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HER SISTER'S HONOR.

A Tale of English Life.

By Walter Besant.

CHAPTER VI.

OUT AGAIN.

Naomi held up her finger. "e is in a sleep."

"you have her again," said the

last. They let her go be- was ill, and the time was so nd when she would have her ave. brought her home She was a good deal excited, but at night she grew com- told me more than I knew. er husband—her husband— t! The man went into the and sent his own wife to tude. She did not stab him ry because he had deserted anted to kill herself. I will presently. He knew that, illain!—villain!"

villain!" echoed the li-

ll see her directly. But she me this morning. She does me. She thinks she has got her lap—it was born in the died in the prison. But she d woman, remember. She husband—oh, her husband her. Tell me what I should in. Her eyes are closed. I sleeping."

a Sunday morning in mid- Outside, the church bells it was not a quarter all to prayer is heeded, and of the people were not set ds. Within, a bright fire, a n, and in an easy chair the et free. She had put off her s; they had suffered her hair er beautiful light hair curling forehead; her face, refined by ring, seemed in its delicacy beauty to be the face of some saint who spent her days in tation; her eyes were closed, sound of the voices and the of the door she awoke and look- d.

, dear," she said, smiling. od! She was once more in her d again.

been asleep, I think. I forgot s released, and I thought I was l again."

" said Naomi. "Forget the cell. y to forget it. See, I have you my friend—my best friend. dear, he knows all; he will ad- nd help us. He has been very kind to me, dear—while we ted. Because it was lonely ou—and when one thought— is all over. Oh! my dear— it is all over and we are to- d I can bear anything now— "

rarian tried to speak. But he way his face, and the tears n his cheeks even to his great d. 'Twas a soft-hearted li-

ve got to grow quite strong again, my dear," he said, tak- nd and holding it while he sat de her. "Quite strong and e you think about anything. "

never get strong or well replied. "I heard the doc- nfirmary say so. That mat- g, except that I shall be such to everybody. Oh! Naomi, a trouble I have been to you! dful trouble. I have spoiled life, my dear."

—not you, Ruth," Naomi an- rsely. "But that villain— ain!"

ar. It hurts me that any- call him names. At first I n him for the sake of my

NK SHE IS IN A SLEEP."

very terrible for a child to prison, isn't it—and for its be a convict. No child can er that disgrace. But God ld, and then I was happier. nly myself to think about, to feel that it was worse for or me. Nothing can undo came to forgive him, dear, forget him if I could. But rget your husband. Wom- so——"

," said the librarian. "God are."

ear, you thought I was over- ith the disgrace and shame ear. I never could feel any ot even in the court. The s was nothing to me, nor rules. I obeyed the rules, not mind them. You see, innocent. But I had a sen- t far more terrible to bear. sentence of my child's dis- as only when I thought of at I felt the disgrace to me only—for your sake. For felt nothing. When I told it was only the other day— out it. He is a kind man a prison doctor."

"Will you have some breakfast now, dear? You would not eat any an hour ago."

"I thought we had breakfast at 7. Half a pint of cocoa and—and——" She looked about her with troubled eyes; her brain was wandering again. "I must clean the cell and roll up the blankets before work begins. The matron lets me do her room; they are all kind to me. Of course they know I never did it." She shut her eyes as if trying to collect herself. "Give me my baby." She started up and opened her eyes and held out her arms. "Give me my baby. Oh! my precious baby. Hush! He is asleep." She thought the child was in her lap. "He is a——. Sir, Naomi. You didn't know I had such a lovely baby, did you? He has got his father's eyes exactly, hasn't he? Come and look at your son, Harry. Kiss him, dear. He shall grow up as handsome and as good as his father."

"Oh! my friend," said Naomi. "What shall I do? What shall I do? It tears my heart to hear her and to look at her."

Well, there was very little to be done. The librarian, who now showed himself a person of infinite resource, went away that very morning and brought back with him a medical man of wonderful skill—quite a magical medical man—to see the girl, and told him pieces of the story. The medical man said that, considering everything, it was fortunate she had not died in prison, and that she would certainly die before many weeks; that to such an organization as this woman seemed to have, love and happiness were the food of life; then he added, "What a murderer!" He recom-

SHE ALSO SENT IN A PIANO AND PLAYED.

mended something or other and went away. But he did more. For this medical magical person had a daughter, one of those who spend their lives in good works. And she, moved deeply by the sadness of the thing, came to nurse the girl, and instead of reading to the patients in the hospitals, sat all day long with Ruth while her sister was at work, and talked to her and prayed over her continually with the sunshine of sympathy and friendship. She also sent in a piano and played to the sick girl. In the evening Naomi came home, and when the librarian could get away, he, too, came and read or talked of grave things, thoughts concerning men and women and the conduct of life and the teaching which is read aloud in the churches without ceasing, and remains as much neglected as ever. So they talked her poor wearied brain into rest. But ever and anon the dying girl's eyes would wander troubled round the room, and she would go back to her prison cell, and she would call again for her baby and dandle the pretty child before his father—the father so handsome and so good.

One evening, when she felt a little stronger than usual, she told her sister about her marriage.

"Harry wouldn't marry me openly and take me to his own people," she said, "because he was dependent on his father. But he wouldn't give me up, and one day he told me that he had everything ready and would marry me secretly in a registrar's office. But I was to tell nobody—not even you, dear; and I promised. He took me in a cab, I don't know where. One of his friends, Mr. Middlemist, who was a clerk in his father's office, came with us. We got out of the cab at the office, and went within. So that his father should not find out, he signed a false name. He took his mother's name, and signed himself 'Henry Hendricksen.' "

"And you rememoer the place, dear?"

"No, I do not know where it was, because I never thought of looking. Afterwards he told me that it was a sham registry, but I know now that it was not, because people who have sham offices do not put up brass plates and print the name of the office in the pillars of the door. Besides, we had to wait while another couple were married. I am his wife, dear, as much as the law can make me."

When Naomi told this to the librarian, he said that now they knew the particulars nothing would be easier than to find out where the marriage took place, because a register is kept, and can be consulted. And he took certain steps unknown to the two sisters.

After this they talked no more about the past. As the bodily frame grew weaker her mind became more restful. During the day she seemed to forget the past. She listened, her hollow eyes looking far away, while her nurse—the physician's daugeter—played to her; on the wings of the music she was borne away to the land of holy thought. When she talked it was of the future—now so near—when her child should be restored to her. The past, as she truly told her sister, had left upon her soul no touch of shame—not the least touch. That it had killed her was nothing, because life had nothing left for her. Only in the night she would awake and stretch out her hands, feeling for the walls of her cell, and moan and weep in thinking of the child, born in the prison and dead in the prison. Then Naomi would weep with her and soothe her, until the dying girl, in her turn, soothed and consoled the girl who had to live.

One evening, towards the end of April, when there was a soft breath of early spring, Ruth began to talk of the old days, when the swifts flew about the tower of the cathedral, and the leaves began to come out upon the trees; and she spoke of the sweet service on the Sunday morning, and of the quiet shop, with its shelves of books, round which the canons of the cathedral would slowly walk, reading the titles; and of the dean, who always came to shake hands with her father, and patted her cheek—all the old life—so long ago, so long ago. She talked about this all the evening; it seemed as if she could think of nothing else. When she laid her head upon the pillow she murmured, "Naomi, dear, there is nothing worth remembering but the old days—and you, dear, and you—unless it is my baby. Oh! he is waiting for me. I can see his pretty face; he holds out his pretty hands." Then, with no more words, her eyes closed and she fell asleep. Naomi watched her; she was breathing freely and lightly; she went to bed herself. An hour afterwards she awoke in alarm, and listened. Ruth was breathing lightly and regularly. Naomi fell asleep again. When she awoke again it was morning, and Ruth lay dead.

CHAPTER VII.

LORD PERIVALE.

Mr. Harry Stoke had finished breakfast, and was waiting his wife in order to go to church with her as a respectable and God-fearing gentleman should on Sunday morning. His wife—for he had married with his father's sanction and approval—was none other than Lady Beatrice, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Thordisa. He was himself the Honorable Harry, eldest son of Lord Perivale, the newest creation. No one could grudge elevation of a man who had achieved, single-handed, what all the men in the City are perpetually trying to do with the aid of partners, ancestral connections, inherited capital, and the brains of paid servants; he had amassed an enormous fortune; all governments love to honor the City and the successful children of the City; therefore there was but one murmur of approval when Mr. John Stoke, of Threadneedle street, was elevated to a peerage. And the fact that he had so much money was a sufficient reason for making his children and his children's children, so long as the stock should last, a caste apart, and hereditary legislators.

The honorable gentleman looked perfectly healthy, happy, and contented with himself. Why not? His partnership enabled him to occupy a good house in a good square; his marriage opened a great many good houses to him; he had a brace of fine, strong children, one of whom, the heir to the peerage, a little boy of 2, had been brought down to play with him, and was now rolling on the hearth rug. The choicest gifts in store had been poured into his lap, which was like a sack for capacity, and was ready to receive more choice gifts—the more and the choicer the better. Heaven certainly seems very good indeed to the lucky creatures.

A footman brought him a card.

"Who is it?" he asked; "I don't know the name. What does he mean by coming on Sunday morning?"

"Gentleman says he has to speak to you on most important private business."

"Oh!" He thought it must be some message from the city, or from his father. "Show him into the study. No, let him come here."

The visitor was an elderly gentleman, dressed plainly, who entered, bowed, and waited to be asked his business.

"Well, sir," asked the Honorable Henry Stoke, "what do you want with me? You said you had important private business with me?"

"Yes. I have brought you some news."

"What news?"

"You gave evidence in a trial about three years and a half ago."

"What about that trial?" The Honorable Harry turned very red and then pale. "Who are you?"

"I am librarian of a free public library. It really does not matter who I am. You gave evidence in a case of alleged stabbing and wounding. Your evidence sent your own wife to penal servitude for seven years."

"My wife? It's a lie—a lie, I say." He said more, but the terror in his eyes greatly detracted from the strength of his words.

"It is true," said the librarian, calmly. "Your own wife."

"Prove it, if you can."

"I can. It can be proved very easily. You took lodgings in a certain parish under the name of Hendricksen. Under that name you were married at the registrar's of that district to Ruth Heron. You continued in your lodgings, and your wife, who lived with her sister, visited you there. One of your friends, a man named Middlemist, then a clerk in your father's office, was in your confidence, and was present at your marriage."

"Middlemist is dead."

"Not at all. He lost his place in your office and had to go abroad. He has now come back again and has made an affidavit of the facts. We have also obtained an affidavit from the landlady of the lodgings. There is no doubt possible."

"HARRY, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?"

"What are you going—going to do?" The man caught the back of the chair and showed a ghastly face. "Man, it is ruin—absolute ruin—to me. You don't know what mischief you may be doing. I will pay anything—anything."

"At the trial your wife would say nothing; a word from her would have ruined you. A word from you would have saved her. What forgiveness—what consideration can you hope?"

"I will buy silence at any price. Look here, there are only you and I present; it doesn't matter what I say. It's all true; I did marry her. I told her it was a false marriage because I was driven nearly mad. I suffered terribly at the time, she ought to think of that; I suffered terribly. I thought it was all over."

"In her lifetime nothing was said. But your wife is dead."

"Dead? Is Ruth dead?" His face brightened again. "Dead! Then it is all right! It doesn't matter to anybody."

"It matters to her memory and to her friends. She is dead, and now the story shall be told. Yes, Mr. Stoke, you will face the whole truth "

Just then the door was thrown open, and Lord Perivale himself walked in; he bore in his hand a little bundle of papers, which he threw upon the table.

"What is the meaning of this announcement, sir?" he asked his son; "and this, and this. In the St. James' Gazette—in the Pall Mall—and in the Observer this morning. What does it mean, I say? 'On Friday, April 29, Ruth, wife of the Honorable Henry Hendricksen Stoke, of Chester Square and Threadneedle Street, daughter of the late Nathaniel Heron, J. P., of Barchester, aged 25.' What is this, I ask?"

His son looked at the announcement, but made no reply.

"What is it?" roared his lordship.

"It means," said the librarian, "what it says. Your son's wife is dead."

"Who put in this announcement?"

"I did."

"Then, sir, you shall smart for it if there is law in the land."

"It is true," the librarian said, quietly. "Your son's wife is dead."

"Who is dead?"

It was Lady Beatrice who stood at the door, dressed ready for church, and asked this question.

"Who is dead?" she repeated.

"This man's wife is dead," said the librarian, pointing to her own husband.

"His wife? What do you mean?"

"His wife died on Friday. She will be buried the day after to-morrow."

"Harry! what is the meaning of this?" She caught her husband by the arm. "Speak! what does this mean?"

"It means—it means——" but he could not finish the sentence.

"It means that his lawful wife is dead," the librarian continued. "This man was married five years ago, at a registrar's office, to Ruth Heron, under the name of Henry Hendricksen, which was his mother's name. She died yesterday at her sister's lodgings."

"Harry! speak."

"It's a lie," he repeated, but feebly.

"By ——," said Lord Perivale, "I believe it is true."

"It is true," said the librarian. "His wife's sister sends me to inform him of this news. All the papers and proofs are in a lawyer's hands. There is no doubt possible."

"Then what am I?" asked Lady Beatrice, looking around helplessly.

The librarian was silent.

"And what are my children?"

"Madam," said Lord Perivale, "if this story is true, you are almost as ill-used a woman as the other, Ruth Heron! You, sir, it was your own wife—your own wife—your own wife—that you sent to a convict prison!"

* * * * * *

The reason why Lady Beatrice separated from her husband is not known. Nor is it generally known why the Honorable Harry Stoke left his father's firm and went abroad. His brother knows, however, that he is forbidden on any pretext whatever ever to return to his native country. And what will be done when he dies, and the question of the succession to the title will arise, is doubtful. The second son, the Honorable Joe, is determined that it shall proceed in the legitimate line—that is to say, to himself. And as for Naomi, she is married to the librarian. At sixty, you see, one begins to feel the want of a wife.

[THE END.]

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The two cleanest cities on the continent, according to the Review of Reviews, are Toronto and New York, and they are both cleaned by direct labor. New York not only employs and thus directs all its street cleaning and garbage despatch forces, but it has an organized department with an adequate and properly adjusted equipment of horses, carts, brooms, stables and stations, and it pays its men $2 a day and upward for eight hours' work. To be sure, it has had a Colonel Waring, but had Colonel Waring been a contractor or a contractor's superintendent, the metropolis would not have been the clean city it is to-day. It is by the method of direct labor, under model conditions of employment, that this first worthy result of the kind in a large American city has been achieved. Toronto, the other of these two exemplary cities, has gone even further than New York in eliminating the contractor. In this enterprising Canadian town, with its 190,000 people, Street Commissioner Jones has, during the last seven years, entirely revolutionized the care of the streets of the city. He has not only organized the execution of this work under a distinct department, but out of the margin thus saved from the annual appropriations for caring for the streets he has actually built and equipped a modest but complete set of workshops, where the entire construction and repair work of the department is executed.

CASH OFFERED FOR LYNCHERS

THE EXECUTIONERS OF THE NEGRO OSCAR WILLIAMS WANTED.

THE SPALDING GRAND JURY ACTS

And Now the Governor of Georgia Takes Cognizance of Their Presentments and Offers Rewards.

Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, has offered large rewards for the men who lynched Oscar Williams, the Clayton county negro, in Griffin, on the morning of July 22d. The offer is based on the same plan as that of the Ryder reward and contemplates not only the punishment of those actually in the mob which did the bloodly work, but also all those who aid in preventing the detection of the guilty parties. The governor delayed his proclamation because he wanted to let the Spalding county grand jury investigate the case.

As soon as he read the presentment of the grand jury, he and Attorney General Terrell got together and drew up a paper, wherein the secretary of state was directed to issue a proclamation offering a reward of $500 each for the arrest and delivery to the sheriff of Spalding county, or to any jailer in the state, with proof to convict, of the first two men concerned therein who are guilty of a felony, and $100 each for the arrest and delivery, with proof to convict, of each subsequent party guilty of a felony; also that the secretary of state issue a proclamation offering a reward of $250 each for such parties as feloniously conspire or aid in preventing the detection or arrest of the parties guilty of the murder of said Oscar Williams; said reward to be paid on the arrest and delivery of such person or persons, with proof to convict, to the sheriff of Spalding county or to any jailer in the state.

The lynching of Williams was one of the most remarkable that has ever occurred in Georgia. On July 17th he attempted an assault on the six-year-old daughter of J. C. Campbell, a farmer near Lovejoy, and escaped. He was pursued for three days by a large mob of men and was caught at Barnesville, where a company of militia protected him in the jail there. Later he was taken to Macon under heavy military escort and lodged in the Bibb county jail.

The news that a mob was forming in Macon to lynch him reached the ears of the sheriff and he promptly made arrangements for a secret transfer of the prisoner to Atlanta. While en route to the latter city a mob took Williams from the train and put him to death.

NEW MODEL FARM.

Georgia Wants Land That Will Produce All Kinds of Vegetation.

The prudential committee of the Georgia State University, at Athens, has purchased a lot of land to be used by the department of agriculture for a model farm.

The present model farm, adjoining Rock college, will now be put on the market and the trustees hope to be able to dispose of it for a good sum.

The purchase of a place for a new model farm, while quite a surprise, has been contemplated by the trustees for a number of years. Up to this time they have always been pursuaded from buying other property because of the old farm. The Rock college property was practically valueless as a model farm, and the trustees have been desiring to get land that will produce all vegetation abundantly. At their last meeting it was decided to sell the Rock college farm and buy better and more fertile land.

VIOLATED SUNDAY LAW.

Georgia Railway Officers Indicted For Moving Freight on the Sabbath.

The grand jury of DeKalb county, Ga., has found six true bills against the Georgia railroad for running freight trains on Sunday after the hours prescribed by law.

The charges against the company are very plain, and the witnesses examined by the grand jury gave positive testimony that the company operated their through freights after 8 o'clock in the morning on the 7th, 14th and 21st days of February last.

NO BIDS RECEIVED.

The Mathews Cotton Mill In Alabama Was Not Sold.

The Mathews cotton mill property at Selma, Ala., was again offered at foreclosure sale Wednesday at the upset price of $85,000. There were no bidders. The property had previously been offered twice at the upset prices of $150,000 and $100,000. It is thought the upset price will be reduced even lower and the property offered again. It is a valuable plant and for several years has paid handsome dividends on $300,000.

The foreclosure was forced by the failure ot the Commercial bank. Three hundred operators are out of employment awaiting a sale.

BROWN ALUMNI AROUSED.

Make an Appeal to Uphold the Interests of the University.

The following petition, which is to be presented to the Brown corporation at its next meeting at Providence, R. I., on September 1st, is being circulated among the alumni of the university for signatures:

"As alumni of Brown university, deeply interested in her welfare and jealous of her good name, we respectfully address your honorable body with reference to the action of the committee appointed by you to confer with President Andrews regarding the best interests of the university.

"The recent correspondence between that committee and President Andrews has rightly or wrongly been interpreted to mean that the president and faculty of Brown university are called upon to renounce their cherished rights of freedom of thought and speech and that the propriety of their expression is to be measured by its pecuniary value to the university.

"This interpretation is giving Brown university a widespread reputation for intolerance and mercenary standards, inconsistent with her history and damaging to her good name and usefulness and is further giving color to the charge that our universities in general exist for the propagation of ideas favored by a certain class rather than of the discovery and dissemination of truth.

"We cannot remain silent while our honored institution of learning is thus misrepresented. We, therefore, appeal to you to take action upon the resignation of President Andrews as will effectually refute the charge that the reasonable liberty of utterances was, or ever is, to be denied to any creature of Brown university.

"We ask that by emphatic vote you shall announce to the public that enlightened toleration shall be the guide of our alma mater in the future, as it has been the dearest treasure in the past."

FAURE'S DEPARTURE EXCITING.

Bomb Was Exploded on the Route He Had Followed.

Advices from Paris state that the departure of President Faure on his visit to the czar at St. Petersburg Wednesday was marked by scenes of intense excitement, accompanied by the circulation of the wildest kind of rumors. After his departure a bomb exploded along the route the president had followed, and although no damage was done, and in spite of the fact that nobody was hurt, the greatest excitement prevailed for a long time afterwards and the sensational reports had it that those who exploded the bomb had intended an outrage of a more serious nature.

The president received an ovation from the public when he started on his journey to Russia, large crowds of people lining the route from the Elysee palace to the railway station and greeted the president with enthusiastic cries of "vive la republique, vive la Russia, vive Faure," etc.

Ten minutes after the president's departure, when the crowds were returning along the route traversed by M. Faure, a bomb exploded at the corner of the Boulevard Magenta and the Rue Lafayette, in front of the Restaurant Duval.

JUDGE FIELD BREAKS RECORD.

Has Served on Supreme Court Bench Longer Than Any Other Justice.

Associate Justice Stephen Field, of the supreme court of the United States, broke the record Monday for continuous service on the supreme bench, having served 34 years, five months and six days, or one day longer than former Chief Justice John Marshall.

It is probable that his seat upon the bench will become vacant in the near future, and upon his retirement Attorney General McKenna, according to the present understanding, will succeed him.

MANGLED BY DYNAMITE.

Georgia Farmer Placed the Stuff Under the Stove To Dry.

W. B. L. Davis, a wealthy farmer living three miles west of Rockmart, Ga., was killed at 5 o'clock Wednesday morning by the accidental explosion of seventeen dynamite cartridges.

He had placed the box of dynamite under the kitchen stove for the purpose of drying.

The kitchen and dining room were badly wrecked, and the body horribly mutilated. Davis was 60 years old.

KILLED IN DUST EXPLOSION.

Fire Breaks Out and Cuts Off Escape of Four Men.

The elevator of the Davenport glucose works at Davenport, Ia., was the scene of two terrific dust explosions Thursday morning, as a result of which four lives were lost and two persons seriously injured.

The killed are: John Raap, fell from top of building, sixty feet; John Haam, fell from top of elevator; William Wolffe, caught by falling wall; Paul Wolffe, caught by falling wall.

The first explosion threw down the south wall of the building and a portion of the side wall. The second threw down the fire escape.