

"Some one ought to tell her," said the landlady. "We can't let her soul go out into eternity not knowing, especially when I don't think it was all right about the child. You ought to go and tell her, doctor."

So the little doctor, egged on and on, went in at last. When he came out of the room, he shook his fist in the landlady's face.

"Next time you have any devil's work to do, do it yourself," he said and shook his fist in her face again and went away swearing.

When Gregory went into the bedroom, he only found her moved, her body curled up and drawn close to the wall. He dared not disturb her. At last after a long time she turned.

"Bring me food," she said. "I want to eat—two eggs and toast and meat—two large slices of toast, please."

Wondering, Gregory brought a tray with all that she had asked for.

"Sit me up and put it close to me," she said. "I am going to eat it all." She tried to draw the things near her with her fingers and rearrange the plates. She cut the toast into long strips, broke open both eggs, put a tiny morsel of bread into her own mouth and fed the dog with pieces of meat put into his jaws with her fingers.

"Is it 12 o'clock yet?" she said. "I think I do not generally eat so early. Put it away, please, carefully—no, do not take it away, only on the table. When the clock strikes 12, I will eat it."

She lay down, trembling. After a little while she said: "Give me my clothes." He looked at her.

"Yes; I am going to dress tomorrow. I should get up now, but it is rather late. Put them on that chair. My collars are in that little box, my boots behind the door."

Her eyes followed him intently as he collected the articles one by one and placed them on the chair as she directed.

"Put it nearer," she said. "I cannot see it." And she lay watching the clothes, with her hand under her cheek.

"Now open the shutter wide," she said. "I am going to read."

The old, old tone was again in the sweet voice. He obeyed her and opened the shutter and raised her up among the pillows.

"Now bring my books to me," she said, motioning eagerly with her fingers, "the large book and the reviews and the plays. I want them all."

He piled them round her on the bed. She drew them greedily closer, her eyes very bright, but her face as white as a mountain lily.

"Now the big one off the drawers. No; you need not help me to hold my book," she said. "I can hold it myself."

Gregory went back to his corner, and for a little time the restless turning over of leaves was to be heard.

"Will you open the window," she said, almost querulously, "and throw this book out? It is so utterly foolish. I thought it was a valuable book, but the words are merely strung together. They make no sense. Yes—so!" she said, with approval, seeing him fling it out into the street. "I must have been very foolish when I thought that book good."

Then she turned to read and leaned her little elbows resolutely on the great volume and knit her brows. This was Shakespeare. It must mean something.

"I wish you would take a handkerchief and tie it tight round my head. It aches so."

He had not been long in his seat when he saw drops fall from beneath the bands that shaded the eyes on to the page.

"I am not accustomed to so much light. It makes my head swim a little," she said. "Go out and close the shutter."

When he came back, she lay shriveled up among the pillows.

He heard no sound of weeping, but the shoulders shook. He darkened the room completely.

When Gregory went to his sofa that night, she told him to wake her early. She would be dressed before breakfast. Nevertheless, when morning came, she said it was a little cold and lay all day watching her clothes upon the chair. Still she sent for her oxen in the country. They would start on Monday and go down to the colony.

In the afternoon she told him to open the window wide and draw the bed near it.

It was a leaden afternoon. The dull rainclouds rested close to the roofs of the houses, and the little street was silent and deserted. Now and then a gust of wind eddying round caught up the dried leaves, whirled them hither and thither under the trees and dropped them again into the gutter. Then all was quiet. She lay looking out. Presently the bell of the church began to toll, and up the village street came a long procession. They were carrying an old man to his last resting place. She followed them with her eyes till they turned in among the trees at the gate.

"Who was that?" she asked.

"An old man," he answered, "a very old man. They say he was 94, but his name I do not know."

She mused awhile, looking out with fixed eyes.

"That is why the bell rang so cheerfully," she said. "When the old die, it is well. They have had their time. It is when the young die that the bells weep drops of blood."

"But the old love life?" he said, for it was sweet to hear her speak.

She raised herself on her elbow.

"They love life. They do not want to die," she answered. "But what of that? They have had their time. They know that a man's life is three score years and ten. They should have made their plans accordingly. But the young?" she said, "the young, cut down cruelly when they are not seen, when

they have not known, when they have not found—it is for them that the bells weep blood. I heard in the ringing it was an old man. When the old die—Listen to the bell! It is laughing; it is right, it is right! He has had his time. They cannot ring so for the young."

She fell back exhausted. The hot light died from her eyes, and she lay looking out into the street. By and by stragglers from the funeral began to come back and disappear here and there among the houses. Then all was quiet, and the night began to settle down upon the village street. Afterward, when the room was almost dark so that they could not see each other's face, she said, "It will rain tonight," and moved restlessly on the pillows.

"How terrible when the rain falls down on you!"

He wondered what she meant, and they sat on in the still darkening room. She moved again.

"Will you presently take my cloak—the new gray cloak from behind the door—and go out with it? You will find a little grave at the foot of the tall blue gum tree. The water drips off the long, pointed leaves. You must cover it up with that."

She moved restlessly, as though in pain.

Gregory assented, and there was silence again. It was the first time she had ever spoken of her child.

"It was so small," she said. "I lived such a little while—only three hours. They laid it close by me, but I never saw it. I could feel it by me." She waited. "Its feet were so cold. I took them in my hand to make them warm, and my hand closed right over them, they were so little." There was an uneven trembling in the voice. "It crept close to me. I wanted to drink; it wanted to be warm." She hardened herself. "I did not love it. Its father was not my prince. I did not care for it. But it was so little." She moved her hand. "They might have kissed it, one of them, before they put it in. It never did any one any harm in all its little life. They might have kissed it, one of them."

Gregory felt that some one was sobbing in the room.

Late on in the evening, when the shutter was closed and the lamp lighted and the raindrops beat on the roof, he took the cloak from behind the door and went away with it. On his way back he called at the village postoffice and brought back a letter. In the hall he stood reading the address. How could he fail to know whose hand had written it? Had he not long ago studied those characters on the torn fragments of paper in the old parlor? A burning pain was at Gregory's heart. If now, now at the last, one should come, should step in between! He carried the letter into the bedroom and gave it to her. "Bring me the lamp nearer," she said. When she had read it, she asked for her desk.

Then Gregory sat down in the lamplight on the other side of the curtain and heard the pencil move on the paper. When he looked round the curtain, she was lying on the pillow musing. The open letter lay at her side. She glanced at it with soft eyes. The man with the languid eyelids must have been strangely moved before his hand set down those words: "Let me come back to you! My darling, let me put my hand round you and guard you from all the world! As my wife they shall never touch you. I have learned to love you more wisely, more tenderly, than of old. You shall have perfect freedom. Lyndall, grand little woman, for your own sake, be my wife!"

"Why did you send that money back to me? You are cruel to me. It is not rightly done."

She rolled the little red pencil softly between her fingers, and her face grew very soft. Yet—

"It cannot be," she wrote. "I thank you much for the love you have shown me, but I cannot listen. You will call me mad, foolish—the world would do so—but I know what I need and the kind of path I must walk in. I cannot marry you. I will always love you for the sake of what lay by me those three hours, but there it ends. I must know and see. I cannot be bound to one whom I love as I love you. I am not afraid of the world. I will fight the world. One day—perhaps it may be far off—I shall find what I have wanted all my life, something nobler, stronger than I, before which I can kneel down. You lose nothing by not having me now. I am a weak, selfish, erring woman. One day I shall find something to worship, and then I shall be—"

"Nurse," she said, "take my desk away. I am suddenly so sleepy. I will write more tomorrow." She turned her face to the pillow. It was the sudden drowsiness of great weakness. She had dropped asleep in a moment, and Gregory moved the desk softly and then sat in the chair watching. Hour after hour passed, but he had no wish for rest and sat on, hearing the rain cease and the still night settle down everywhere. At a quarter past 12 he rose and took a last look at the bed where she lay sleeping so peacefully. Then he turned to go to his couch. Before he had reached the door she had started up and was calling him back.

"You are sure you have put it up," she said, with a look of blank terror at the window. "It will not fall open in the night, the shutter—you are sure?"

He comforted her. Yes; it was tightly fastened.

"Even if it is shut," she said in a whisper, "you cannot keep it out! You feel it coming in at 4 o'clock, creeping, creeping, up, up, deadly cold!" She shuddered.

He thought she was wandering and laid her little trembling body down among the blankets.

"I dreamed just now that it was not put up," she said, looking into his eyes, "and it crept right in, and I was alone with it."

"What do you fear?" he asked tenderly.

"The gray dawn," she said, glancing

round at the window. "I was never afraid of anything, never when I was a little child, but I have always been afraid of that. You will not let it come in to me?"

"No, no; I will stay with you," he continued.

But she was growing calmer. "No; you must go to bed. I only awoke with a start. You must be tired. I am childish; that is all." But she shivered again.

He sat down beside her. After some time she said, "Will you not rub my feet?"

He knelt down at the foot of the bed and took the tiny foot in his hand. It was swollen and unsightly now, but as he touched it he bent down and covered it with kisses.

"It makes it better when you kiss it. Thank you! What makes you all love me so?" Then dreamily she muttered to herself: "Not utterly bad, not quite bad. What makes them all love me so?"

Kneeling there, rubbing softly, with his cheek pressed against the little foot, Gregory dropped to sleep at last. How long he knelt there he could not tell, but when he started up aware she was not looking at him. The eyes were fixed on the far corner, gazing wide and intent, with an unearthly light.

He looked round fearfully. What did she see there—God's angels come to call her, something fearful? He saw only the purple curtain with the shadows that fell from it. Softly he whispered, asking what she saw there.

And she said, in a voice strangely unlike her own: "I see the vision of a poor weak soul striving after good. It was not cut short, and in the end it learned, through tears and much pain, that holiness is an infinite compassion for others; that greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them; that—"

—she moved her white hand and laid it on her forehead—"happiness is a great love and much serving. It was not cut short, and it loved what it had learned—it loved—and—"

Was that all she saw in the corner? Gregory told the landlady the next morning that she had been wandering all night. Yet when he came in to give her her breakfast she was sitting up against the pillows, looking as he had not seen her look before.

"Put it close to me," she said, "and when I have had breakfast I am going to dress."

She finished all he had brought her eagerly.

"I am sitting up quite by myself," she said. "Give me his meat." And she fed the dog herself, cutting his food small for him. She moved to the side of the bed.

"Now bring the chair near and dress me. It is being in this room so long and looking at that miserable little bit of sunshine that comes in through the shutter that is making me so ill. Always that lion's paw!" she said, with a look of disgust at it. "Come and dress me." Gregory knelt on the floor before her and tried to draw on one stocking, but the little swollen foot refused to be covered.

"It is very funny that I should have grown so fat since I have been so ill," she said, peering down curiously. "Perhaps it is want of exercise." She looked troubled and said again, "Perhaps it is want of exercise." She wanted Gregory to say so, too, but he only found a larger pair and then tried to force the shoes—oh, so tenderly!—on to her little feet.

"There!" she said, looking down at them when they were on with the delight of a small child over its first shoes. "I could walk now. How nice it looks!"

"No," she said, seeing the soft gown he had prepared for her; "I will not put that on. Get one of my white dresses, the one with the pink bows. I do not even want to think I have been ill. It is thinking and thinking of things that makes them real," she said. "When you draw your mind together and resolve that a thing shall not be, it gives way before you; it is not. Everything is possible if one is resolved," she said. She drew in her little lips together, and Gregory obeyed her. She was so small and slight now it was like dressing a small doll. He would have lifted her down from the bed when he had finished, but she pushed him from her, laughing very softly. It was the first time she had laughed in those long dreary months.

"No, no; I can get down myself," she said, slipping cautiously to the floor. "You see!" She cast a defiant glance of triumph when she stood there. "Hold the curtain up high. I want to look at myself!"

He raised it and stood holding it. She looked into the glass on the opposite wall—such a queerly little figure in its pink and white; such a transparent little face, refined by suffering into an almost angellike beauty. The face looked at her. She looked back, laughing softly. Dess, quivering with excitement, ran round her, barking. She took one step toward the door, balancing herself with outstretched hands.

"I am nearly there," she said. Then she groped blindly.

"Oh, I cannot see! I cannot see! Where am I?" she cried.

When Gregory reached her, she had fallen with her face against the sharp foot of the wardrobe and cut her forehead. Very tenderly he raised the little crushed heap of muslin and ribbons and laid it on the bed. Dess climbed up and sat looking down at it. Very softly Gregory's hands disrobed her.

"You will be stronger tomorrow, and then we shall try again," he said, but she neither looked at him nor stirred.

So she lay all that morning and all that afternoon.

At last in the evening he bent over her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SALOONS HARD HIT.

Supreme Court Holds Old Petitions of Consent Insufficient.

HARD FIGHT ON COLONEL ROOD

His Appointment on the Board of Control Creates Excitement—Committee Will Report Favorably, but His Confirmation in the Iowa Senate Will Be Opposed.

DES MOINES, Jan. 30.—A decision which will close two-thirds of the saloons in Iowa was handed down by the supreme court yesterday. It is considered the most generally important decision given out in ten years. In 1894 the legislature passed the so-called "mullet liquor law," which did not repeal the old prohibitory statute, but suspended its penalties on condition of filing a petition of a majority of the voters and securing consent of the town council to operation of saloons. This took effect immediately. In 1897 the legislature revised the code, codified all session laws and published it as a new and complete code. This new code changed in a few minor respects the mullet law. The old mullet act has no provision for a canvass of the consent petition; the new code provided that it must be canvassed and approved by the county supervisors. Lorenz Hill, a Des Moines saloon keeper, was assailed by the Anti-Saloon league on the ground that he could not operate his saloon under the new law without getting a new consent petition and having it canvassed by the supervisors. The district court, Judge Bishop presiding, decided in Hill's favor, and the case went up on certiorari proceedings. The supreme court, through Judge Waterman's opinion, decided the whole matter. It holds that the code of 1897 repealed all laws theretofore passed; that the old mullet law was repealed; that consent petitions secured and filed under the old law are rendered worthless; that any saloon keeper operating under a petition filed prior to Oct. 1, 1897, when the new code took effect, is liable to be closed and fined for contempt. This affects the saloons in about two-thirds of all counties which have saloons in the state. The liquor dealers have been watching the case, which was conceded throughout the state to be a test action. In Des Moines a new consent petition has already been secured in anticipation of a possible adverse verdict, but it is said that no other county had taken this trouble. The saloons will close at once in most of the smaller places until new petitions can be secured. There is talk of asking the legislature to pass a legalizing act, legalizing the old petitions, but indications are that these will be defeated.

Legislature Holds Brief Session.

The legislature met yesterday at 3 o'clock and after a brief session adjourned until today. A few minor bills were introduced. The entire interest of the members is over the appointment of Colonel Rood as chairman of the state board of control by Governor Shaw. The committee appointed by the senate to report on the appointment will probably meet today. Senator Finch, a member of the committee, stated that there was a tacit understanding that a conclusion would be reached on Tuesday. There is little doubt at this time that the committee will report favorably, although it is equally certain a bitter fight will result on the floor of the senate over the confirmation of the appointment.

"DIVINE HEALER" IS IN JAIL.

Man Indicted on Charge of Manslaughter Gives Himself Up.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Jan. 30.—Brother S. J. James, the "divine healer" indicted by the grand jury on the charge of manslaughter in connection with the death of Ethel Yates in this city Jan. 5, is in custody. According to arrangements made by his attorneys James surrendered himself to the officers of the law yesterday at their offices in South Omaha. Deputy Sheriff Canning of this city made the arrest. James refused to permit the officers to bring him across the river without requisition papers, so he was taken to the county jail in Omaha.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

Lord Pauncefoot will retire as ambassador of Great Britain to the United States in April next.

Judge Kohlsaat of the federal court Monday rendered a decision declaring the Illinois anti-trust law unconstitutional.

The British steamer Expedition has run down and sunk a harbor steamer near Atlanta. Thirty workmen were drowned.

The California legislature met in extra session Monday to elect a United States senator. Balloting will begin next Monday.

Advices from Nicaragua say Italy will join Norway in sending warships to Bluefields to collect claims for damages to her subjects.

The deposition of the Emperor Kwang Su creates great dissatisfaction among the Chinese officials in the Yang Tse valley and native mercantile circles are disturbed, fearing trouble.

Seven or eight Cornell law students, members of Delta Chi fraternity, were hurt Monday as a result of the burning of their fraternity lodge building. Fifteen jumped 30 feet to the ground.

Six fishermen were carried out on the ice Monday, just north of Monongah, Wis. When last seen they were six miles out and drifting toward the lake rapidly. Prospects of rescuing the unfortunate men are small.

Arms Cut Off by a Saw.

CARROLLTON, Ia., Jan. 30.—While engaged in sawing wood in South Brooklyn, Charles Evans was about to place a stick of wood on the carrier when his foot slipped and he fell against the rapidly moving saw, cutting off both arms and badly lacerating his legs.

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