

# A FELON'S LOVE.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

One of the men fell—he was Sullivan. Rolling over on the hillside, he lay still, shot through the forehead. No more "lightning rum" would be dispensed at the charge of one shilling per "nobber;" no more unwary bushmen would be waylay and rob of their hard-earned cheques! Sullivan's long career of vice was closed forever and now he would have to settle a lower score than ever he had chalked up against his customers in all his life—a score such as rogues of his type never expect to be called upon to pay.

"Come on, lads!" cried the trooper. "Fire; but spare the woman if you can."

At that moment the door was thrown open and a woman appeared, firing five or six shots from a revolver upon the besleeking party.

Rushing into close quarters, and firing at random, the hut was speedily gained possession of, and then the light was over.

Stretched upon the floor in a corner, shot through the heart, lay Tom Baynes; while leaning against the wall beside him stood the woman, mortally wounded, but still at bay.

With a yell of triumph William Luke threw himself upon the dead man; but suddenly he drew back with an exclamation of intense amazement. There he tore open the woolen shirt upon the body.

"Good heavens," he cried, "it's a woman; and as I live, it is Anne Dodson!"

The rest of the men crowded into the hut, and a hush of horror fell upon them, while the hunted creature leaning against the wall watched them and clutched at the rough bark slabs in the agony of death, presently gasping—

"Yes, yes—it is Anne Dodson; true to me—true to the last! You've won the game, Bill Luke; you will get the reward; but I, Edward Bartlett, will never hang for the murder of your brother, or—the old man at Froyles! The coins—the gold coins—they are buried—buried beneath—Ah!"

As the voice ceased the woman's black wig slipped and fell off; there was a dull gurgling sound as of one struggling for breath, and with a wild glance around him, Edward Bartlett fell forward across the body of the girl who had loved him, dead!

## EPILOGUE.

It may be stated here that the incidents in this story are chiefly founded upon facts. The following are the facts.

In the year 18—a large sheep-owner in the colony of Victoria engaged a married couple for his station, which was situated some hundreds of miles from the coast, far up in the interior.

The man, who gave his name as Edward Dent, proved a sober and industrious fellow, and a smart man at his work. He was a capital ploughman, amongst other qualifications, and took several prizes for ploughing at neighboring contests. He was a most agreeable "mate," and was universally liked by all the other men on the place, being of a lively disposition and a first-rate concertina-player. The latter accomplishment is much prized up in the bush, where there is such a scarcity of amusement.

His extraordinary affection for his wife was particularly noticeable. He would not allow her to do anything in the way of manual labor, and after his day's work was done he was always to be seen chopping up the wood for the house and carrying up the next day's supply of water from the creek in fact, doing all those little things which most men out there generally leave their wives to do.

Edward Dent and his wife remained upon this station for nearly eight years, but one day, much to his master's annoyance, he gave notice to leave. He wanted to better himself, he said, and had an idea of trying the gold mines for a change.

For about eighteen months the gentleman in whose employment he had been heard nothing of him. One day, however, as he was strolling down Collins street in Melbourne, he met Edward Dent, and accosted him.

He noticed that he was dressed in the deepest mourning.

"I am sorry," he remarked, "to see you with these outward signs of grief upon you, Edward. You have had some loss?"

"Ay, sir," replied Edward—"these black clothes very partially reflect the grief within me. I have lately lost my wife."

"Poor fellow!" said his late master, who knew how great his affection had been for her. "And what have you been doing of late?"

"I have been working in the Ballarat mines," he replied—"doing fairly well. By-the-by, sir, you will be surprised to hear that I am shortly going to be married again. I cannot bear the solitary life I am leading now after the happy years I have experienced. I am going to marry my late wife's sister."

In Victoria marriage with a deceased wife's sister is legal.

Some six months after this meeting the gentleman received a message from Edward to come and see him. He had met with an accident, having fallen from a ladder in one of the mines, and

was an inmate of the Ballarat hospital. Upon arriving at the hospital the gentleman found to his distress that he was too late. Edward Dent was dead.

And now a fact transpired that quite overwhelmed him with amazement. The medical evidence went to prove that the skilled laborer who for eight years had worked upon his estate, and who had undertaken the arduous toil of gold-mining for the last two years, was a woman.

What became of Edward's second wife was never known—she disappeared.

Such are the facts. Whether the commission of some great crime in another land had led to the woman's thus concealing her identity is a matter which must for ever remain a mystery.

## THE END.

## A SUNKEN CITY.

In the beautiful harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, a few fathoms under water, sleeps the sunken city of Port Royal, which was destroyed by an earthquake in 1692. On a cloudless, still day, when the surface of the sea is perfectly smooth, the ruins of the phantom city may be plainly seen in the depths of the transparent water.

The spire of the old cathedral is the most prominent object. In the clear water you can see the fishes lazily swimming in and out among the ruined turrets, more suggestive of owls and bats than of the finny inhabitants of the sea. Occasionally glimpses can be had of the ruins of other buildings—buildings which for more than two centuries have kept their ghastly secrets and will keep them until the end of time.

Down there, in that peaceful depth, lie the bones of three thousand men, women and children, carried down into the sea with their homes on that awful June day in 1692. An earthquake, suddenly and without warning, smote the prodigal city of Port Royal, which slid into the sea. The waters opened and swallowed it up, and there, beneath the silent waves, was hidden the wickedness and debauchery of a community described by historians as being almost without parallel.

After the earthquake the town was rebuilt, only to be completely destroyed by fire in 1703. On August 22, 1722, it was swept into the sea by a hurricane. It was once more reconstructed, but again, in 1815, it was reduced to ashes, and as recently as 1880 it was visited by another hurricane. Every disaster was attended by great loss of life.

The city of Port Royal was originally built upon a narrow strip of land extending out into the sea, which accounts for its strange disappearance at the time of the earthquake. Like the house of the foolishman of Biblical lore, which was built upon the sand, it literally slid into the water when the earthquake shock came.

Previous to that fateful 7th day of June, 1692, Port Royal had been known as "the finest town in the West Indies, and the richest spot in the world." It was, as it now is, a British colony, but there was little either in its government or its customs of British morality. We are told that it was a place of luxurious debauchery; that in their excesses the colonists rivaled the profligates of ancient Rome.

Buccaneering and piracy were recognized industries. The treasure ships of Spain were legitimate prey. The riches of Mexico and Peru were levied upon, and the people of Jamaica were literally rolling in wealth and splendor. Vice and debauchery held sway, Bacchanalian revels which might put to shame the dwellers in the Orient were of nightly occurrence. There was no virtue.

And like the crack of doom came the earthquake. The thunder of the elements sounded in the ears of the heedless revelers. The earth opened in great fissures, and closed again like the jaws of a mighty trap. And in closing it gripped many of its victims in the middle, leaving their hands above ground. Then came the awful sliding, grinding noise of the city, built upon its foundations of sand, sank into the caressing embrace of the sea, which forever closed upon its wickedness and will forever keep its dread secrets.

The shock came close on to midday. The air was hot and sultry. The sky was without a cloud. A great stillness seemed to hover over the city, and then, without warning, the earth trembled. Men and women left their houses and ran into the streets, only to meet death in the bowels of earth or in the hidden recesses of the sea.

In his "Annals of Jamaica," published in 1828, Rev. George Wilson Bridges quotes from a letter written by one of the survivors—a rector—two or three days after the disaster, which is in part as follows:

After I had been at church reading,

which I did every day since I was rector of this place, to keep up some show of religion, and was gone to a place hard by the church where the merchants meet, and where the president of the council was, who came into my company and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine as a whet before dinner, he being my very good friend, I stayed with him, upon which he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long in taking, and not being willing to leave him before it was out, this determined me from going to dinner to one Captain Roben's, whither I was invited, whose house, upon the first concussion, sunk into the earth, and then into the sea with his wife and family, and some that were come to dine with him. Had I been there I had been lost. But to return to the president and his pipe of tobacco; before that was out I found the ground rolling under my feet, upon which I said to him, 'Lord, sir, what is that?' He replied, being a very grave man, 'It is an earthquake. Be not afraid; it will soon be over.'

Despite the president's assurance, he disappeared, and was never heard of again. Continuing, the rector wrote: "I made toward Morgan's Fort, because I thought to be there securist from falling houses, but as I was going I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon them over the fortifications. Moreover, the large and famous burying ground was destroyed, and the sea washed away the carcasses. The harbor was covered with dead bodies, floating up and down."

## TRIUMPH OF THE LADY BUG.

One of the most serious criticisms made of the department of agriculture several years ago by eastern newspapers concerned the money it had spent in bringing "lady bugs" from Australia to "infest" California and Florida orchards. But the lady bug (*Novius cardinalis*) turned out to be one of the most satisfactory importations ever made from the Antipodes, its habit of preying on the scale that was blighting fruit trees being the means of saving to this state and Florida their principal landed industries.

Now it appears that the little insect has performed a like office for the citrus groves of Portugal. Specimens sent to Lisbon from this state in 1896 have taken hold of the scale and are exterminating it. Though but few of the parasites survived the long journey by rail and sea, their immense fecundity enabled them in the course of two years to populate the groves with millions of their kind. As a result Portugal will be able soon to again compete with Spain and Sicily for the orange and lemon trade of Europe.

The success of the effort to eradicate the scale pest ought to be the means of keeping the department of agriculture flush in funds for parasitical research. It would be worth millions of dollars every year to this country to find a natural foe of the potato bug, of the curious pest that afflict growing hops and of insects that make a pasture of the bodies of domestic animals and poultry. If every bane has its antidote and every flea "has smaller fleas to bite 'em," the bringing of the two together is a proper function of government. The way it has worked in the matter of scale pests, and the distance to which the search for the means of exterminating them has gone, certainly tends to encourage efforts, however costly, along related lines. But it is a quest in which all governments may properly bear a part, with special reference to their own entomological resources.

## DIET FOR RHEUMATISM.

Fruits, Grains and Nuts and Free Use of Water.

Unquestionably the most active cause of rheumatism, as well as of migraine, sick headache, Bright's disease, neurasthenia and a number of other kindred diseases is the general use of flesh food, tea and coffee and alcoholic liquors, says Good Health. As regards remedies, there are no medical agents which are of any permanent value in the treatment of chronic rheumatism. The disease can be remedied only by regimen—that is, by diet and training. A simple dietary, consisting of fruits, grains and nuts and particularly the free use of fruits, must be placed in the first rank among the radical curative measures. Water, if taken in abundance, is also a means of washing out the accumulated poisons. An individual afflicted with rheumatism in any form should live, so far as possible, an out-of-door life, taking daily a sufficient amount of exercise to induce vigorous perspiration. A cool morning sponge, followed by vigorous rubbing, and a moist pack to the joints most seriously affected, at night, are measures which are worthy of a faithful trial. Every person who is suffering from this disease should give the matter immediate attention, as it is a malady which is progressive and is one of the most potent causes of premature old age and general physical deterioration. American nervousness is probably more often due to uric acid or the poisons which it represents than to any other one cause.

## A Fair Exchange.

"Bobby, won't you give a penny to help build Lafayette a monument?" "No, no, unless we get his birthday for a holiday."—Chicago Record.

The worst condishun the people kln kit inter iz wen frod and dishonesty plaze the tune of spoonerishun on the mental harp or the ignorant slave,

## INDIANA LEGISLATURE.

### A Week's Record In the Senate and House.

### VISIT STATE INSTITUTIONS.

Legislative Commission Makes Its Report—Hospital for Criminal Insane Is Recommended—Anti-Lynching Bill Is Defeated.

Wednesday, Jan. 25.

The bill to prohibit licensed saloons in residence districts met with favor in the house. A majority of the committee on temperance recommended that the bill be indefinitely postponed. The report was rejected and the bill placed on the calendar.

At a caucus of the republicans it was agreed to support the bill to grant Mrs. Oliver P. Morton a pension of \$100 a month during her lifetime.

Northern Indiana members have brought forward a bill providing for the drainage of the Kankakee swamps. The bill was introduced by Representative Knotts. It provides that county commissioners may make drainage districts on petition of the owners of lands to be drained. Any landowner in the district is to be permitted to do work at the price bid. The money needed to construct the ditch is to be contributed by the landowner.

Thursday, Jan. 26.

The legislative commission which, acting under a law passed by the legislature, visited all the state's penal, benevolent and reformatory institutions just before the beginning of this session, submitted its report to the legislature. The commission takes the place of the junketing committees that have hitherto visited the institutions. The report gives the state reformatory 300 additional cells, provides for 300 additional inmates in the home for feeble-minded youths, provides for 200 additional inmates in the central hospital for the insane, 118 in the eastern hospital for the insane, 100 in the northern hospital for the insane and 132 in the southern hospital for the insane. The commission recommends that a hospital for the criminal insane be built.

In the house the bill to take the appointment of metropolitan police commissioners out of the hands of the governor in all cities between 7,000 and 20,000 was defeated. The house passed the bill establishing the convict labor system in the state prison.

Friday, Jan. 27.

The bill under which the state authorities had hoped to prevent lynchings by making the county in which lynchings occurred liable for a penalty of \$5,000 was indefinitely postponed in the house by a vote of 35 to 69. The house took the view that it would not be right to make innocent taxpayers suffer for the acts of mobs.

In the senate the Goodwine bill for the reorganization of the state board of education was substituted for the Holgate bill. The substitution was a triumph for the state college faction.

Saturday, Jan. 28.

The house alone held a session. The only important business transacted was the killing of a bill for a large executive mansion for the governor in Indianapolis.

## The Knob Hill Gold Mine.

In the Boundary Creek Times there is a lengthy account of two promising mines in that district—the Knob Hill and Old Ironsides. These mines lie side by side, are operated by the same plant, and are owned, in great part, by the same people. The Times says: "The ore from both properties is excellent smelting ore, carrying its own fluxes. The surface value from the Old Ironsides run from \$9 to \$12, from \$12 to \$30 at 100 feet, and from \$15 to \$50 at 200 feet. Knob Hill values are similar. Were there any facilities for shipping, each property could be shipping at least 100 tons a day, and with increase of plant it is difficult to estimate possible daily shipments. The Old Ironsides and Knob Hill companies have plenty of working capital. The shareholders are some of the prominent moneyed men of the country. They own two of the most promising properties in the district. They are making every effort to make their mines shippers." Knob Hill in shares are now quoted at 78c, and Old Ironsides at \$1.10.

## The Oldest Living Novelist.

The oldest novelist in the world is M. Louis Enault, the well-known French romance writer, who was born at Isigny in 1792, and will in a few days attain his 106th birthday. Novelists, as a rule, do not attain any great age, but M. Enault, it is said, leads a very regular life, and still possesses all his faculties. He took part in Napoleon's campaign in Russia, and at the Pass of Beresina lost three fingers by frostbite. M. Enault has published a large number of novels, and has still a wide circle of readers in France. He intends, on the anniversary of his 106th birthday, to issue a new novel.

## Catering to Their Taste.

First Dear Girl—"This is Grace Darling's sixth season, yet look how many admirers she has." Second Dear Girl—"Yes, I'm getting to believe that men like everything well seasoned."—San Francisco Examiner.

## Real Hero.

"Speckelhorn is a real war hero." "Him? He never got out of the country." "I know he didn't, but he hasn't worn his uniform since he was mustered out."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## THE TYPEWRITER'S SPREAD.

It is Already Used Everywhere, Even Beyond Civilization.

There are probably few even among those who use the typewriter who have any proper perception of the variety and universality of the ingenious substitute for the pen, says the Syracuse Standard. Although only in its very early youth, it has already penetrated into every corner of the earth. It has gone with invading armies and explorers into the very heart of Africa; Lieut. Peary has introduced it to Polar ice, and it has traveled thousands of miles over Siberian snows. It travels with every army and fleet, and it was one of the first things rescued from the sunken Maine. Two of the most costly typewriters belong to the queen and czar of Russia. They are exquisite machines of white enamel and gold, with keys of ivory. The queen regent of Spain uses one for her correspondence; the khedive possesses one; and, in fact, there is scarcely a court in Europe where the typewriter has not a place.

## INVENTIONS OF THE CENTURY

In Prof. A. R. Wallace's "Wonderful Century," the following table of the great inventions of the nineteenth century, compared with the results of man's ingenuity during all the preceding ages:

- NINETEENTH CENTURY.
1. Railways.
  2. Steamships.
  3. Electric telegraphs.
  4. The telephone.
  5. Lucifer matches.
  6. Gas illumination.
  7. Electric lighting.
  8. Photography.
  9. The phonograph.
  10. Roentgen rays.
  11. Spectrum analysis.
  12. Anaesthetics.
  13. Antiseptic surgery.
  14. Conservation of energy.
  15. Molecular theory of gases.
  16. Velocity of light directly measured, and earth's rotation experimentally shown.
  17. The uses of dust.
  18. Chemistry, definite proportions.
  19. The meteors and meteoric theory.
  20. The glacial epoch.
  21. The antiquity of man.
  22. Organic evolution established.
  23. Cell theory and embryology.
  24. Germ theory of disease, and the function of the Leucocytes.

ALL PRECEDING AGES.

1. The mariner's compass.
2. The steam engine.
3. The telescope.
4. The barometer and thermometer.
5. Printing.
6. Arabic numerals.
7. Alphabetical writing.
8. Modern chemistry founded.
9. Electric science founded.
10. Gravitation established.
11. Kepler's laws.
12. The differential calculus.
13. The circulation of the blood.
14. Light proved to have finite velocity.
15. The development of geometry.

Completely Sold.

The author of "Ten Thousand a Year" was very fond of being supposed to be intimate with grandees, and, indeed, he was so, only he could never have enough of them.

One day he happened to mention to a legal friend (who knew this idiosyncrasy of his) that he was asked to dine with the Lord Chancellor the next day.

"So am I," said the other promptly; "I am glad we shall meet."

"Ah! but I'm not going," observed Warren; "I have another engagement."

"I am sorry for that, and so I am sure, will be His Lordship. I'll tell him how grieved you were."

"No, don't do that," said Warren uneasily.

"Why not? It will be something to say, 'I shall certainly do it.'"

"Well, the fact is, my good fellow, I was only in fun," Warren then confessed; "the Lord Chancellor has not invited me to dinner."

"Nor has he me; I was in fun, too," said the other.

Peru During Our War.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser: Capt. J. B. Hickey, military attache at the United States legation in Peru, who has been recalled to Washington, arrived here today on the Panama liner Alianza. He said that things were quiet when he left Lima, and that the feelings of the Peruvians during the war was not by any means in favor of Spain. During the conflict the Spaniards and Americans doing business in Peru patronized each other, and at times discussed banteringly the battles of Manila and Santiago, and the false victories of the Spaniards, details of which were regularly circulated by Spanish agents throughout the South American countries. While the Spaniards and American citizens were on good terms with each other after the declaration of war, there was no communication between the legations of the two countries.

Expect a High Rate of Speed.

Considerable interest attaches to the new steam turbine-driven torpedo-boat destroyer which C. A. Parsons is now building at his ship-building yard on the Tyne. The boat is to be 200 feet long, of 10,000 horse power, which is to enable her to steam, at the very least, thirty-five knots, or forty miles, an hour. She will be twice the length, six times the width, and is to develop a horse power five times greater than the little Turbinia, which aroused such interest at the time of the great naval review twelve months ago. Although Mr. Parsons gives only thirty-five knots as the speed of the boat he has in hand, he hopes to get a much higher speed—in fact, forty-five miles an hour—out of her.

## SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

PLYMOUTH KILWINING LODGE, No. 149, F. and A. M.; meets first and third Friday evenings of each month. Daniel McDonald, W. M. John Corberly, Sec.

PLYMOUTH CHAPTER, No. 49, R. A. M.; meets second Friday evening of each month. L. Southworth H. P. J. C. Jilson, Sec.

PLYMOUTH COMMANDRY, No. 26 K. T.; meets second and fourth Thursday of each month. D. McDonald E. C.; L. Tanner Rec.

PLYMOUTH CHAPTER, No. 26, O. E. S.; meets first and third Tuesdays of each month. Mrs. Mary L. Thayer W. M. Mrs. G. Aspinall, Sec.

## ODD FELLOWS.

AMERICUS LODGE, No. 91; meets every Thursday evening at their lodge rooms on Michigan st. Ed Campbell N. G. Chas. Shearer Sec.

## KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

HYPERION LODGE, No. 117 meets every Monday night in Castle Hall. Lou Allman C. C. Chas. S. Price K. of R. and S. FORESTERS.

PLYMOUTH COURT, No. 499; meets the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month, in K. of P. hall. Elmer Werata C. R. Daniel Cramer Sec.

HYPERION TEMPLE RATHBONE SISTERS, meets first and third Friday of each month Mrs. J. G. Davis, Mrs. Rena Armstrong

## K. O. T. M.

PLYMOUTH TENT, No. 27; meets every Tuesday evening at K. O. T. M. hall. Dan. Jacoby, Com. James Hoffman, Record Keeper.

## L. O. T. M.

WIDE AWAKE HIVE, No. 67; meets every Monday night at K. O. T. M. hall on Michigan street. Mrs. Flora J. Ellis, Commander. Bessie Wilkinson, Record Keeper.

HIVE NO. 23; meets every Wednesday evening in K. O. T. M. hall. Mrs. Maggie Fogle, Com., Alma E. Lawrence, Record Keeper.

## ROYAL ARCANUM.

Meets first and third Wednesday evenings of each month in Simon's hall. Moses M. Lauer, Regent. Francis McCrory, Sec.

## WOODMEN OF THE WORLD

Meets first and third Wednesday evenings of each month in K. of P. hall. C. M. Kasper, C. C. Joe Eich, Clerk

## G. A. R.

MILES H. TIBBETS POST, G. A. R.; meets every first and third Monday evenings in Simon's hall Dwight L. Dickerson Com., Charlie Wilcox, Adj.

## SONS OF VETERANS.

Meets every second and fourth Friday evenings in G. A. R. hall J. A. Shunk, Captain. Cora B. North, 1st Lieut.

## CHURCHES.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at noon. Junior Endeavor at 4 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Teacher's meeting immediately following. Rev. Thornberry, Pastor.

METHODIST.—Class meeting every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Epworth league at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. I. S. Smith, pastor. J. W. Wittfogel, class leader. D. Frank Reed, Sabbath school superintendent.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—St Thomas church. Rev. Wm. Wirt Raymond, rector. Sunday services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday service, at noon. Services Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Communion on holy days at 10 a. m.

CHURCH OF GOD—Garro and Water sts. Regular services 10:30 a. m., each Sunday. Third Sunday in each month preaching by J. L. Winec, fourth Sunday by H. V. Reed. 10:30 Sunday morning and 7:30 Sunday evening. Sunday school at 12 o'clock; Eva Rainback Supt. Prayer meeting at 7:30 each Thursday evening.

UNITED BRETHREN.—Sunday 9:30 a. m., class meeting, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m., preaching by the pastor. 11:30 a. m., Sunday school, 5:00 p. m. Junior Y. P. C. U. meeting, 6:00 p. m. Senior Y. P. C. U. meeting. A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

CATHOLIC CHURCH—Church held on Sundays as follows: First Mass at 7:30 a. m., second mass at 10 a. m. Vespers at 3 p. m. Week day mass at 7:45. Father Moench pastor.

## ARE YOU ALIVE

To the fact that all successful business men credit their success to the liberal use of penicillin ink? Why not profit by their experience?