A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY HUGH CONWAY,

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days."

state in Portland prison. He was cursing his own clumsiness and want of foresight, as indeed he cursed them at least a hundred times a day. He was unwashed and unshorn, and his right arm, although nearly mended, was still in one of those shiny black slings. Altogether the man was in a condition of body and mind far from enviable.

For hours he had been sitting and thinking of the glorious life he would lead as soon as he could ascertain the whereabouts of his wife. Then he would be able to soar out of this slough of poverty, and eat, drink and be merry. No wonder then when after the ceremony of a slight knock, Sarah Miller opened the door and stood before him, a cry of absolute joy sprang from his lips. Next to Beatrice she was the one he most wished to see. Now that she was here, Beatrice must also be accessible. His cheek flushed, his eyes brightened. If the privations which he had been enduring had at any time urged him to promise to himself that if good fortune brought him again in communication with his wife his hand should rest lighter upon her, the thought vanished as his visitor crossed the threshold. His time of triumph was at hand, and his one idea was to wring all that could be wrung from her whose youthful folly had linked her life to his. He felt contempt for her weakness in having given him, by sending her servant to seek him, the chance he so sorely needed.

Sarah, with her white, thin face, as usual thrown into strong relief by her sombre garb, stepped towards Hervey and stood looking at him with that peculiar rapt expression which at times came over her features. As soon as he had recovered from his surprise at this unhoped-for visit, Hervey eyed the woman curiously, but for a while there was silence between them. Still she continued to gaze and gaze at the man, not in anger, not in fear, but as one actuated by motives of curiosity. It was a kind of gaze which no one could be expected to endure for long without showing symptoms of impatience.

Sarah Miller opened the door and stood before him.

"What the devil are you looking at me like that for?" asked Hervey. His rough voice brought Sarah back to herself. She drew her hand across her brow.

"It is there, it is written there," she muttered.

"What is written there, you old fool?" asked Hervey.

She made no reply, but her thin lips moved, and again her eyes glanced at him with a strange, wild look.

"Sit down," said Hervey, sharply; "and try and talk like a sensible woman, and keep your wits from wandering."

He pushed a chair toward her. She sat down and seemed waiting for him to speak again.

"Well, what do you want?" he said. "I suppose she sent you?"

"Yes, my mistress sent me."

"What for? Has she sent me any money, or is she trying to starve me? Let her take care. I shall find her again some day."

"Yes," said Sarah, in curious, mechanical accents. "Yes, she has sent you money."

"How much is it? Hand it over."

She drew a small bag from her pocket. Hervey clutched it eagerly. "There is fifty pounds," she said, in the same mechanical way as before.

"Fifty pounds!" exclaimed the man, fiercely. "What does she mean by sending me a paltry sum like that? Fifty pounds while my wife has thousands a year!"

"Take it or leave it, as you choose," said Sarah.

"I'll take it, never fear. Oh, yes, I'll take it. Perhaps it's meant as a peace-offering. Now let me hear what else you have to say. You didn't come here just to give me this wretched sum."

Mrs. Miller rose from her seat and looked down into the man's upturned face. Her voice when she spoke underwent a marvellous change. It absolutely rang with passion.

"No, Maurice Hervey," she cried. "I come to offer you the one chance, to show you the one way which is still open. It may be too late to tread it, but I say to you, show mercy and perhaps mercy may be shown to you. Be warned, I say, and leave that poor girl in peace. Live your life and let her live hers. She is one of God's chosen, Maurice Hervey. Beware how you war against Him. His anger is like a two-edged sword——"

"Keep your flights to yourself and tell me in plain English what you mean."

"Take the money she offers you. Go and trouble her no more."

Hervey laughed his mocking laugh. "My dear Sarah," he said, "your zeal makes you anticipate matters. I must remind you that as yet I have been offered no money."

"But Miss Beatrice will pay you money," said the woman eagerly. "Oh, take it, take it! Go away and never seek her again."

"Ah! now you're coming to business. What money will she pay?"

"She will give you five hundred a year."

A scowl passed over Hervey's face, but he restrained the oath which rose to his lips. "You are sure that's the best offer, Sarah?"

"She will give no more."

"And if I refuse, what then?"

Sarah cast a quick glance around, and showed that she fully comprehended the squalor of Hervey's present abode. "If you refuse it," she said, "I shall go back to her and tell her you cannot be found. Then you will be left to starve. Starvation is hard work, Maurice Hervey."

"You hag," cried Hervey; "you would lie to her."

"I would do more than lie for her sake," said Mrs. Miller. "Will you take the money?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Needs must when the devil drives," he said, airily. "Yes, Sarah, I can't help myself, I must close with the generous offer. Now tell me where to find my devoted wife, so that I may convey the news of my submission."

"You will take it?" said Sarah, breathlessly.

"Have I not said I must?"

"Thank God!" As she spoke she clasped her hands and murmured words of thanks. Hervey watched her with a curious look on his face. She saw it and it startled her. "You will sign papers?" she said.

"Oh, yes; I'll sign anything. Now tell me where to find her."

"No, no. You cannot see her. She will get everything done. The lawyer will get the papers ready, and when you have signed them the money will be paid."

"Very well," said Hervey, carelessly. "There's nothing more to say, then."

The readiness with which he acceded to her stipulations roused Mrs. Miller's distrust. "Do you mean to play me false?" she asked. "Will you swear on the Bible to keep your promise?"

"Certainly I will, but I am afraid there's no Bible in this house to swear on. A sad state of things which shall be rectified before you come again."

Mrs. Miller made no reply to his jeering words. She opened a small bag which she carried and drew out a well-thumbed, worn Bible. Hervey smiled his contempt.

"Place your finger between the leaves," she said solemnly, "then kiss the sacred book and swear, so help you God, you will keep your promise."

"It must be a left-handed oath," he said, as he obeyed her. She clasped her hand over his, and when with a sneer on his lips he had taken the prescribed oath, she opened the book and marked the verse on which his finger had at random been placed. "Read," she said, "and be warned." Hervey read:

"God shall likewise destroy thee for ever."

Without another word she closed the book and left the room. As the door closed Hervey laughed a scornful laugh. He waited until she must have reached the street, then ran swiftly down the stairs. The lower part of the house was used as a kind of marine store, and in the shop were two lads of about seventeen. He called one of them.

"A lady dressed in black just went out. Follow her and find out where she goes and I'll give you a sovereign."

The boy, who knew something about the state of the lodger's finances, looked amused, but did not budge. "Make haste, you fool," cried Hervey. "Here's the money waiting—see it!"

The sight of a real tangible sovereign sent the lad off in double-quick time, and utterly unsuspecting evil Beatrice's ambassador was cleverly tracked to her temporary abode.

Meanwhile Hervey returned to his garret in a joyful frame of mind. However matters might turn out, a comfortable change in his circumstances had taken place. The worst that could happen would insure him a comfortable income, but, so far as he could arrange it, he meant to avoid the worst. He meant to find Beatrice, and by the power he held over her, force her to surrender to him all save a bare pittance. Let her only be once more within his grasp and he would take care that she escaped no more. He ground his teeth as he thought what he had already paid for an act of carelessness. The chance of repairing it was at last within his reach. He positively gloated as he pictured the horror with which his wife would greet him when he again invaded her retreat. He laughed in glee at the paternal right which furnished a weapon so sharp to smite, so irresistible, to compel her to yield to his demand. Yes, money and revenge were once more within his reach.

His spy returned in due course. He had earned his sovereign, for he was able to give Hervey the name of the street and the number of the house to which Sarah Miller had gone. Hervey laughed again. He dressed himself, visited the barber's, and then went to keep watch on Sarah's abode.

He watched until nightfall. Early dawn found him once more at his post. Noon and evening he was still there, and evening brought him the reward of his patience. A cab drove up to the door, a box was placed upon it, and a dark-robed figure entered it. The door was shut and away rolled the cab.

It was scarcely out of sight when Hervey rang the bell of the house and asked if Mrs. Miller was in. No, she had just left. Ah, that was unlucky; he wanted to see her on important business. Where could he find her?

"You'll have a long way to go unless you can overtake her," said the woman of the house, laughing. "She's just off to foreign parts."

"Going abroad! Where is she going?"

"All the way to Munich, wherever that may be."

His heart leapt. At any rate now he knew where to find his quarry. "Munich!" he exclaimed. "I must try and overtake her before she goes. What station is it?"

"Charing Cross. I heard her tell the man."

He bade his informant adieu with scant ceremony. He hailed the first cab he saw, and was soon rattling in pursuit of Sarah. Although he did not know at what time the train started, he was quite at ease as to catching it. He knew the grace which a woman always allows herself in the matter of trains. He had judged rightly, for the first thing he saw upon entering the station was Mrs. Miller at the office engaged in registering her box. He ventured to creep close to her, and heard her with the incredulity which a woman invariably displays when she surrenders personal custody of her luggage, twice inform the clerk that she was going to Munich by way of Paris. After hearing this, Hervey slipped away, took his ticket, and having watched Sarah enter the train took his seat in another compartment. So that Beatrice's emissary as she started on her return journey, joyful at the apparent success of her mission, little thought that she was in something of the same position as the man who, according to the old German legend, carried unwittingly the demon of plague into the village which held all who were dear to him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PURSUED.

For hours and hours Mrs. Miller remained blissfully ignorant of the fact that the wheels which were bearing her to her destination bore also sorrow and ruin in the person of Maurice Hervey. The fellow-travelers did not confront each other until the next morning, and when the through train was well out of Paris. Sarah, indeed, had been all but invisible since she boarded the Dover and Calais boat. The crossing had been a rough one, and sea-sickness claims precedence with the mind the most preoccupied. Sarah had suffered much, and as soon as she found herself in the smooth-going train had sought forgetfulness of her woes in sleep. Hervey, who had no wish to precipitate matters by an untimely revelation of his presence, had also effaced himself from general observation.

But some time after the train had left the Paris and Lyons station Sarah opened the door of her comfortable compartment and in the narrow gangway of the train came full upon Maurice Hervey. He was smoking and watching the flying landscape through the glass windows at the side of the narrow passage. He turned, looked at Sarah, and laughed in cruel merriment as he saw her gaze of horrified surprise.

"You!" she gasped. "You have followed me."

"Every step since you left my humble abode, my dear Sarah."

She turned away and re-entered the compartment she had left. Hervey followed her, and with a laugh threw himself down on the seat nearest to the door. The train was not full, and the compartments were small ones, so it happened that the two people were alone.

It was typical of the man's cruel nature that he looked forward with feelings of keen enjoyment to the torture which he meant to inflict upon the woman during those hours of travel, by forcing upon her the presence which he knew so unwelcome.

"Oh, yes, Sarah," he said jeeringly; "I followed you, and I shall never leave your side until you lead me to my beloved wife. It's no good thinking you can give me the slip. To save trouble I may tell you I know you are going to Munich. What a clever woman you are, Sarah. I am so much obliged to you."

She wrung her hands convulsively, then covered her face and moaned. She had acted, as she thought, for the best, but this man's craft had overcome her. Her mistress was to be made to suffer, and through her. Through the one who would willingly sacrifice body and soul to save her from pain!

"Don't be sulky, Sarah," said Hervey. "The game's up now; you may as well give in. Here, make yourself useful and fill my pipe. I can't use this confounded right arm of mine."

She took no notice of his request, but presently she raised her head and looked at him.

"Be warned," she said in low tones. "Once more I say, be warned in time. Leave this train at the next station. Fly while you can."

He laughed scornfully. "Now, is it likely?" he said.

She made no further appeal. She sank back into stony silence, and from that time no remark, no question, no taunt of the man's could draw a word from her thin lips. Hour after hour went by and Sarah Miller sat in her corner motionless and silent as a statue.

But her thoughts! Her thoughts were busy enough. They thronged and invaded her brain. They changed and shifted from incoherence to systematic arrangement and back again to incoherence. Through all the jumble the one fearful truth shone out distinctly. She was taking this man to her mistress.

No food had passed her lips since she left London. All desire to eat had left her when she first caught sight of Hervey's hateful form. Her hands were hot; her veins seemed full of fever, and now and again a mist seemed to close round her, from which she emerged only to see once more the cruel face of her tormentor. So the hours went by.

Hervey had food sent into the carriage. He also consoled himself at short intervals with brandy and water. He bought cigars, smoked them, and grumbled at their badness. Sometimes he rose, walked out into the gangway and stretched his legs, but he kept a keen watch on the woman. Not a second time would he fail from lack of vigilance. For amusement he now and again taunted his companion, and his jeers, apparently unnoticed, drove her to the verge of desperation. Her hands grew hotter, her pulses beat with fiercer rapidity.

The sun sank; the twilight died away; the lamps were lit. Every hour, every moment brought grief nearer and nearer to Beatrice. Long before another sun rose the train would be at Munich. The thought maddened the white-faced woman.

Shortly after the train left Stuttgart the steward looked in and in broken English suggested that the beds should be prepared. Mrs. Miller shook her head, and signified that she had no wish to retire to rest. Hervey ordered more brandy and also declined the proffered couch. The steward wished that he could have the refusal of one of those unmade couches and the time to occupy it, shrugged his shoulders, and withdrew. The travelers were once more alone. In less than five hours the journey would be at an end.

Suddenly a wave of inspiration flooded the poor woman's harassed brain. An inspiration which made all things clear as day. A strange brilliancy shone in her eyes. In a flash she saw, or believed she saw, to what end these things were leading. God's hand was at work.

Had she not dreamed a dream in which Maurice Hervey figured? Had she not persuaded herself when she first saw him that she had seen written in his face that his days were numbered? Was she not sure—sure as she was of her own eternal condemnation—that God meant Beatrice to taste happiness as well in this world as in the next? The hour of deliverance was at hand. The inspiration which had told her that her errand would be crowned with success was not that of a lying spirit. God was at work. Hervey had been led to take this journey; to break the promise he had made; and thereby accept the fate foreshadowed by the fearful words to which his finger had fortuitously pointed. This journey, begun in craft and in defiance of God's warning conveyed through herself, would never be ended. She, by the light of her wild faith, read the Divine purpose plainly as if it was written in letters of fire.

If the line of demarcation between fanaticism and madness in the poor woman's brain was not by now entirely obliterated, it had grown faint, blurred and indistinct. She was hovering on the verge of insanity, and the method which sometimes lies in madness was at work and supplying the loss of the reasoning faculties. Now that the truth had come to her, now that she knew by inspiration why this man had been permitted to trace and follow her and for a while enjoy his triumph, she found herself speculating and wondering how and by what means the interposition of the Divine hand would be shown. She waited for the moment when, from some apparently earthly cause, the cup of triumph would be dashed from his lips. She waited and waited, and although the hours passed without a sign, never wavered in her belief that even at the last moment deliverance would be brought about.

Once or twice she turned and looked at her companion, and by the same strange fancy which had before seized her, persuaded herself that the something which she imagined she saw in his face and which betokened approaching death, grew more and more distinct. She felt no pity for the man; nor would she have dared to attempt a second warning; but she gazed on him with a kind of awe, raised by the thought that in a brief space of time this wretched creature would be lying in the place appointed for him, lying there, and to lie there, forever, and ever, and ever!

Her madness, if it may be called madness, deepened as the time passed by. After all, in spite of its claims to superiority, the mind is but the slave of the body. The yoke may be thrown aside for a while, but sooner or later its pressure becomes apparent. Fatigue and want of food were, with Sarah Miller, completing what distress had begun. Yet to herself it seemed that she had never seen things clearer, never reasoned more cogently than at this moment when her brain was taxed beyond endurance.

How would God act? Would He strike this man dead as he sat there? Would something frightful happen? Would the train be overturned? As this question exercised her, every jolt as the wheels passed the points sent a thrill through her and made her fancy the moment was at hand.

No. This could not be the appointed method. Merciless as her creed taught her to believe the One to whom she prayed, her sense of justice forbade her to suppose that many other lives must be sacrificed for the sake of destroying Maurice Hervey. She must wait patiently and in faith, not anticipate God's purpose. But the time was growing very short!

Suddenly she turned and knelt on the floor of the carriage. She offered up a prayer that things might be made clear to her; that her agony of suspense might be brought to an end. Hervey watched her and laughed aloud.

"Quite right, Sarah," he said. "Never neglect your religious observances. I am

"Quite right, Sarah," he said. "Never neglect your religious observances."

afraid you can't pray yourself out of this situation; but there's no harm in trying."

The sound of his voice gave another and a fresh turn to her thoughts. At that moment her prayer was answered and everything grew clear. The clouds which troubled her rolled away, or it may be, closed round her to break no more.

She shivered, and still kneeling, turned her face to the speaker. Her look for a moment startled him in spite of the contempt he felt for her religious vagaries. And well it might startle him.

Now she knew all. She knew why she had lived. She knew to what she was predestined. Cycles ago this moment had been decreed. It was she whom God had appointed to remove this man from the path which led one of elect to happiness. The belief that ages and ages before she was born, her place, not only in this world, but also in the next, had been irrevocably fixed, the terrible conviction that she was one of the many doomed by God's will to eternal torture, a fate which not the prayers of a lifetime, or the conduct of a saint, could avert or in the slightest degree mitigate; this fearful belief closed round her like the walls of a prison from which there is no escape, from which death itself there is no release. How in such a state of mind could she turn with feelings of love and adoration to the Supreme Being Who had doomed her to such unutterable woe? No, she could fear Him, tremble before Him, abase herself at His feet, pray her wild hopeless prayers, but such love as she had to give was fain to bestow itself upon an earthly object, and for the want of a better that object was Beatrice.

Even as Jael, even as Judith, had their mission so had she, Sarah Miller, a mission equally terrible, that of slaying a man whom God had doomed. With her brain flooded, permeated by this one fearful thought, the woman rose from her knees and resumed her seat.

Everything, she fancied, with her mind bewildered in reality, yet to herself seemingly clear, pointed to the carrying out of this decree of destiny. The solitude, the night journey, even the man's half-helpless condition were but details of a settled scheme. The opportunity was here, only the way and the means were wanting. These in good time would be vouchsafed to her. She would be shown how she, a weak woman, was to take the life of a strong man.

Little did Maurice Hervey, as from the effects of fatigue, cigars and brandy he sat half dozing in the corner of the compartment, dream what thoughts were passing through the mind of the woman near him. To him she was nothing more than an addle-headed sort of creature, who once upon a time had done a great deal towards bringing him to ruin; an act for which he rightly believed he was now paying her in full.

How was she to do it? Time was passing, and yet the path was not yet pointed out. See, the man's eyes were closed! Had the moment come? If she had a knife she might even now drive it into his heart! But she had no knife; had nothing which would serve her need, or rather God's need. Suddenly she remembered, as one remembers a dream, that hours and hours ago she had seen a fellow passenger opening a bag, and had noticed on the top of that bag a pistol. Had she been allowed to catch sight of the weapon for the purpose which she was deputed to carry out? If so, where was that pistol, and how could she get it into her hands? She rose, and without any settled object, passed Hervey and stepped out into the gangway.

Her movement awoke him. He put his head through the door and watched her as a cat watches a mouse. Sarah went the length of the long carriage, but found nothing to guide her to her end. Every door was hermetically sealed. It seemed as if she and her companion were the only persons awake. The only sound heard was the ceaseless rush of the train as it tore its way on and on through the night.

The woman returned and resumed her seat. The means had not yet been given her. A phantom of common sense also flitted through her mind. If she killed this man in such a manner it meant arrest and trial of herself. It meant shame and exposure to her loved mistress. No, she must wait yet a while. God had not yet spoken the last word; not yet shown the exact way in which His work was to be done. Yet her belief never swerved, never wavered:

Or not until she knew that the end of the long, dreary journey was close at hand; not until a kind of instinct told her that in a few short minutes Munich would be reached. Hervey, whom necessities had deprived of the means of telling the time, was still sleeping his wakeful and suspicious dog's sleep. Suddenly the long, shrill whistle sounded. The man started up, wide awake, and for the first time for hours a doubt as to her true reading of God's purpose flashed through Sarah Miller's brain. The time was so short. There was so much—so much to be done. The way was still in darkness. Would the last few moment light it up?

She clenched her hands convulsively, digging the nails of one into the flesh of the other. She glanced once more at Hervey's face which, from his fatigue looked pale and wan. She rose, and mechanically, like one in a dream, stepped out of the compartment into the dimly lighted gangway. Hervey followed her.

Without knowing why or wherefore, she walked the whole length of the carriage. In a dazed way she opened the door at the end and stepped out into the open air. Hervey followed her and the door closed behind them, and the man and the woman stood alone on the iron platform which lies between one carriage and its forerunner.

The train had not yet slackened speed. Its wild rush still whipped the naturally calm air into a fierce gale. The woman's dark hair, which had become untwisted, streamed behind her in elf locks. A tall black figure, with a white, a death-white face and burning eyes, staring fixedly at the destination to which the train was hurrying her, as fixedly as her mind was turned to the work which she yet believed she was doomed to execute.

The night was cloudy and moonless. Some way ahead, a little to the right, the lights of the great city lit up the dark sky. It was on these lights that Sarah Miller's eyes were fixed, her lips the while muttering inaudible words.

For a few moments Hervey stood in silence by her side. Then he spoke. "It's no good, Sarah, you can't give me the slip. I'll follow you everywhere. Be a sensible woman for once, and don't give me more bother."

She spoke, but not in answer to his words. "That glare! that red glare!" she cried, in a thrilling voice. "Look at it! Look at it well! Do you know what it means to you and to me?"

Before he could reply she answered her own question. "It is the red glare of hell," she cried in still wilder accents. "The glare of the fire which burns for you and for me. The shriek! Hear the shriek of the damned!"

Once more the whistle sent its piercing scream of warning far on the night air; and in another moment the strong brakes would have fallen on the great wheels. Hervey, really startled by his companion's wild bearing, turned to her savagely.

"Here, no nonsense!" he said roughly.

These were the last words he spoke. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the woman threw herself upon him. Her arms clasped him with the strength of frenzy. Her weight threw him off his balance. He staggered backwards. He made one wild grab with his uninjured arm at the iron rail, missed it, and most likely could not have held it had he caught it, then slipped down the three or four iron steps, and, with the woman's arms still holding him, the two fell with a fearful thud on to the six-foot way. His cry, if he had time to raise one, was lost in the rush of the train and the shriek of the steam-whistle. All was over in a second—the train was speeding on, leaving behind it a dark mass lying between the up and the down lines. At the very last moment the way had been made clear to Sarah Miller. Even as she fell with her victim her one thought was of frenzied joy that she had found the means to do God's work.

For a minute or two after the last carriage of the train had swept by, that black mass lay motionless in the six-foot way. Then part of it began to show signs of life. Slowly and painfully the woman detached herself from her victim. She rose to her knees, and remained there staring fixedly at the white face that looked up to her own. Her frenzy for the moment had passed and she scarcely knew what had happened or what she had done.

She was unhurt. The man had struck the ground first, and so borne the brunt of the shock. His head had fallen heavily on the ballast of the line, and he lay without sense or motion. Was he dead?

This, when her disjointed and scattered thoughts were once more able to resume the terrible kaleidescopic pattern into which fanaticism had shaken them, was the one question asked by the woman. She felt for the moment no remorse, no horror, but the dread seized her that her hand might have failed; that the work might not yet be done; that she had not fulfilled her destiny. She bent over the prostrate man and placed her cheek close to his lips.

He breathed! She felt the faint breath on her cheek! She laid her hand on his heart and felt its pulsations, slowly distinct. She sprang to her feet with a sharp cry of distress. She had failed! Hervey was alive and would recover. The work had not been done!

She peered wildly into the darkness. She scarcely knew for what she looked. A large stone, a piece of iron, anything which would show her that the hand which had guided her so far on the fearful road of fate had not deserted her; but she found nothing, absolutely nothing which could serve her need.

But suddenly, away along the down line she saw a round red light creeping apparently nearer and nearer. Her heart leaped at the sight. To the uttermost bitterest end the way was clear. The final word had gone forth, the final revelation was made to her.

She placed her hands under the man's shoulders, and by an effort of strength, desperate and far beyond what might have been expected from her frame, dragged him over the few feet of roadway which lay between him and the metals. He groaned once or twice, but remained senseless and motionless as she placed him right in the track of the coming train.

She placed him right in the track of the coming train.

The red light was close—close at hand, but the man lay still and recked nothing of it. The woman having accomplished her ghastly work, wound her black shawl tightly round her head, then fell upon her knees, waited, and lived an age in every moment.

She heard, through the muffling, the rush, she felt on her hands the wind of the metal monster as it swept by; but she heard or felt no more. She rose and shuddered convulsively; then, without a glance to see what her hand had wrought, stepped over the line, down the steep embankment, and was lost in the night. She had done what she believed to be her appointed task. No longer would Maurice Hervey stand between Beatrice and happiness!

The poor wretch was almost cut in two. The wheels which had crushed the life out of him were those of an engine on its way to pick up trucks on a siding some way down the line. The driver felt the slight obstruction, and having marked the spot where it occurred, upon his return stopped the train and knew what had caused that momentary jolt, knew that a man's life had, in that second, passed away.

The body was picked up, placed in a truck, taken to the Munich station, and thence to the place appointed for the reception of the bodies of unknown men who meet with a sudden or violent death.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"I AM MAD."

If by any chance Beatrice, who certainly had trouble enough to make her wakeful.

(To be Continued.)

Mania for Marrying--A Wyoming Siren, Seven Times Married and Never Divorced.

Special Globe-Democrat.

LANDER, WY. T., Aug. 25.—In the spring of '68, on the Cache la Poudre river, in Northern Colorado, there was married Miss Mary Hopkins to Mr. James Theobald. The bride was barely sixteen, and no one who witnessed the wedding would have guessed that she was to soon develop an absolute mania for the marriage ceremony; and yet so it was. The bride of that day is now living with the seventh man who has responded with her to the marriage service, and every one of these seven men is to-day alive and well, and from none of them has the woman been divorced, while the ceremony in every case has been duly performed by justices or preachers.

A few short months satisfied Mrs. Theobald that her husband did not suit her, and soon his place was vacant. The sound of his retiring footsteps had scarcely died away before his wife began to make preparations for another marriage. In the neighborhood was a young man by the name of Johnson, and to his assistance Mrs. Theobald appealed. They went to Fairmount, in the same State, and were there married by a justice of the peace. As long as the recollection of the ceremony lasted, it was honeymoon for the new bride, but when that fond remembrance began to fade, she began to plot for its revival. Johnson went the way of Theobald, and then the fair enthusiast paid a visit to the town of Longmont. Here she found a man named Davis ready to further her views. The services of a minister were procured and once again the words of the marriage ceremony fell like sweetest music well remembered upon her ear. The happy man and his blushing bride decided to seek a home further West, and they came to Lander, arriving in the fall of '73. By the fall of '74 Mrs. Davis had become aware that the time for another marriage service was rapidly approaching. Mr. Davis returned to Colorado to look after business matters. They were very important, for he is looking after them yet. Mr. Davis selected as her partner in the blissful time coming a private soldier of the neighboring garrison at Fort Washakie. The Chaplain performed the ceremony, and Mrs. Cox leaned lovingly upon her soldier spouse, radiant with the peculiar joy of the occasion. Time passed on, and the company to which Cox belonged was ordered to duty at another point. He went, leaving his wife behind. This troubled the lady but little. The desire to hear the matrimonial formula was again asserting itself in terms that could not be stilled.

Returning to Landers, Mrs. Cox looked about her with the eyes of a connoisseur, and speedily pitched upon a well-to-do ranchman of the name of Reed, as her next conductor along the matrimonial path. The burly ranchman was nothing loth, and the loving twain wended their way to the nearest justice of the peace and were quickly made one. All went well until the insatiate demand for another wedding was again listened to. Petty annoyances were again resorted to as usual to induce Reed to go, but this time the husband proved obdurate, and a pitched battle was necessary to open his eyes, or, rather, only one of them, for a blow from the lady's closed fist hermetically sealed the other as to the kind of woman he had married. In place of his going, however, the order was reversed, and she went, taking with her the ranch hired man. The happy fugitives made for the Big Horn country, and the report of their marriage there has just been received.

The Hoboken Druggist Arrested.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 5—Dr. Charles G. Amende, the Hoboken druggist, whose blunder in compounding morphine for quinine resulted in the death of Gretchen and Ella Haltz, was arrested this morning at his residence on complaint of Charles F. Haltz, the father of the young ladies. Amende was in bed when the arrest was made. He gave bail in $2,500. He obtained a morning paper containing an account of Ella Haltz's death, of which he thus heard for the first time. He was much affected.

Cottages for Evicted Widows.

DUBLIN, Sept. 5—At Tournafully, county Limerick, Fathers Murphy and Clifford, assisted by about 200 people, have built a cottage for evicted widows. Mr. Timothy M. Healy, member of parliament for Monagan, in a speech at Londonderry, said that Ireland had gained concesion after concession which it had been deemed impossible for her to obtain, and would ultimately secure all that she desired.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Secretary Manning resumed his duties in the Treasury department to-day.

Good Things to Get.

Boston Courier.

A thunder rod for people who are liable to be "thunder struck" on receiving unexpected intelligence.

A grindstone for people who are in the habit of "grinding their teeth" when they are in anger.

A device for grubbing people who are suddenly "rooted to the spot."

A patent air ship for restoring people to their homes who are "carried away by all excess of emotion," transported with delight," etc.

A restorative for people "petrified with astonishment."