LOST MAN'S LANE.

A SECOND EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AMELIA BUTTERWORTH

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "BEHIND CLOSED DOORS," "THAT AFFAIR NEXT DOOR," ETC. ETC.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

The afternoon was spent not altogether unprofitably. Having seen many things in the housekeeping which would bear changing, I took occasion to spend some time with Hannah in the kitchen, giving her during my visit some hints in regard to household affairs which if followed would make considerable difference in the comfort of those concerned. She received them patiently, but I have seen no change in her management of the kitchen that I feel justified in attributing to my influence. But I know human nature well enough not to have expected it. Had the kitchen been farther from the door of the flower parlor I might not have thrown away so much energy.

I did not effect an entrance into the flower parlor, however, nor did I succeed in seeing any one else enter it. Neither did I succeed in making Hannah talk on any other topic than ordinary domestic concerns, but I saw certain things.

I had formed a plan for the night that required some courage. Recalling Lucetta's expression of the morning, that I might expect a repetition of the experience which, if a dream, had had the appearance of a most formidable reality, I prepared to profit by the warning in a way she had certainly never meant that I should. Satisfied that if there was any truth in my suspicions there would be an act performed in this house to-night which, if seen by me, would forever settle the question that was agitating the whole countryside, I made up my mind that no locked door should interfere with my opportunity of doing so. How I effected this result I will relate in a few minutes.

After an evening more solemn than the day, but characterized, as the two previous ones had not been, by a long talk with the two girls together, I went to my room in a state of seeming fatigue that evidently met with the approbation of Lucetta, who had accompanied me to my door with a lighted candle.

"I hear you had some trouble with matches last night," said she. "You will find them all right now. Hannah must be blamed for some of this carelessness." Then as I began some reassuring reply she turned upon me with a look that was almost fond, and, throwing out her arms, cried entreatingly: "Won't you give me a little kiss, Miss Butterworth? We have not given you the best of welcomes, but you are my mother's old friend, and sometimes I feel a little lonely."

I could easily believe that, and yet I found it hard to embrace her. Too many shadows swam between Althea's children and myself. She saw my hesitancy (a hesitancy I could not but have shown even at the risk of losing her confidence), and, paling slightly, dropped her hands with a pitiful smile.

"You don't like me," she said. "I do not wonder, but I was in hopes you would for my mother's sake. I have no claims myself. That you must be sure I am thoroughly convinced of."

"You are an interesting girl, and you have, what your mother had not, a serious side to your nature that is anything but displeasing to me. But my kisses, Lucetta, are as rare as my tears. I had rather give you good advice, and that is a fact. Perhaps it is as strong a proof of affection as any ordinary caress might be."

"Perhaps," she murmured, but she did not encourage me to give it to her notwithstanding. Instead of that she drew back and bid me a gentle good night, which for some reason made me sadder than I wished to be at a crisis demanding so much nerve. Then she walked quickly away, and I was left to face the night alone.

Knowing that I should be rather weakened than helped by the omission of any of the little acts of preparation with which I am accustomed to call my spirits for the night I went through them all with just as much precision as if I had expected to spend the ensuing hours in rest. When all was done and only my cup of tea remained to be quaffed, I had a little struggle with myself which ended in my not drinking it at all. Nothing, not even this comfortable solace for an unsatisfactory day, should stand in the way of my being the complete mistress of my wits this night. Had I known that this tea contained a soporific in the shape of a little harmless morphine I would have found this act of self denial much easier.

It was now 11. Confident that nothing would be done while my light was burning, I blew it out, and, taking a candle and matches in my hand, softly opened my door and after a moment of intense listening stepped out and closed it carefully behind me. Nothing could be stiller than the house or darker than the corridor.

"Am I watched or am I not watched?" thought I, and for an instant stood undecided. Then, seeing nothing and hearing nothing, I slipped down the hall to the door beyond mine and, opening it with all the care possible, stepped inside.

I knew the room. I had taken especial note of it in my visit of the morning. I knew that it was nearly empty and that there was a key in the lock which I could turn. I therefore felt more or less safe in it, especially as its window was undarkened by the branches that hung so thickly across my own casement, shutting me in, or seeming to shut me in, from all communication with the outside world and the unknown guardian which I had been assured constantly attended my summons.

That I might strengthen my spirits by one glimpse of this same outside world before settling down to the watch I had set for myself I stepped softly to the window and took one lingering look without. A belt of forest illumined by a gibbous moon met my eyes; nothing else. Yet this sight was welcome, and it was only after I had been struck by the possibility of my own figure being seen at the casement by some possible watcher in the shadows below that I found the hardihood necessary to withdraw into the darker precincts of the room and begin that lonely watch which my doubts and expectations rendered necessary.

This was the third I had been forced to keep, and it was by far the most dismal, for though the bolted door between me and the hall promised me personal safety there presently rose in some faroff place a smothered repetition of that same rat, tap, tap which had sent the shudders over me upon my sudden entrance into the house early in the morning. Heard now, it brought a weakness upon me which I did not know existed in my nature, and while with this recognition of my feminine susceptibility to impressions there came a certain pride in the stanchness of purpose which led me to restrain all acknowledgment of it by any recourse to my whistle, I was more than glad when even this sound ceased and I had only to expect the swishing noise of a skirt down the hall, and that stealthy locking of a door I had taken the precaution of leaving.

It came sooner than I expected, came just in the way it had the previous night, only that the person paused a moment to listen before hastening back. The silence within must have satisfied her, for I heard a low sigh like that of relief before the steps took themselves back. That they would turn my way gave me a momentary concern, but, no, I had too completely lulled their suspicions, or let me be faithful to all the possibilities of the case, they put perhaps too much confidence in the powder with which they had seasoned my nightly cup of tea for them to doubt that I was soundly asleep in my own quarters.

Three minutes after I had followed those steps as far down the corridor as I dared to go, for since my last appearance in it a candle had been lit in the main hall, and faint as was its glimmer it was still a glimmer into the circle of which I felt it would be foolhardiness for me to step. At some 20 paces then from the opening I paused and gave myself up to listening. Alas, there was plenty now for me to hear.

You have heard the sound; we all have heard the sound, but few of us in a desolate structure such as I stood listening in and at the hour and under the influences of midnight. The measured tread of men struggling under a heavy weight and that weight—how well I knew it; as well as if I had seen it, as I really did in my imagination.

It came from the adjoining corridor, from the room I had found no opportunity of entering that day, and it approached surely and slowly the main hall near which I was standing, but in such a position it would be impossible for me to see anything if they took the direct course to the head of the stairs and so down, as there was every reason to expect they would. I did not dare to advance, however, so concentrated my faculties anew upon listening, till suddenly I perceived on the great white wall in front of me—the wall of the main hall, I mean, toward which the opening looked—the outline of a shadow pass and realized that the candle had been placed in such a position that the wall must receive the full shadow of this passing cortege. And so it was I saw it, huge, distorted and suggestive beyond any picture I ever beheld, the passing of a body to its long home, carried by six anxious figures, four of which seemed to be those of women.

But that long home! Where was that likely to be? It was a question so important that for a moment I could think of nothing but how I could follow them without running the risk of discovery. They had reached the head of the stairs by this time, and I heard Miss Knollys' low, firm voice enjoining silence. Then they began to descend.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

One of the funny things about a democratic paper is that it will still refuse to see, hear or feel any prosperity and loses no opportunity to argue that no such quality of happiness exists. They might as well argue to the stones as to the farmers and laborers and merchants who passed through the times when Coxy armies, free soup houses, distress and starvation were constantly in evidence. They might be able to convince a few credulous individuals with little mind of their own that the moon is made of green cheese, but with thinking, remembering humanity their argument is futile and somewhat silly.

If woman had the ballot she would probably be intensely partizan, since she wouldn't be able to sharpen a lead pencil for the purpose of scratching her ticket.

RUSH FINANCIAL BILL.

Republican Caucus Approves the House Measure.

TO BEGIN DEBATE NEXT MONDAY.

Final Vote Will Probably Be Taken at Close of the Week—Two Minor Amendments Are Made—Flood of Bills Introduced in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The Republican caucus unanimously approved the house financial bill and recommended its immediate consideration and passage. The bill was not amended except in two minor particulars.

In pursuance of this resolution, Overstreet (Ind.), who introduced and who is in general charge of it, today will submit a resolution asking that a special rule be made for the consideration of this measure.

The terms of this special rule are practically agreed upon and provide that the debate will begin next Monday, with a final vote at the close of the week.

The unanimous approval given to the bill came after two hours' discussion.

Overstreet and his assistants who framed the bill were warmly congratulated on having been able to secure such complete unanimity and approval, which is regarded as giving assurance that the bill will be passed before the Christmas recess.

Financial Bill In Senate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—Nearly 800 bills and joint resolutions, several important concurrent resolutions and petitions numbering hundreds, were presented to the senate yesterday. A majority of the bills were old stagers. A few were of national interest and importance.

Mr. Aldrich had the honor of introducing the first measure in the senate. It was the financial bill, drawn by the senate committee on finance, and probably was the most important measure introduced during the day.

Resolutions were offered providing for an investigation by the judiciary committee of all phases of polygamy recently presented in connection with what is known as the Roberts case, expressing the sympathy of the senate for the Boers in their war with Great Britain and declaring that Senator N. B. Scott of West Virginia is not entitled to a seat in the senate.

Mr. Harris (Pop., Kan.) was appointed a temporary member of the committee on privileges and elections. The appointment is important and significant because the committee has under consideration the Quay, Clark and Scott contests.

MILLER TEAM IN LEAD.

Champion and His Partner Are One Lap Ahead at Madison Square Garden.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—Miller, the six-day champion, with his team mate Waller, was still one lap in the lead at Madison Square garden last night, going at a 20 mile an hour gait. The Canadian team, Maya and McEachern, were second in the race, one lap ahead of Gimm and Pierce.

Two o'clock score: Miller-Waller, 1,453.1; Maya-McEachern, 1,453; Gimm-Pierce, 1,452.9; Fischer-Chevalier, 1,452.6; Stevens-Turville, 1,452.4; Babcock-Stinson, 1,452.3; Schinneer-Forster, 1,448.9; Walthour, 739; Aronson, 700.

Oregon Wheat for Paris Exposition.

PORTLAND, Dec. 7.—There was shipped to the department of agriculture at Washington a large bundle of wheat in stalk, which is to form the centerpiece of the American grain display at the Paris exposition. The wheat was raised on the Oregon Railway and Navigation company's experimental farm near Walla Walla, under the supervision of the United States department of agriculture.

South Dakota Insane Asylum Scandal.

YANKTON, S. D., Dec. 7.—The state insane hospital scandal culminated yesterday, when 17 attendants, composing heads of nearly all the wards, handed in their resignations. The trouble grows out of charges of incompetency, drunkenness and criminal carelessness, resulting in the death of a patient, fire in one of the wards and an assault by one asylum physician upon another.

Cubans Pleased With the Message.

HAVANA, Dec. 7.—President McKinley's message to congress has been received by Cubans of all classes with much satisfaction. Even the leaders of the extreme party admit this and the announcement that there will be no American civil governor has cleared away most of the clouds that had been hanging over the Cuban political situation.

Have No Word from Young.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—General Otis cabled the war department that he has had no word from General Young for a week. This is taken to indicate that Young is continuing his hot pursuit of Aguinaldo and probably is in a country where he regards it as unsafe to use couriers.

Investigating Charleston's Loss.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—Admiral Watson yesterday cabled the navy department that the court of inquiry to investigate the loss of the cruiser Charleston convened Tuesday at Cavite. He added that all the Charleston's people were present.

Next Grand Army Reunion.

CHICAGO, Dec. 7.—The national council of the Grand Army of the Republic decided yesterday that the next reunion will be held during the last week of August, 1900, in Chicago.

Wood Gets Another Star.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The president has nominated Brigadier General Leonard Wood to be major general of volunteers.

If the republicans want to win out in the elections next year, less boasting and more thorough organization is needed.

Why not characterize Mr. Bryan's desire to fill President McKinley's shoes as that of greed. If he had no aching void that the office alone could fill, why should he be so persistently comping on its trail?

Down in Missouri they are not opposed to war—in other countries. During the past year they have sold for war purposes from that state nearly $8,000,000 worth of mules. Why should they kick—the people—not the mules?

After all we are paying too much attention to the small portion of our citizens who are "agin the government" on its Philippine policy. It is giving too great dignity to their opposition to call them "traitors"—they are simply chumps.

The democrats declare the president's message an acknoledgment and plea for greed. This might be interpreted that they concede to Mr. McKinley the office as long as he wants it. How, otherwise, could his greedy cravings be satisfied?

Dr. Gatling, the famous gun expert, has invented an automobile plow, which it is claimed can do the work of eight men and 12 horses. How much this remarkable machine may coast is not stated, but in all probability will not be within the reach of the ordinary farmer for some time to come.

Every newspaper man in the land will commend the good advice given a young lady by an esteemed rural contemporary in the following: "A girl wants to know if it is true that kissing will cure freckles? We wouldn't say positively, but a smiple recipe like that is worth trying. Call after business hours."

It is reported that in Chili it is not an unusual occurrence for a man to drink 17 whiskey cock-tails before breakfast, just by way of getting his digestive apparatus in shape for business. It would look as though there was an ample field for temperance reformers, and a detachment of W. C. T. U. lecturers should soon be enroute.

Those who have been clamoring for an increased currency circulation should derive some consolation from the annual report of Secretary Gage of the treasury department, who says that "The total comage during the year (1899) was $136,855,676—gold $108,177,180, silver dollars $8,254,700, subsidiary silver $9,466,877, minor $956,910." This means an increase in the circulation of coin of about $2 per capita, which added to that already in circulation, places the circulation per capita another notch higher than any country in the world.

The decision of the United States supreme court in the Addystone pipe case is a severe one to the much talked about trusts and monopolies, and it begins to look as though another important question was being settled without the aid of Mr. Bryan. It is a shame to thus take away Mr. Bryan's campaign thunder with which he has been ramming his batteries for action, but the people interested will probably be satisfied even though the reform is brought about under President McKinley's administration. This decision means that it is probable that the present federal law governing trusts is sufficient for the people when they have a competent attorney to prosecute. This decision while not, of itself, sufficient to restrain all trusts from doing business, opens the way for their prosecution by the trade interests affected and further gives to congress the power of strengthening and improving the law for such cases provided.

To Cure La Grippe In Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c.

Notice.

Charles E. Olney, Jeremiah Olney and George H. Nichols, will take notice, that on the 24th day of October, 1899, T. C. Cannon, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Madison county, Nebraska, against said defendants and John E. Olney and Charlotte E. Olney, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose certain tax liens against the following described real estate, situated in Madison county, Nebraska, to-wit: Lot six (6), block one (1), and lots fifteen (15), and sixteen (16), block six (6), of the town of Nortolk; lots twelve and thirteen (12 and 13), and the south 132 feet of lots fourteen (14), fifteen (15) and sixteen (16), block two (2); lot six (6), block three (3), and lots three (3), four (4), nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11), twelve (12) and fourteen (14), in block four (4), all of Mathewson's second addition to the town of Norfolk, by virtue of tax sale certificates issued by the treasurer of Madison county, Nebraska, dated November 5, 1894, for the taxes of 1890, 1891, 1892 and 1893, and subsequent taxes paid by the plaintiff for the years 1894 and 1895, and a tax deed issued therefor, dated March 13, 1897, and recorded in the office of the county clerk of Madison county, Nebraska, March 13, 1897, in Book 27 of Deeds, page 225, and certificates of tax sale for taxes 1896, dated November 1, 1897, and subsequent taxes paid for the years 1897 and 1898; and plaintiff prays for a decree that defendants be required to pay the same, or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due, with costs, interest and attorney's fees, and that defendants be excluded from any and all title, claim, lien, or interest in or to said property, or any part thereof.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 4th day of December, 1899.

Dated October 25, 1899.

T. C. CANNON, Plaintiff,
By Mapes & Hazen, His Attorneys.

Legal Notice.

Maria L. Averill, defendent, will take notice, that on the 4th day of November, 1899, T. C. Cannon, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Madison county, Nebraska, against said defendent and D. A. Ommerman, the object and prayer of which are, to foreclose certain tax liens against the northeast quarter of section twenty-three (23), in township twenty-four (24) north, of range two (2) west of the 6th p. m., in Madison county, Nebraska, issued by the treasurer of said county, dated November 7th, 1892, November 4th, 1895, and November 7th, 1898, respectively, for the delinquent taxes levied and assessed against said land for the years 1891, 1894 and 1897, respectively, and for subsequent taxes paid for the years 1892, 1893, 1895, 1896 and 1898, and a tax deed issued therefor dated February 13th, 1895, and recorded in the office of the county clerk of said county in Book 25 of Deeds, at page 259; and plaintiff prays for a decree that defendants be required to pay the same, or that said premises be sold to satisfy the amount found due with costs, interest and attorneys' fees.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 18th day of December, 1899.

Dated November 4, 1899.

T. C. CANNON, Plaintiff.
By Mapes & Hazen, His Attorneys.

Legal Notice.

Catharine Dicey, defendant, will take notice, that on the 4th day of November, 1899, T. C. Cannon, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Madison county, Nebraska, against said defendant, the object and prayer of which are, to foreclose certain tax liens against the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section ten (10), in township twenty-four (24) north, of range four (4), west of the 6th p. m. in Madison county, Nebraska, by virtue of tax sale certificates issued by the treasurer of said county, dated November 5, 1894, and November 1, 1897, respectively, for the delinquent taxes levied and assessed against said described premises for the years 1893 and 1896, respectively, and for subsequent taxes paid for the years 1894, 1895, 1897 and 1898, and a tax deed issued therefor, dated March 13, 1897, and recorded in the office of the county clerk of said county in Book 27 of Deeds, at page 225; and plaintiff prays for a decree that defendant be required to pay the same, or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due with costs, interest and attorneys' fees.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 18th day of December, 1899.

Dated November 4, 1899.

T. C. CANNON, Plaintiff,
By Mapes & Hazen, His Attorneys.

Stop Coughing

Every cough makes your throat more raw and irritable. Every cough congests the lining membrane of your lungs. Cease tearing your throat and lungs in this way. Take

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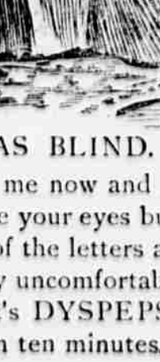

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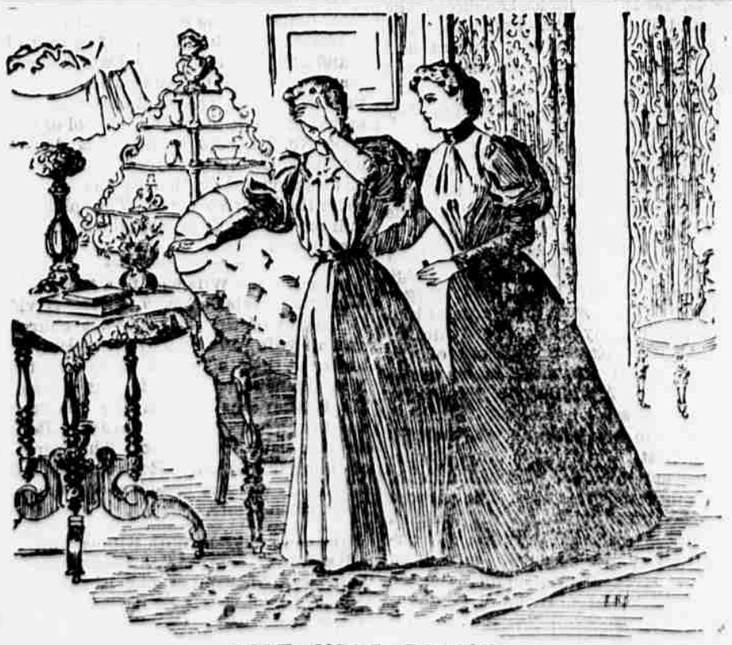

SHE WAS BLIND.

A blindness comes to me now and then. I have it now. It is queer—I can see your eyes but not your nose. I can't read because some of the letters are blurred; dark spots cover them; it is very uncomfortable.

I know all about it; it's DYSPEPSIA. Take one of these; it will cure you in ten minutes.

What is it?

A Ripans Tabule.

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R·I·P·A·N·S on the package and accept no substitute. R·I·P·A·N·S, 20 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.