[CONTINUED.]

"We will not reproach each other, Harry."

"Why—what else do you do all day long but reproach me with your gloomy looks and your silence?"

"Well—end it, if you can. Find some change in the life."

"Be gracious for a little, and listen to my plan. I have made a plan. Listen, Iris. I can no longer endure this life. It drives me mad."

"And me, too. That is one reason why we should not desire to change it. Mad people forget. They think they are somewhere else. For us to believe that we were somewhere else would be in itself happiness."

"I am resolved to change it—to change it, I say—at any risk. We will leave Louvain!"

"We can, I dare say," Iris replied, coldly, "find another town, French or Belgian, where we can get another cottage behind high walls in a garden, and hide there."

"No, I will hide no longer. I am sick of hiding."

"Go on. What is your plan? Am I to pretend to be some one else's widow?"

"We will go to America. There are heaps of places in the States where no English people ever go—neither tourists nor settlers—places where they have certainly never heard of us. We will find some quiet village, buy a small farm, and settle among the people. I know something about farming. We need not trouble to make the thing pay. And we will go back to mankind again. Perhaps, Iris—when we have gone back to the world—you will"—he hesitated—"you will be able to forgive me, and to regard me again with your old thoughts. It was done for your sake."

"It was not done for my sake. Do not repeat that falsehood. The old thoughts will never come back, Harry. They are dead and gone. I have ceased to respect you or myself. Love cannot survive the loss of self-respect. Who am I that I should give love to anybody? Who are you that you should expect love?"

"Will you go with me to America—love or no love? I cannot stay here—I will not stay here."

"I will go with you wherever you please. I should like not to run risks. There are still people whom it would pain to see Iris Henley tried and found guilty with two others on a charge of fraudulent conspiracy."

"I wouldn't accustom myself, if I were you, Iris, to speak of things too plainly. Leave the thing to me and I will arrange it. See now, we will travel by a night train from Brussels to Calais. We will take the cross-country line from Amiens to Havre; there we will take board for New York—no English people ever travel by the Havre line. Once in America, we will push up country—to Kentucky or somewhere—and find that quiet country place; after that I ask no more. I will settle down for the rest of my life and have no more adventures. Do you agree, Iris?"

"I will do anything that you wish," she replied, coldly.

"Very well. Let us lose no time. I feel choked here. Will you go into Brussels and buy a Continental Bradshaw or a Baedeker, or something that will tell us the times of sailing, the cost of passage, and all the rest of it? We will take with us money to start us with; you will have to write to your bankers. We can easily arrange to have the money sent to New York, and it can be invested there—except your own fortune—in my new name. We shall want no outfit for a fortnight at sea. I have arranged it all beautifully. Child, look like your old self." He took an unresisting hand. "I want to see you smile and look happy again."

"You never will."

"Yes—when we have got ourselves out of this damnable, unwholesome way of life; when we are with our fellow-creatures again. You will forget this—this little business—which was, you know, after all, an unhappy necessity."

"Oh! how can I ever forget?"

"New interests will arise; new friendships will be formed—"

"Harry, it is myself that I cannot forgive. Teach me to forgive myself, and I will forget everything."

He pressed her no longer.

"Well, then," he said, "go to Brussels and get this information. If you will not try to conquer this absurd moral sensitiveness—which come too late—you will at least enable me to place you in a healthier atmosphere."

"I will go at once," she said. "I will go by the next train."

"There is a train at a quarter to two. You can do all you have to do and catch the train at five. Iris"—the chance of a change made him impatient—"let us go to-morrow. Let us go by the night express. There will be English travellers, but they shall not recognize me. We shall be in Calais at one in the morning. We will go on by an early train before the English steamer comes in. Will you be ready?"

"Yes; there is nothing to delay me. I suppose we can leave the house by paying the rent? I will go and do what you want."

"Let us go this very night?"

"If you please; I am always ready."

"No; there will be no time; it will look like running away. We will go to-morrow night. Besides, you will be too tired after going to Brussels and back. Iris, we are going to be happy again—I am sure we are." He, for one, looked as if there was nothing to prevent a return of happiness. He laughhed and waved his hands. "A new sky—new scenes—new work—you will be happy again, Iris. You shall go, dear. Get me the things I want."

She put on her thick veil and started on her short journey. The husband's sudden return to his former good spirits gave her a gleam of hope. The change would be welcome indeed if it permitted him to go about among other men, and to her if it gave her occupation. As to forgetting—how could she forget the past, so long as they were reaping the fruit of their wickedness in the shape of solid dividends? She easily found what she wanted. The steamer of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique left Havre every eighth day. They would go by that line. The more she considered the plan the more it commended itself. They would at any rate go out of prison. There would be a change in their life. Miserable condition! To have no other choice of life but that of banishment and concealment; no other prospect than that of continual fraud renewed by every post that brought them money.

When she had got all the information that she wanted she had still an hour or two before her. She thought she would spend the time wandering about the streets of Brussels. The animation and life of the cheerful city—where all the people except the market women are young—pleased her. It was long since she had seen any of the cheerfulness that belongs to a busy street. She walked slowly along, up one street and down another, looking into the shops. She made two or three little purchases. She looked into a place filled with Tauchnitz Editions, and bought two or three books. She was beginning to thing that she was tired and had better make her way back to the station, when suddenly she remembered the postoffice and her instructions to Fanny Mere.

"I wonder," she said, "if Fanny has written to me."

She asked the way to the postoffice. There was time if she walked quickly.

At the post restante there was a letter for her—more than a letter, a parcel, apparently a book.

She received it and hurried back to the station.

In the train she amused herself with looking through the leaves of her new books. Fanny Mere's letter she would read after dinner.

At dinner they actually talked. Lord Harry was excited with the prospect of going back to the world. He had enjoyed his hermitage, he said, quite long enough. Give him the society of his fellow-creatures. "Put me among Cannibals," he said, "and I should make friends with them. But to live alone—it is the devil! To-morrow we begin our new flight."

After dinner he lit his cigar, and went on chattering about the future. Iris remembered the packet she had got at the postoffice, and opened it. It contained a small manuscript book filled with writing, and a brief letter. She read the letter, laid it down, and opened the book.

CHAPTER LV.—THE LAST DISCOVERY.

"I shall like to turn farmer," Lord Harry went on talking while Iris opened and began to read Fanny's manuscript. "After all my adventures, to settle down in a quiet place and cultivate the soil. On market-day we will drive into town together"—he talked as if Kentucky were Warwickshire—"side by side in a spring cart. I shall have samples of grain in bags, and you will have a basket of butter and cream. It will be an ideal life. We shall dine at the ordinary, and, after dinner, over a pipe and a glass of grog, I shall discuss the weather and the crops. And while we live in this retreat of ours, over here the very name of Harry Norland will have been forgotten. Queer, that! We shall go on living long after we are dead and buried and forgotten. In the novels the man turns up after he is supposed to be cast away—wrecked—drowned—dead long ago. But he never turns up when he is forgotten—unless he is Rip Van Winkle. By gad, Iris! When we are old people we will go home and see the old places together. It will be something to look forward to—something to live for—eh?

"I feel quite happy this evening, Iris; happier than I have been for months. The fact is, this infernal place has hipped us both confoundedly. I don't like to grumble, but I've felt the monotony more than a bit. And so have you. It's made you brood over things. Now, for my part, I like to look at the bright side. Here we are comfortably cut off from the past. That's all done with. Nothing in the world can revive the memory of the disagreeable things if we are only true to ourselves and agree to forget them. What has been done can never be discovered. Not a soul knows except the doctor, and between him and ourselves we are going to put a few thousand— What's the matter, Iris? What the devil is the matter?"

For Iris, who had been steadily reading while her husband chattered on, suddenly dropped the book, and turned upon him a white face and eyes struck with horror.

"What is it?" Lord Harry repeated.

"Oh! Is this true?"

"What?"

"I cannot say it. Oh, my God! can this be true?"

"What? Speak, Iris!" He sprang to his feet. "Is it—is it discovered?"

"Discovered? Yes, all—all—all—is discovered!"

"Where? How? Give me the thing, Iris. Quick! Who knows? What is known?"

He snatched the book from her hands. She shrank from his touch, and pushed back her chair, standing in an attitude of self-defense—watching him as one would watch a dangerous creature.

He swiftly read page after page, eager to know the worst. Then he threw the book upon the table.

"Well?" he said, not lifting his eyes.

"The man was murdered—murdered!" she whispered.

He made no reply.

"You looked on while he was murdered! You looked on consenting! You are a murderer!"

"I had no share or part in it. I did not know he was being poisoned."

"You knew when I was with you. Oh! the dead man—the murdered man—was in the house at the very moment! Your hands were red with blood when you took me away—to get me out of the way—so that I should not know—" She stopped, she could not go on.

"I did not know, Iris—not with certainty. I thought he was dying when he came into the house. He did not die: he began to recover. When the doctor gave him his medicine—after that woman went away—I suspected. When he died, my suspicions were stronger. I challenged him. He did not deny it. Believe me, Iris, I neither counselled it nor knew of it."

"You acquiesced in it. You consented. You should have warned the—the other murderer that you would denounce him if the man died. You took advantage of it. His death enabled you to carry out your fraud with me as your accomplice. With me! I am an accomplice in a murder!"

"No, no, Iris; you knew nothing of it. No one can ever accuse you—"

"You do not understand. It is part of the accusation which I make against myself."

"As for what this woman writes," her husband went on, "it is true. I suppose it is useless to deny a single word of it. She had hidden behind the curtain, then! She heard and saw all! If Vimpany had found her! He was right. No one so dangerous as a woman. Yes; she has told you exactly what happened. She suspected all along. We should have sent her away and changed our plans. This comes of being too clever. Nothing would do for the doctor but the man's death. I hoped—we both hoped—that he would die a natural death. He did not. Without a dead man we were powerless. We had to get a dead man. Iris, I will hide nothing more from you, whatever happens. I confess everything. I knew that he was going to die. When he began to get well I was filled with forebodings, because I knew that he would never be allowed to go away. How else could we find a dead body? You can't steal a body; you can't make one up. You must have one for proof of death. I say"—his voice was harsh and hoarse—"I say that I knew he must die. I saw his death in the doctor's face. And there was no more money left for a new experiment if Oxbye should get well and go away. When it came to the point I was seized with mortal terror. I would have given up everything—everything—to see the man get up from his bed and go away. But it was too late. I saw the doctor prepare the final dose, and when he held it to his lips I saw by his eyes that it was the drink of death. I have told you all," he concluded.

"You have told me all," she repeated. "All! Good heavens! All!"

"I have hidden nothing from you. Now there is nothing more to tell."

She stood perfectly still—her hands clasped, her eyes set, her face white and stern.

"What I have to do now," she said, "lies plain before me."

"Iris! I implore you, make no change in our plans. Let us go away as we proposed. Let the past be forgotten. Come with me—"

"Go with you? With you? With you? Oh!" She shuddered.

"Iris! I have told you all. Let us go on as if you had heard nothing. We cannot be more separated than we have been for the last three months. Let us remain as we are until the time when you will be able to feel for me—to pity my weakness—and to forgive me."

"You do not understand. Forgive you? It is no longer a question of forgiveness. Who am I that my forgiveness should be of the least value to you—or to any?"

"What is the question, then?"

"I don't know. A horrible crime has been committed—a horrible, ghastly, dreadful crime—such a thing as one reads of in the papers and wonders, reading it, what manner of wild beasts must be those who do such things. Perhaps one wonders, besides, what manner of women must be those who associate with those wild beasts!—my husband!—my husband! —and I—I am one of the women who are the fit companions of these wild creatures!"

"You can say what you please, Iris; what you please!"

"I have known—only since I came here have I really known and understood—that I have wrecked my life in a blind passion. I have loved you, Harry; it has been my curse. I followed you against the warnings of everybody; I have been rewarded—by this. We are in hiding. If we are found we shall be sent to a convict prison for conspiracy. We shall be lucky if we are not tried for murder and hanged by the neck until we are dead. This is my reward!"

"I have never played the hypocrite with you, Iris. I have never pretended to virtues which I do not possess. So far—"

"Hush! Do not speak to me. I have something more to say, and then I shall never speak to you any more. Hush! Let me collect my thoughts. I cannot find the words. I cannot— Wait—wait! Oh!" She sat down and burst into sobbings and moanings. But only for a minute. Then she sprang to her feet again and dashed back the tears. "Time for crying," she said, "when all is done. Harry, listen carefully; these are my last words. You will never hear from me any more. You must manage your own life in your own way, to save it or to spoil it: I will never more bear any part in it. I am going back to England, alone. I shall give up your name and I shall take my maiden name again, or some other. I shall live somewhere quietly where you will not discover me. But perhaps you will not look for me?"

"I will not," he said. "I owe you so much. I will not look for you."

"As regards this money which I have obtained for you under false pretenses, out of the fifteen thousand pounds for which you were insured, five thousand have been paid to my private account. I shall restore to the Company all that money."

"Good heavens, Iris, you will be prosecuted on a criminal charge."

"Shall I? That will matter little, provided I make reparation. Alas! Who shall make reparation—who shall atone—for the blood-spilling? For all things else in this world we may make what we call atonement, but not for the spilling of blood."

"You mean this? You will deliberately do this?"

"I mean every word. I will do nothing and say nothing that will betray you. But the money that I can restore, I will restore. *So help me God!*" With streaming eyes she raised her hand and pointed upward.

Her husband bowed his head.

She went to her own room and packed a single box with necessary things. Then she called the housemaid and informed her that she had been summoned to return suddenly to England; she must reach Brussels at least that evening. The woman brought a porter who carried her box to the station; and Iris left Louvain—and her husband—for ever!

"I never deceived you!"

CHAPTER LVI.—THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

A Board Meeting of the Royal Unicorn Life Insurance Company had been specially convened.

"I submit, Mr. Chairman," said one—and he was a barrister—"that the Company knows nothing at all about Lady Harry Norland. We have had to deal with the firm of Erskine, Mansfield, Denham & Co., of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and a most respectable firm, too. On their representations we paid the money. If it can be ascertained that we have been defrauded we must look to them. If we have to prosecute anybody, it must be that respectable firm."

"Good," said the Chairman.

At this moment a card was brought in. It was that of Mr. Erskine himself, senior partner in the very firm.

He came in, old, eminently respectable, but shaken. He was greatly shaken.

"Gentlemen," he said, nervously, "I hasten to bring you a communication, a most extraordinary communication, which I have just received. It is nothing less than a confession—a full confession—from a person whom I had every reason to believe was dead. It is from Lord Harry Norland."

"Pray read it," the chairman said.

"Gentlemen," the lawyer read, "You will be surprised and pained to learn that I am not—as you were given to understand—dead; but, on the other hand, living and in the enjoyment of rude health. I see no reason why my life should not be prolonged to three score years and ten.

The claim, therefore, which you sent in to the Royal Unicorn Life Insurance Company was fraudulent. It was the result of a deep-laid conspiracy. You have been made the innocent accomplice of a great crime.

My wife, who now knows the whole truth, is most anxious for restitution to be made. She is about to restore that portion of the money which lies in her name. The rest will be sent back by myself, on certain conditions.

In communicating the fact of my being still alive to the head of my family you will please also to inform him that I authorize the discontinuance of the premium. This will save the family £300 a year. This will be a solatium to him for the fact that his brother still lives to disgrace the name. If I should die before the next premium is due I order my heirs not to claim the money. I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

HARRY NORLAND."

"The premium, which should have been paid under ordinary circumstances," said the secretary, "was due six week ago. The policy has therefore expired."

"He will not be caught," observed the Chairman. "The letter is from too cool a hand. He has prepared a retreat. I dare say by this time he is in some safe and convenient disguise. We are only concerned—are we not?—for the moment with the lady. She has received the money from you. We paid it to you on your representations."

"Observe," said the lawyer, "that the moment she learns the truth she hastens to make restitution."

"Humph!" said the Director, turning over Lord Harry's letter so that the lawyer should not be able to read the contents. "Have you seen her?"

"I have not. I expect to do so before long. She will certainly call upon me."

"She will be ill-advised," said the Chairman, "if she calls upon anybody just at present. Well, sir, I confess that I am sorry—every member of this board would be sorry—to see that lady placed in the dock beside her husband."

"In the interests of the noble family concerned, I hope that neither of them will be placed in the dock."

"We are much obliged to you, sir, for your prompt action. It is, of course, only what we should have expected of your firm. Meantime, remember that the claim was made by you, that you received the money, and—but we will communicate with you in a few days.

The Secretary wrote such a letter as was suggested. By return of post a check was sent, signed by one William Linville, for the sum of eight thousand pounds. The Company had, therefore, recovered thirteen out of fifteen thousand pounds. The Secretary had another interview with Mr. Erskine, the result of which was that the Company recovered the remaining two thousand pounds.

Every firm of solicitors contains its own secrets and keeps them. Therefore, we need not inquire whether it was intended that this money should be paid by the firm or by the noble family to which Lord Harry Norland belonged. It is, however, certain that a few days afterwards Mr. Hugh Mountjoy called at the office and had a long conversation with the senior partner, and that he left behind him a very big check.

CHAPTER LVII.—A REFUGE.

It was all over. Iris had sent in her money. She was in a small lodging found for her by Fanny Mere, who called her cousin. She stayed indoors all day long, afraid of stirring abroad: afraid to read the papers; afraid that her husband was arrested on the charge of conspiracy, and cry might be out after her.

Therefore, when she heard a manly step on the stair, she started and turned pale, expecting nothing short of an armed messenger of the law. She never was in this danger for a single minute, but conscience made a coward of her.

The step was that of Hugh Mountjoy.

"I found you out," he said, "by means of Fanny. The girl knew that she was safe in letting me know your secret. Why are you in concealment?"

"You cannot know all, or you would not ask me that."

"I do know all; and again I ask, why are you in concealment?"

"Because— Oh, Hugh! spare me."

"I know all, which is the reason why I cannot choose but come to see you. Come out of this poor place; resume your own name. There is no reason why you should not. You were not present at Passy when this conspiracy was hatched; you got there after the funeral. You, naturally, went to see the family solicitors. Iris, what has the conspiracy to do with you?" It will be observed that Hugh had not read the letter written to the directors of the company.

"Do you know about the money?"

"Certainly. You sent back all that you could—five thousand pounds. That showed your own innocence."

"Hugh, you know that I am guilty."

"The world will think that you are innocent. At any rate, you can come out and go about without fear. Tell me, what are your plans?"

"I have no plans. I only want to hide my head, somewhere."

"Yes. We will talk about that presently. Meantime, I have some news for you."

"News? What news?"

"Really good news. I have to tell you a thing which will surprise you."

"Good news? What good news is there for me?"

"Your husband has sent back the whole of the money."

"Sent it back? To the Insurance Office?"

"All has been sent back. He wrote two letters—one to the solicitors and the other to the Insurance Company. It is not likely now that anything can be said, because the Directors have accepted the money. Moreover, it appears that they might have proceeded against the lawyers for the recovery of the money, but that they have nothing to do either with you or with Lord Harry Norland. That is a difficult point, however. Somebody, it seems, has compounded, or is going to compound, a felony. I do not understand exactly what this means, or what dreadful consequences might follow: but I am assured by the lawyers that we need apprehend nothing more. All is over."

Iris heaved a profound sigh.

"Then he is safe?" she said.

"You think of him first," said Hugh, jealously. "Yes: he is safe: and, I do hope, gone away, out of the country, never to come back any more. The more important thing is that you should be safe from him. As for the doctor—but I cannot speak of the doctor with common patience. Let him be left to the end which always [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. It is to be hoped that he will never, wherever he goes, feel himself in safety."

"I am safe," said Iris, "not only from my husband, but from what else beside? You know what I mean. You mean that I, as well as my husband, am safe from that. Oh! the fear of it has never left me—never for one moment. You tell me that I am safe from public disgrace, and I rejoice—when I ought to sink into the earth with shame!" She covered her face with her hands.

[To be continued.]

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Devil's army is drafted; the other side is made up of volunteers.—*Ashland Press.*

The resort hotels will soon be making preparations for the summer seizin'.—*Washington Post.*

Put your trust in the Lord and your money in a trust and you'll come out all right.—*Ashland Press.*

McGoggin calls his room on the tenth floor a princely apartment on account of its royal highness.—*Light.*

Obesity induces to inactivity. That's probably why the fat office never seeks the man.—*Binghamton Leader.*

"Well Johnnie, do you enjoy going to school?" "It's pretty good fun. I like comin' home the best, though."—*Puck.*

The two great wants of the day—better mail service abroad and better female service at home.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Miss Flyppe—"Do you think a woman is ever justified in swearing?" Mrs. Watts—"Not if she is single."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Smiler is a hearty laugher." "Have you been telling him a funny story?" "O, no; I have been listening to him tell one."—*N. Y. Sun.*

In the Navy; Captain—"How is that fellow I cut down?" Doctor—"Dead, sir." Captain—"Well, don't bury him until he has apologized."—*Puck.*

Cladys—"The freshman class seems to have so many tall men this year." Jack—"Probably had their legs pulled by subscription fiends."—*Yale Record.*

"What are you working at now?" said one young man to another. "Nothing." "It strikes me you ought to have had that done by this time."—*Washington Post.*

Eastern Boy—"Did you ever play football?" Western Boy (watching the game)—"No; but I once got caught in a drove of stampeded mules."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Lawyer (explaining to client)—"Well, now, my dear, to tell you the truth——" Client (bouncing up and out)—"You are no lawyer."—*Washington Star.*

"You should air your apartments if you wish to rent them, Mrs. Browne," said the agent. "You know what Hamlet said, 'Flat, stale and unprofitable.'"—*Puck.*

Chairman of Committee—"We want a watch worth $100 to offer as a prize in an amateur athletic contest." Jeweler—"One that will cost about $30, I suppose."—*Life.*

He—"When an Indian gives a present it is always with the expectation of getting something in return of equal or greater value." She—"Why, how funny. That's just exactly like our wedding present system, isn't it?"—*Terre Haute Express.*

Little Boy—"This paper speaks of a young lady who has an attractive face. Does that mean pretty?" Papa—"What young lady is the paper talking about?" "It's about an heiress." "It means she isn't quite homely enough to stop a clock."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"Lampy," said the Ibis, who was sucking the paste-brush, deep in thought, "can't high-toned people live in a tenor-ment?" "Certainly," replied the Jester, mechanically; "so can low down people live in a bass-ment, can't they?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Faithful Domestic—"Please, mum, you'll have to get another dog or I won't stay." Mistress—"I mourn the loss of poor Fido as much as you do, but I don't think of leaving the house on that account." Faithful domestic—"But, mum, you don't have to wash the plates."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"Look here," said a Senator to his spend-thrift son; "I must protest against your idleness and extravagance. What would you do if you had a father who made you work?" "What would I do?" repeated the lad, as he blew a ring from his cigarette. "Well, I'd say he was a good 'un."—*Washington Post.*

Mrs. Gadder—"You really must excuse me, my dear, but I fell so in love with your seal-skin jacket that I positively had to get one like it." Mrs. Chatter (with a scornful glance at Mrs. Gadder's plush garment)—"O, I'm sure that's very nice of you. They say, you know, that imitation is the sincerest flattery."—*America.*

Boston Photographer—"Now fix your eyes on this subject." Customer—"Do you wish me to smile?" Boston Photographer—"A gentle smile might be well. Remember what Richter says: 'The happiness of life consists not in single flashes of light, but in continuous mild serenity.' Thank you. That is the idea exactly."—*America.*

Merchant (to his clerk)—"How can you take your hat off to that man when you know how he has cheated me?" "How can I help taking my hat off to any man who can cheat you?"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Mother—"My boy I didn't mean to whip you so hard." Willie (who has been stealing jam)—"That's all right, ma. I didn't get quite enough jam anyhow, and I'll go and get a little more."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Briggs—"Do you ever have to tell your wife where you have been when you are out late o' nights?" Braggs—"O, no,; she is not unreasonable. She is perfectly satisfied to know where I haven't been."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"I'm going to make a speech to-night," said Congressman Blank's private secretary to his wife. "You make a speech?" "Yes: I'm going to make it to-night and Mr. Blank will deliver it to-morrow."—*Washington Post.*

Husband—"Ain't you ready yet?" Wife—"I'll be ready in a minute. I've only got one glove to put on." Husband (sighing)—"One of those ten-button gloves. Well, I'll sit down and write four or five more letters.—*Texas Siftings.*

First New Yorker—"Well, we may as well scratch Gen. Sherman's name off the list." Second New-Yorker—"Why?" F. N. Y.—"The General announces that he has his monument selected and paid for."—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

"Mr. Lincoln, I believe you will be the nominee." Mr. Lincoln laughed and said: "I think not. I believe those Eastern chaps will euchre us out of it, but you are very kind to think I will be nominated and I am much obliged to you."

Finally one of the players dropped out, and Mr. Lincoln invited Mr. Cox to "take a hand." Mr. Cox of course did so, for he was anxious to play with the man he was sure would be nominated, and the game lasted some time, Mr. Lincoln displaying great skill and strength. When the game was finished Mr. Lincoln kept score for another set of players by notching the points on a stick and calling out "score" in a loud voice.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

Parsons Journal: A gentleman from old Mexico arrived in the city, Sunday, with a lot of parrots, on his way east. He sold several birds for $6 each.

Ford Gazette: Fred Mendenhall has taken charge of the editorial department of the Dodge City Times, and Mr. Martin, former editor, retires.

Pawnee Rock Leader: According to the agricultural report of July, Barton county had 223,016 bushels more wheat on hand March 1st, 1890, thrm on March 1st, 1889.

Eudora, judging from news items generally published, concerning depredations of all kinds, seems to have about the toughest lot of kinky-haired population.

Gardner Kansan: We are especially favored with abundant fruit crops in this locality. There are plenty grapes on the market at 2 cts. per pound; apples at 25 cts. per bushel, and peaches at $1 per bushel.

Washington Republican: A ride through various portions of the county this week convinces us that the outlook for corn is not as unfavorable as reported. The northern portion of the county will have corn for shipment.

From Beatrice, Neb.: An attache of Wallace & Anderson's show was arrested here on a charge of stealing a quantity of silverware at Junction City, Kan. The silverware was found in his possession, and he fits the description of the man wanted for the theft.

From Wichita: Judge C. G. Foster arrived from Topeka and will open the United States circuit court. There are about 400 cases to be tried, and the witnesses summoned number between 3,000 and 4,000, 1,200 coming from Guthrie and vicinity alone.

From Wichita: Harvey Moreland, of St. Joseph, became suddenly insane while watching the death of a companion in a city hospital. He had everything his own way in the hospital, attacking doctors and attendants, until the police finally captured him and placed him in jail.

From Atchison: Alfred H. Martin, brother of the late Governor John A. Martin, suffered a stroke of appoplexy while at the supper table, Saturday evening, and is believed to be in a dying condition. He had just returned from Kansas City, Kan., where he has been for several months past.

Junction City Union: G. A. Atwood, of Manhattan, did not locate in Helena, Montana, as he expected, but goes to Grand Forks, North Dakota, to take a position as editor-in-chief of the Plain Dealer, a daily and weekly publication, with a large job office in connection. Mr. Atwood has purchased an interest in the paper.

Fredonia Democrat: The evaporating factory has hardly got fairly started yet. The carpenters are at work perfecting arrangements. A good many apples have, however, been brought in, and several hundred bushels run through. They will be able to dispose of 250 bushels every 24 hours when arrangements are completed.

Burlington Nonpareil: Coley Hill sold peaches on the street, Tuesday, for $1.50 per bushels. They were the best lot brought to market this year, and measured eight to nine inches around and weighed well on to a pound each. Ordinary peaches are selling at forty to sixty cents, and there are plenty of them in this county.

Jamestown Kansan: A plan has been put on foot by the farmers of Beaver township, Republic county, to get the state to appropriate $15,000 for the purpose of damming the marsh, and thereby securing a fine large lake, the influence of which on the rainfall and temperature would be a great blessing to this portion of country.

Lindsborg News: Prospects for an increased attendance at Bethany college next school year, are very flattering indeed. Already a very large number have made arrangements to attend, and the ladies on the roll now almost equal the number of last year. The gentlemen are enrolling rapidly, and the prospects are that their number will be largely increased over last school year.

Wellington Monitor: The immense peaches entered by Thomas Mason, of Palestine township, for the Gelino special premium, attracted as much attention as anything in the fruit line. Mr. Mason also had a fine exhibit of winter apples of the standard varieties, and several kinds of peaches. He has an orchard of about a thousand peach trees which came into full bearing this year, and from which he has gathered an abundant crop.

Kansas City Gazette: The new Union Pacific elevator that looms up so majestically in the Kaw Valley on the south side of the city, is one of the largest—and certainly the most complete—elevators in the world. It has been erected during the last three months by Peavy & Co., of Minneapolis, It cost something over $200,000, and has a capacity for 1,500,000 bushels, and machinery and appliances capable of handling 400 cars of grain every day.

Leavenworth correspondence: Hon. E. W. Snyder, president of the Manufacturers' National bank of this city, has presented to the Soldiers' Home a beautiful and costly drinking fountain. The gift is exceedingly timely and is greatly appreciated by the old veterans as well as by the large number of visitors who are constantly going to the home. No more appropriate gift could be conceived, and in addition the fountain is a very material ornament to the home grounds.

Chetopa Democrat: The other day when Ves Kellar was cleaning up the store he gathered up a lot of waste paper on the floor and put it in the stove. Among the rubbish was a pasteboard box which had contained nitro-glycerine cartridges. It seems the box had become so thoroughly saturated with the nitro-glycerine that when the trash was burning it exploded with terrific force, the report being plainly heard all over town. The stove was quite badly demolished.

Topeka Capital: E. A. Prescott, of the Butters Preserving works, says that all the apples of the United States this year will be found within a radius of 100 miles of Kansas City. His company are taking all that offers. He says the prospects for a permanent canning factory are very good, believing as he does that pickles and other vegetables can be raised here as easily as elsewhere, with proper management. The factory has contracted for and is now receiving the product of twenty-five acres of cucumbers. They have on hand for pressing and apple butter about 2,000 bushels.

Kansas City, Mo., Journal: A train of twenty cars, loaded with plaster from Gypsum City, Kan., for Minneapolis, was brought in by the Missouri Pacific railway and left on exhibition in the yards of that company near the state line. Considerable interest is being taken in the shipment by railroad men because it is an advertisement of what promises to be an important Kansas industry. The plaster beds of Gypsum City are extensive, and the product is of excellent quality. Gypsum City is a local point on the Missouri Pacific road, between Hope and Salina, but the growth of the plaster business is likely to secure for the point competitive lines.

Concordia Empire: During a storm lightning struck the house of J. B. Clark, south of Lawrenceburg. It went down the stove-pipe, knocked the lids off the stove, then passed down the legs of the stove on to the four boards the stove stood upon. Mr. and Mrs. Clark and son were severely shocked. The son soon recovered and worked with Mr. and Mrs. Clark some time before they became conscious. A dog that was lying on the porch was killed. It was a narrow escape for all.

Burlington Nonpariel: For about ten days a pension examiner sent on to investigate a supposed fraud near Le Roy, has been busy in this vicinity and LeRoy looking it up. The facts as we understand them are about as follows: Charlotte Miller, widow of Samuel S. J. Miller, applied for pension, proving that her husband was in the 2d Kansas, and that he died of disease contracted in the army. She drew $1,359 back pay sometime in July last, and a pension of $12 per month for herself, and $1 per month each for several children. The pension agent thinks he can prove that her husband was never a day in the army, and the Samuel Miller who was in the 2d Kansas is still alive, and drawing $6 per month pension. If the facts are as he supposes, some parties will probably visit Leavenworth for their health. Of course in a case of this kind there can be no defense; the records at Washington will soon settle the matter in one way or another.

STOCK AND FARM.

The Oxford Mocking Bird states that some of the late fields of corn will make more corn than the farmers had any idea they would.

La Crosse Chieftain: The ruin of the Ness City sugar mill is complete. A high wind on Monday night blew the standing walls over onto the engine house, destroying all the fire had left.

Troy Times: There are a great many fields of corn in this county that will average forty to fifty bushels per acre, wheat has turned out far better than was expected, and our fruit crop is immense.

Jewell City Republican: The corn prospects in Jewell county are one-half better then they were two weeks ago. In some fields, though, the tassel was dead before the ear came out. The result in such cases is a fine large cob, with here and there a kernel of corn.

Manhattan Industrialist: Eighty-five varieties of oats were grown this season on the college farm, of which both the earlier and later kinds were partial failures. The medium sorts made a fair crop. As a means of comparison of varieties the experiments have been successful.

Arkansas City Traveler: F. M. Tuckett, the distinguished heavy horse breeder and importer has just returned from a flying visit to Dallas and south-eastern Texas, where he has just consummated a trade of 100,000 feet of lumber. All of that timber goes into buildings necessary on his farms.

Arkansas City Traveler: The Arkansas City cattle company sold 900 head of cattle last week. The manager, Captain Burt, says the cattlemen are making all possible efforts to get their cattle from the strip on time. Some of them would not be able to do it. Tom Hill had three gangs of men assisting him, and still he would not be able to get his cattle on the market.

Concordia Daylight: About all the young cattle are now cleaned out of northwestern Kansas. For the past two months, the Central Branch has hauled on an average 180 cars of steers per week to the Big Muddy, and it is safe to presume other roads have secured an equal portion of shipments. This means that 45,000 head of steers will be wanted to faten upon next year's crop.

Concordia Empire: T. J. Shaw left at our office a bottle full of Turkey Red wheat as a specimen of 2,000 bushels he has as the product of seventy acres. The grains are plump and perfect. He pastured his wheat until late, and his neighbors assured him that he would have no crop. The Turkey Red wheat seems to be the kind for this country, and the people are learning that wheat must be one of the staple crops of Cloud county. The chinch bug problem seems to be solved by the discovery of the chinch bug cholera, that soon clears a field of these pests.

Santa Fe Monitor: W. F. Doughty, living just across the Haskell county line, in Grant county, thrashed 157 bushels of wheat and 37½ bushels of rye, this summer, and didn't sow a grain of seed or give it any attention, it being all volunteer growth. The wheat averaged a little over six bushels to the acre.

Jamestown Kansan: The alfalfa seed crop of this vicinity will cut quite a figure in the resources of the farmers who are lucky enough to have fields of this dry weather clover. W. R. Ansdell threshed over forty bushels of splendid seed from five acres, and many others have threshed with equally good results. The total amount in this vicinity will go up into the thousands of bushels.

From Lincoln: A great many cattle in Lincoln county have been attacked with a strange disease of the eye. After suffering from the affliction for a few days, they become totally blind. It is a disease entirely new to the stockmen of this section. Some attribute it to the eating of a poison weed, others to a contagious disease or epidemic similar to pink-eye among horses, but of more violent character.

Bluff City Herald: Among the improvements we hear of is a new dwelling house on the farm of A. M. Stafford. Mr. Stafford has a half-section farm of splendid land, extensively planted with timber and fruit trees, and when he gets his new house completed will have one of the most valuable farms in the county, and what is better, owns it free of encumbrance, with nothing on earth to prevent his enjoying the fat of the land and living to a patriarchal age.

Wichita Eagle: H. C. Buck, whose residence and vinyard are on Hillside, gathered two and a half tons from 200 vines, and, the fruit being the best, he received the top price on this market for all he sold. He also gathered a fine crop of raspberries in the early summer, securing 450 quarts from the vines on one-tenth of an acre of ground. Here is another instance of the profitableness of horticulture and viniculture, even in a small way, in this country, where a good market is accessible, as in the districts contiguous to this city.

"Johnny, Johnny!" said the minister, as he met an urchin one Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish. "Do those belong to you?" "Ye-yes, sir, you see that's what they got for chasing worms on Sunday."

"Progressive conversation parties" have been introduced as a new form of amusement. A progressive conversation party takes place when three young ladies meet for the first time in three days; and when a man finds that his wife has used his razor to open a fruit can, he's that kind of a "party" all by himself.

You can't praise a man for having done a great thing without hearing from the little man at his side who "advised him to do it."

Blathers (to Slathers, who prepared to bow and was ignored)—I say, Slathers, isn't Miss Blood like that yacht out there?" Slathers—How so? Blathers—Oh, well, if you don't see it! But it strikes me she's something of a cutter.

To spend life at your side, Miss Elise, I would give up everything; parents, title, property." "But my dear sir, if you sacrificed all those what would be left for me?"

First fisherman — What luck? Second fisherman—None at all; can't get the cork out.

Unanswerable.

Anxious sister (to brother just returned from a sparring lesson)—Oh, Jack, don't learn to fight in that brutal way. If you want to perfect yourself, take lessons in fencing.

Jack—Yes, but if I was attacked I probably wouldn't have a foil with me.

She (triumphantly)—But you might not have your boxing-gloves, either.—*The Jester.*

Consolation.

Break, Break, Break!
Ye banks, where'er ye be;
But I'm glad to know that a single cent
Will not be lost by me.

Johnny—Mamma what's the use of keeping the whip you use on me behind the motto, "God bless our home?"

Mamma—Can you suggest a better place?

Johnny—Yes: put it behind the motto "I need thee every hour."

Miss Gabble—Ihave had that parrot for three months now, and it has never spoken a word,

Caller—Perhaps you have never given it a chance.

Passenger—What makes the train go so slow? It seems to fairly creep. Conductor—Why the road ain't over a year old. Wouldnt expect it to do anything but creep yet, would you?

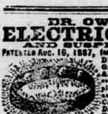
Cady—I heard you had a fire here and are selling goods at a bargain? Butcher—Thats right' ma'am, Look at those fine hams for fourteen cents a pound, only slightly damaged by smoke!

Is Prickly Ash Bitters good for anything? Read what Frank Griggsby, of Dodge City, Kan., says: "For three years I suffered from a disease that my physicians pronounced incurable. My friends had given me up to die, when I was induced to try your remedy. I took it for three months and have gained 82 pounds in weight. Am a well man and Prickly Ash Bitters saved my life. I am under life-long obligations to this medicine, and will never cease to recommend it."

"That baby will never be a good business man. He has no enterprise." "Why not?" "Why, the little idiot went and got born the day after the census man was here."

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

For information about
Personally Conducted
Excursion Parties to
CALIFORNIA via
Santa Fe Route,
Address
G. T. Nicholson,
G. P. & T. Agt.
Topeka, Kansas.



DR. OWEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT
AND SUSPENSORY.
PATENTED AUG. 16, 1887, IMPROVED JULY 30, 1889.
DR. OWEN'S ELECTRO-GALVANIC BODY BELT AND SUSPENSORY will cure All Rheumatic Complaints, Lumbago, General and Nervous Debility, Costiveness, Kidney Diseases, Nervousness, Trembling, Sexual Exhaustion, Wasting of Body, Diseases caused by Indiscretions in Youth, Age, Married or Single Life.
SENT TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES ON 30 DAYS TRIAL.
TRY A PAIR OF DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES PRICE, $1 PER PAIR.
Also an Electric Truss and Belt Combined.
Send 6c. postage for free illust'd book, 224 pages, which will be sent you in plain sealed envelope. Mention this paper. Address
OWEN ELECTRIC BELT & APPLIANCE CO.
306 North Broadway, ST. LOUIS, MO.
826 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

But do not use the dangerous alkaline and mercurial preparations which destroy your nervous system and ruin the digestive power of the stomach. The vegetable kingdom gives us the best and safest remedial agents. Dr. Sherman devoted the greater part of his life to the discovery of this reliable and safe remedy, and all its ingredients are vegetable. He gave it the name of

Prickly Ash Bitters!

a name every one can remember, and to the present day nothing has been discovered that is so beneficial for the BLOOD, for the LIVER, for the KIDNEYS and for the STOMACH. This remedy is now so well and favorably known by all who have used it that arguments as to its merits are useless, and if others who require a corrective to the system would but give it a trial the health of this country would be vastly improved. Remember the name—PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Ask your druggist for it.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Wichita Newspaper Union. Kansas. 40

"When, Tommy, do you know that you have got another little brother this morning?" "Oh! have I! Does mother know?"

Clarence! buy it for me, there's a dear. It's the dearest little thing in the world. He—One moment. Does the superlative adjective refer to the price, or to the bonnet?

She—Albert, I have come to the conclusion that I love George better than I love you, and— He—What about that engagement ring I gave you to wear? "Oh, that's all right. George says he won't object if I wear it."

An Irishman seeing a Chinaman reading a Chinese book backward, as is their custom, exclaimed, "Johnny, are ye left-handed or only cross-eyed?"

"What shall we do to get our young men to the front?" asks a writer. The answer seems plain: Induce the older ones to take back seats.

"Och, Father O'Reilly," says Patrick, so slyly,
"It's howly Saint Peter I wish you could be;
Yerself in that station wud be my salvation—
Ye'd let into heavin the likin's of me."
"No, Patrick; don't flatter yourself on that matther,"
Says Father O'Reilly, "I know ye too well,
But for yer consolin', I'd best be controllin'
The gates of the divil, to bar ye from hell."

Mr. Smith (to neighbor's son who is dining with him)—Well, sonny, what part of the chicken would you like? Boy—The whole of it.

Minister—Here's a motto I want the eyes of my congregation to dwell upon until its words are engraved upon the tablets of the people's memory. Shall I hang it here in the center of the pulpit? Minister's wife—Oh, no! Hang it over yonder in the corner right side of the clock.

Copyright, 1890.

All on one side—the offer that's made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's $500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing. They mean what they say; they're responsible, and the offer has been made for years. It's all on *your* side—you lose your catarrh, or you're paid $500 for keeping it. But it's safe for them, too—they know you'll be cured.

Dr. Sage's Remedy produces perfect and permanent cures of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, as thousands can testify. "Cold in the Head" is cured with a few applications. Catarrhal Headache is relieved and cured as if by magic. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, smell or hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all *frequently are. Remedy sold by* druggists, 50 cents.

"Young man," thundered the campmeeting orator, "were you ever fired with enthusiasm?" "It is painful subject." he responded, "but I was. Miss Wedley's father supplied the enthusiasm.

MOTHERS' FRIEND
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.
BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

PERSONAL:—
You will save money by taking the
Santa Fe Route
to points in TEXAS. We make specially low rates for home seekers and excursions, Sept. 9 and 23, and Oct. 14.—Write for particulars to G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., Topeka, Kan.

TAKE
Tutt's Pills
The first dose often astonishes the invalid, giving elasticity of mind and
Bouyancy of Body
to which he was before a stranger. They give appetite,
GOOD DIGESTION,
regular bowels and solid flesh. Nicely sugar coated. Price, 25cts. per box.
Sold Everywhere.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Free. A. J. Tower, Boston.

PENSIONS The Great PENSION Bill is Passed. Soldiers, their Widows, Mothers and Fathers are entitled to $12 a mo. Fee $10 when you get your money. Blanks free. JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Atty, Washington, D. C.
NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

W. U. Telegraph College 208 East Douglas Ave., Wichita, Kansas. Send for circular and free railroad pass.

WANTED. Volume one 1886, (March to August inclusive) and March 1889, of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. Address lock box 1134, Wichita, Kansas.

CHEAP COMFORT

Can be secured by the small investment in one cake of SAPOLIO when you have a house or kitchen to clean. From the paint to the pots and pans, and including the windows and floors, it is the very best labor-saving soap for scouring and cleaning. All Grocers sell it.