree by an unmanageable team. His forehead and face was crushed so badly that he was scarcely recognizable.

Secretary Windom has issued a circular asking bondholders to name a price at which they are willing to sell to the government. There is a surplus of $50,000,000 in the treasury which may be applied to the payment of bonds if they can be purchased at proper figures.

All through New Mexico, Arizona, some parts of Colorado and also in old Mexico no rain has fallen for months, and thousands upon thousands of range cattle are lying dead in the parched valleys and thousands more are dying for want of grass and water.

Atchison, Kansas, is having trouble with the census enumerators. A letter from ex-constable Graham to the superintendent of the census at Washington charges the local enumerators with counting in residents of Independence, adjoining the city as residents of the city.

In a railroad collission between a passenger and freight that happened recently near Molto, Ill., on the Chicago & Northwestern several persons were injured and the fireman on the passenger train was killed. The postal car was dashed end up against a telegraph pole.

Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. McKee and Baby McKee had a narrow escape from severe injury recently from a runaway horse which came near upsetting the presidential carriage. The frightened animal finally wound up in a show window, badly cut and bruised. Mrs. McKee at sight of the bleeding animal fainted.

**By the explosion of a threshing machine on the farm of James Monroe, near Princeton, Ind., Andrew Cretzinger was instantly killed and Charles White and Thomas Mehan and Hugh Mor