



# ONE TREE SQUARE

BY  
THE AUTHOR OF  
"Ronnie Hathbone," "Poor Gene-  
vieve," &c.

## CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

And vowing the destruction of Emmeline if again he got her within his reach, and, nearly sobered by his fears, he made his way to the room at the back of the house, which was on a level with that which he inhabited, and which looked out upon the yard to which Emmeline had gone in search of the money and the letters.

Looking from the window, his mind was somewhat relieved when he distinguished the glimmer of a candle in the shed, and was made more comfortable when, in answer to his half-whispered:

"Halloo, young 'un!"

Emmeline hastily approached, and stood beneath his window.

"I have found nothing yet," the young girl whispered.

"Have you searched under the third lump of wood?"

"Yes."

"And are you quite sure you have found nothing?" Nicksey next asked, in accents of suspicion.

Emmeline understood the meaning which had been in the ruffian's words, and trembled; and it was somewhat falteringly that she said:

"Perhaps you are mistaken in the place in which you have deposited—"

Nicksey allowed her to proceed no further, but exclaimed savagely:

"If the swag ain't now where I said it was, I have been robbed, and if I have been robbed, you are the thief, and so much the worse for you, young 'un!"

He disappeared from the window; and Emmeline, fast as her trembling limbs would carry her, hurried back to the shed to renew her search.

She felt that now perhaps her very life depended on her speedy discovery of those bank-notes and letters.

"I'll kill the young 'un!" Nicksey muttered to himself, as he was about to descend the stairs to make his way towards Emmeline.

"This is a soberer, this is—pretending not to find 'em won't do for me; this is what a man gets for being too honest. It's the first time I ever tried my hand at that game—never no more, never no more!"

And he uttered a terrible imprecation on his own folly, and the "young 'un's" ingratitude.

All at once, and when about half way down the stairs, he stopped short; arrested by a thought which had shot through his brain, from which the mists of drunkenness were now almost entirely dispersed.

He hurried back to the room which served him for "parlor and kitchen and all," and, standing in its center, scratched his ragged and partly bald head, as he looked around him, and seemingly in great perplexity.

A few words will explain wherefore the fellow was now so greatly troubled.

Noel Barrington had been mistaken in supposing that Mr. Nicksey, after his robbery at Mrs. Chesterton's, had not returned to his own house, for, throwing himself into the first hackney coach he had seen, he had flown thither with all speed which the driver incited thereto by a promise of double fare had been able to extort from his not very indifferent cattle.

Nicksey had made rather free with Mrs. Chesterton's decanters, and the robbery was a circumstance which had greatly increased his excitement; and after he had been well shaken up in the hackney coach, he entered his own house in a state of extreme mental confusion.

He hurried to the shed and buried the bank notes and letters, precisely as he had told Emmeline.

But what he had now remembered was that having re-entered his house, after having hidden them, it had suddenly struck him that he had not, perhaps, chosen a very secure spot for the concealment of his newly-acquired treasure.

He hurried back to the shed; recovered bank notes and letters, had returned with them into the house, and then anew had hidden them—where?

That was the question Nicksey now was asking himself, as, with a puzzled look his eyes wandered round and round his room.

He had been in a great hurry, he remembered that; for the hackney coach was waiting to take him away again; and he feared, lest too much attention should be called to his dwelling.

Mr. Nicksey was not, generally speaking, an ostentatious man.

After considering for several minutes, and apparently with no very satisfactory result, Nicksey commenced to ransack that piece of furniture which had once been a chest of drawers. His slender stock of clean linen he scattered on the dirty floor; pulled forth a miscellaneous lot of articles which the mouth of a marine store-keeper would have watered to behold, but found not his lost treasure.

He tried the mantel-piece; and a large hole on one side of the chimney; no satisfactory result.

Presently, and suddenly, his face lighted up.

"I know!" he shouted aloud; and, running into his sleeping corner, thrust his hand, and up to his shoulder, into the old, worn mattress on his truckle bed.

And his eyes glistened, and he chuckled and was happy once again; for he had chanced and now drew forth and eagerly counted his bank notes.

They were all correct, not one missing.

Then again thrusting his hand into the mattress, he next drew forth three letters; yes, three; for Nicksey counted them also, and was evidently perfectly satisfied in every particular.

He wiped his forehead, which had

been bedewed with a cold perspiration, and said to himself that he was beginning to feel a good deal better.

And the next observation he made to himself was that it was lucky he had happened to remember, just as he was going down stairs, about the notes, for otherwise before this he should have killed the young 'un.

From which it will be understood that Emmeline had had indeed a very narrow escape from a very terrible death.

"I must go and ease the young 'un's mind and ax his pardon," we know Nicksey's state of confusion concerning Emmeline's sex, "and I'll confess my fault and tell her honestly that I meant to kill him!"

Nicksey turned and was about to leave the room, and then he started, and hastily thrust the bank notes and letters into his pocket. A man was standing in the doorway.

The fire had burned low and the meagre tallow candle, which at best gave but a feeble light, had remained untrimmed since it had first been kindled by Emmeline; so that what appeared to be, in the semi-darkness, but the shadow of a human being thus suddenly and unexpectedly confronting Nicksey, it is no wonder that, for a moment or two, he felt his knees tremble and a creeping sensation about the roots of his not numerous and straggling hairs.

A perfectly innocent man, with the most powerful nerves, might have been shaken by so strange and sudden an apparition, and Mr. Nicksey was not an innocent man and crime and debauchery had sadly shattered his nervous system.

And shadow and substance both had he to fear, and was saying to himself: "Is it a ghost or a Bow street runner?"

His doubts as to the former were allayed as the man strode heavily to the center of the room.

"Have you come to grab me?" Nicksey asked, retreating a step or two, and clutching the heaviest and best conditioned of his chairs.

The man shook his head negatively.

"Well, then, let's have a look at you!"

Nicksey topped the candle with his finger and thumb, and then, with the light in his hand, advanced to the stranger and looked him closely over.

But Nicksey gained little by that; saw only that the stranger was a rather tall man, with no other distinguishing mark about him; for his figure was well concealed by a loose great coat, a scarf was folded around his throat and chin, and his hat pressed far down over his brow.

"You appear to take good care of yourself, whoever you are," said Nicksey, placing the candle on the mantel-piece.

"The night is rather chilly, and I am not very well," the stranger said.

"Have you any business with me?" Nicksey asked, all his boldness returning.

"Yes; if I am not mistaken in my man."

"My name is Nicksey," swaggered that gentleman, and as if he had good reason to be proud of his identity.

"Then I must pray you to excuse me," said the other.

Seemingly about to leave the room, the stranger stopped when he had reached the door, and looking back to Nicksey, said abruptly and significantly:

"But perhaps you may be able to tell me where I may hope to find one Nicholas Shearman?"

And Nicksey rebounded a step or two, stammering out, "That name—"

"I see I am right," interrupted the intruder on Mr. Nicksey's privacy, and quietly returning and again closely confronting him.

"Who are you?" cried Nicksey, his voice firm again.

"Do not be afraid, I am a friend."

"I don't recognize you; but, then, you are so muffled up."

"You do not know me," said the stranger; and as if by mere accident, placing the table between himself and the gentleman of the house.

"How did you contrive to make your way into my domicile?"

And in reply to that question Nicksey's unwelcome guest said he had found the street door not perfectly closed and so had entered without ceremony, having been saved the trouble of knocking.

"Curse him!" muttered Nicksey; meaning Jarvis, by whom he rightly conjectured the door had been left unfastened.

Jarvis had pulled the door to after him, but had not tried if it were properly closed; he had been in too great perplexity to think of that trifles.

"And now you are here, I should like to know what you have come for?" Nicksey next said, and not very amiably.

"I have come to save you," was the reply.

Nicksey laughed. That was all rubbish, he said. There was nothing against him just at present, he knew that well enough.

"I tell you," pursued the stranger, "it is a very pressing danger of which I have come to warn you."

"And what is it all about?"

"Have you already forgotten the robbery so lately committed by you at Mrs. Chesterton's?"

Nicksey laughed again; and this time more loudly and heartily than before.

"A robbery!" he exclaimed; "it was nothing but the settlement of a long standing account between us; now, I am paid, and I will give her, if she likes, a written receipt."

"I tell you," cried the stranger, "that, in consequence of that affair, officers are even now in search of you."

"I don't believe a word of it," Nick-

sey said defiantly; "she wouldn't dare!"

"You employ a wrong term, my friend; from pity," strongly emphasizing the word, "from pity, perhaps, she might have spared you—"

"Humbug!" cried Nicksey, with a derisive gesture.

The other proceeded right on:

"But you had been seen escaping by the private staircase, and as amongst Mrs. Chesterton's guests last night there happened to be a gentleman who is a magistrate, orders were at once given that you should be pursued."

Nicksey thought of the letters then in his pocket, and what a lucky fellow he was that he had not burned them as had been his intention, and then he said, with great bravado:

"Suppose I am caught, what do I care; she will be obliged to get me out of the mess!"

"Mrs. Chesterton has not wished to wait until you are captured before coming to your rescue!" pursued the stranger, "but leaving in your possession the money of which you have deprived her, she has arranged everything for your immediate escape from the kingdom."

"I can't exactly see my way," said Nicksey, very distrustfully; "she must have great confidence in you, my friend, to entrust you with such a commission."

And the other readily replied:

"I am but a poor man, to whom, formerly, Mrs. Chesterton rendered great service that she can now, with confidence, rely on my discretion."

"You advise me, then, to make a bolt of it?"

"This very night. But before leaving you must place in my hands—" the man hesitated.

"Well, go on!" cried Nicksey, "what must I place in your hands?"

"Those letters which, by accident, happened to be in the pocket-book with the bank notes."

"Oh!" drawled out the other, "Mrs. Chesterton then, is rather anxious about those letters?"

"She wishes that I should annihilate them, and the instant I have received them from you I shall burn them here before your eyes."

"My good friend!" laughed Nicksey, "I fancy, somehow, that I should lose by the bargain you propose to me."

(To Be Continued.)

## HAS GOT A PULL.

C. W. Harding, the Champion English Oarsman.

Much interest has centered in the sculling match between Charles W. Harding and Thomas Sullivan, which took place on the River Tyne on Feb. 16, from the fact that it was understood that if Harding won this race he would row Jake Gaudard, the American champion. This he succeeded in doing, and it is probable that the in-

ternational race will now be arranged. Charles W. Harding was born in London and was reared as a waterman on the Thames. He won his first race Oct. 13, 1890, when he rowed against Jacob Tyrrell. In 1892 he won the Sculler memorial cup, and on Feb. 5, 1894, he defeated George Bubeary, the English champion. The race between the English and American champions will take place on this side of the Atlantic and will be for \$2,500 a side and the single-scutt championship of the world.

The digestion and food assimilation by the human body is really a species of combustion, as, of course, nearly every one knows, and that the human stomach may well be likened to a furnace in which certain quantities of fuel must be burned to accomplish certain purposes, has received a new and very interesting demonstration by M. Pictet, who of late has carried out a series of striking low temperature experiments. The most recent of these related particularly to heat radiation from the human body. As described before the French Academy of Sciences, he placed himself, well protected with furs, in a huge tube of which the temperature could be reduced to as low a point as 130 degrees Centigrade. His head alone remained outside, since the breathing in of air as cold as this would be seriously injurious. At a temperature of 50 degrees the furs were found to arrest radiation, which fact explains the resistance to cold exhibited by polar animals. Below 70 degrees the heat passed through the furs, but no special sensation of cold was felt. Nature at this point came into action by exciting internal phenomena of combustion and digestion, so that in about four minutes the sensation of hunger was experienced. In fact, M. Pictet asserted that in this way he was cured of dyspepsia, from which he had suffered for several years, eight sittings in a tube cooled down to -110 degrees having sufficed for the purpose. We have here, therefore, a decidedly novel exhibition of thermo-dynamic functions going on within our bodies.—Cassier's Magazine.

Why He Named Her.

Miss Wannerneau—Why do you call your dog Trilby, Mr. Wagleigh?

Mr. Wagleigh—A policeman hit her with one of those new concealed clubs the other day.

Miss Wannerneau—What has that to do with it?

Mr. Wagleigh—Don't you see? She was struck with a Little Billy.

THE MARKETS.

## Latest Quotations From Grain and Live Stock Centers.

Chicago, March 24. — Wheat lower; March, 53c; May, 54 3/8c; July, 55 1/2c. Corn lower; March, 44 3/8c; May, 46c; July, 45 3/4c. Oats—May, 29c; July, 28c; June, 28 3/4c. Pork higher; May, \$12.05; July, \$12.25. Lard higher; May, \$6.92 1/2; July, \$7.07 1/2; September, \$7.25. Short ribs higher; May, \$5.65.

Minneapolis, March 24. — Wheat closed easy; March, 57 3/4c; May, 57 3/4c; July, 58 1/2c; September, 58 1/2c. On track—No. 1 hard, 59 1/2c; No. 1 Northern, 58 1/2c; No. 2 Northern, 57 1/2c.

Milwaukee, March 24.—Wheat weak; No. 2 spring, 55 1/4c; No. 1 Northern, 56c; May, 56 1/4c. Corn dropping; No. 3, 44 1/2c. Oats lower; No. 2 white, 31 3/4c; No. 3 white, 31 1/4c. Barley nominal; No. 2, 52 1/2c; sample, 51a 53 3/4c. Rye firm; No. 1, 55 1/4c. Provisions higher; pork, \$11.85; lard, \$6.80.

Chicago, March 24.—Hogs—Market active and 50c higher; light, \$4.35a 4.70; mixed, \$4.40a 4.75; heavy, \$4.40a 4.90; rough, \$4.40a 4.55. Cattle—Market steady at yesterday's prices.

St. Paul, March 24.—Hogs 10c higher; quality poor; yards clear early to packers at \$4.25a 4.50; pigs, \$3.75. Cattle—Good cattle of all kinds strong and in demand; canners weak.

Dwelling Burns at Wolsey.

Huron, S. D., March 24. — During the severe storm of yesterday afternoon the Henry Mosher house, in Wolsey, occupied by Walter W. McCullough, was totally destroyed by fire together with his household goods and furniture. The house was one of the best in Wolsey, and with its contents made a loss of about \$4,000, with no insurance.

Koch Is Caged.

Milwaukee, March 24. — William Koch, formerly leader of the military band at Fort Snelling, Minn., was sentenced to the house of correction to-day for one year for forgery. It developed in the trial that Koch left the army in disgrace, being found guilty of theft, and before his discharge signed a document acknowledging his guilt.

Probably Lost.

New York, March 24. — A rate of 50 per cent is being asked for reinsurance upon the British steamship Greenland, which sailed from this port March 9 for Cardenas, Cuba. After passing out of Sandy Hook the vessel has not been sighted, and although every effort has been made to find trace of her, her fate is unknown.

Riot in Belgium.

Liege, Belgium, March 24.—A general strike of the miners in the collieries has commenced. To-day the strikers became riotous and there were several collisions between them and the police, in which revolvers and stones were freely used. Several men were wounded in the fighting. The ringleaders were arrested.

Mills Burn at Owatonna.

Owatonna, Minn., March 24. — The Riverside roller mills burned to the ground early this morning, being a total loss. The origin of the fire is not known. A high wind was blowing at the time, and the adjoining buildings were saved with difficulty. Loss, \$12,000.

Secures a Divorce.

St. Louis, March 24.—In the circuit court to-day a petition for divorce from her husband, Chris von Der Ahe, the base ball magnate and president of the St. Louis Browns, was granted to Mrs. Von Der Ahe. She charged him with violations of his marriage vows.

Fire at St. Charles.

St. Charles, Minn., March 24.—The large O'Neill elevator, with about 12,000 bushels of grain, and the Northwestern railroad depot were totally destroyed by fire about 6 o'clock this morning. O'Neill's property is covered by insurance.

Murder Trial Begun.

Lancaster, Ky., March 24.—The trial of Henry Reddick (colored), charged with burning the Miller hotel on Jan. 12, in which his mother-in-law and son perished, was begun in the circuit court to-day.

Montana Senators Ill.

Washington, March 24.—Senator Lee Mantle of Montana has been seriously ill at the Cochran in this city, suffering from an attack of grippe. Senator Carter, of the same state, is ill at Helena.

Moosehead Dead.

Stillwater, Minn., March 24. — Moosehead, the Indian United States prisoner sent here from Texas to serve five years for horse stealing, died here to-day of consumption.

Died in Great Agency.

Minneapolis, March 24. — Nathaniel W. Chamberlain, the aged citizen who was struck by a Hennepin avenue trolley car Wednesday, died last night in great agony.

Miller Appointed.

Washington, March 24.—W. P. Miller of North Dakota has been appointed a special assistant United States attorney for the District of North Dakota.

Burned to Death.

Milwaukee, March 24.—Charles F. Farnsworth, an old man living near Clinton Junction, Wis., was burned to death this morning in his home.

Cursed the Judge.

Minneapolis, March 24.—James Terry, a colored man, was sentenced to prison for four years for burglary. When sentence was pronounced Terry called Judge Smith all the vile names he could think of. He was removed from the court room still cursing.

Hanging in Louisiana.

Natchitoches, La., March 24. — The execution of Joseph Valsin, colored, for the murder of Maj. Anthony, colored, took place within the enclosure of the jail.

## FOR THE FAIR SEX.

### INTERESTING GOSSIP FOR MAID AND MATRON.

What the Sexes Like in Each Other.—Sleeve Expander—She Is Persistent—Shades Matching All Colors—Fashion Echoes—Household Hints.

There is a certain something, which, for want of a better name, is called womanliness, and it is that which makes women attractive to men. A great many virtues go to make up this one trait.

Men like, in the first place, amiability in a woman. They like a pleasant appearance. They like the doing of little things that are pleasant to them. They like the courtesy of the fireside. They like women whose lives and faces are always full of the sunshine of a contented mind and a cheerful disposition. They like ability to talk well, coupled with a proper appreciation of the charm of timely silence. They like a motherliness large enough to understand the wants of the older as well as the younger boys. They like a natural disposition to speak good rather than evil of any human being.

They like sympathy, the ear that lends itself willingly to the tale of sorrow or gladness. They like a knowledge of how to dress well—which, by the way, does not mean conspicuously. They like intelligence, but they prefer that the heart should be stronger than the brain. They like to find in a woman a companion, one who has sufficient knowledge of the world and its ways to talk well with them who are interested in their lives, their plans, their hopes; who knows how to give a cheerful word or to listen quietly and by a tender look express the grief which the heart is feeling. A man may sometimes say that children are a bore and a nuisance, but he will surely find a woman who declares her dislike of them. A man expects the maternal instinct in woman, and is disappointed if he does not find it. Men like women to be affectionate; there never yet was a man, no matter how stern, how cold, how given to repressing his own feelings, who did not like a loving pressure of the hand or a tender kiss from the woman nearest to him.

Women, on their part, like manly, not womanish men. They like honesty of purpose united with consideration. They like men who believe in woman. They like their opinions to be thought of some value. They like a man who can be strong as a lion when trouble comes, and yet, if the woman in his care is nervous and tired, can button a shoe or draw off a glove or smooth a pillow with unobtrusive helpfulness. They like a man who can even master a baby, convincing it of his power and reducing it to subjection and sleep when its natural care taker is unstrung and helpless. They like a man, who, however large his own concerns, is interested in their new dresses, and can give an opinion on symmetry, color and fit. They like a man who knows their innocent weaknesses and caters to them; who will bring home a box of fruit, the latest magazine, or the clever puzzle sold on the street, and take his part in entertaining the household for an evening. They like a man who is master of every situation, who has wit enough to realize, when one of their sex is slightly stubborn, that persuasion is more powerful than argument. They like a man who likes them—who doesn't scorn their opinions, who believes in their good taste, who has confidence in their truth, and who, most of all, knows that the love promised is given him. That's the sort of a man a woman likes, and her every sigh of gratification is a little prayer: "God bless him."—W. A. England in Kate Field's Washington.

She Is Persistent.

Sorosis declared with much emphasis the other night that the modern woman is not persistent enough. This view of the case it is safe to say, has not yet impressed itself upon the modern man. Not so many years ago the modern woman became convinced that she wanted a collegiate education on substantially the same terms with her brothers. Conservatives shook their heads and sedate professors declared that the thing was preposterous. But the lady in the case persisted and to-day she has not merely invaded, but has conquered, a large portion of the realm of the higher education. Then she declared that she proposed to enter the pursuits which had been the exclusive possession of masculinity for unnumbered ages. Again obtuse mankind said no, but woman doctors, lawyers, journalists and merchants are now so common that they do not even excite comment.

Whatever the modern woman has really set her heart upon she has generally succeeded in obtaining. In most of the Western states she has the franchise in one form or another; in Colorado she has exactly the same political privileges as men, and has selected three representatives of her own sex to the legislature. If she doesn't vote in the East as yet, it is simply because she hasn't quite made up her mind whether on the whole the ballot would be becoming to her. When the bicycle, most unruly and diabolic of vehicles, made its appearance, the world remarked: "Lo! here is something that must forever belong to man alone." The modern woman heard this mandate, smiled a knowing little smile, and forthwith set about mastering this novel epitome of mechanical depravity. At present she not only rides the wheel with calmness and determination, but she rides it in Turkish trousers and hints ominously of knickerbockers in the near future.

Decidedly, if in de siècle femininity has faults, lack of persistence is not among them. Sorosis does not need to worry over the up-to-date woman. She has triumphed over everything she has undertaken to subdue—Greek roots, business difficulties, political methods and the bicycle. And the end is not yet.—New York Sun.

Trifles Light as Air.

A direct, honest way of looking at every subject is always to be recommended. Yet there are times when it is neither expedient nor dignified to enter seriously into deep matters. The time may be limited, or the listener

not appreciative or responsive. If there is opportunity for but few words, these are best devoted to some light or passing interest. It is an excellent accomplishment to be able to talk entertainingly and smoothly on trifles.

But to be a successful talker on trifles does not necessarily imply that the speaker is a trifler. It is a trivial thought which lies behind in the man's mind may give a meaning as well as a brilliancy to his most careless speech. Such trifles may be the small coin of society, but the profusion and the rapid passing of this coin should be plain evidence of the goodly sum contained in the exchequer.

A light wit and ready tongue are valuable possessions. They need training and curbing, of course. But when the possessor of sound sense and profound thought adds to them the grace of the polished talker of trifles, he discovers in this final gift the power which charms society and captivates the heart.—Harper's Bazar.

Fashion Echoes.

Gold, jet and bronze spangles and sequins are to be more used than ever on galleon and passementerie trimmings. In very many handsome spring toilets the entire yoke of the bodice is a mass of these glittering garnitures, and the sleeve decorations match it from wrist to elbow.

The box-plaited Norfolk jacket reappears among costumes and toilets for spring and summer wear. It forms a part of utility gowns of tweed, cheviot, shepherd's check, etc., as well as the waist-portion of dainty toilets of tulle, fancy satin, tulle, striped and dotted satin, crepon cloth and a host of hot weather textures.

Long ostrich plumes are just now greatly used in combination with short full tips and tufts or aigrettes. These trimmings are seen upon picture hats of various shapes, and on toques and turbans as well, also on the matador hat that is still quite popular, but suited to but few faces. The hat gives a circular appearance to the head, which very few figures are tall enough to bear without looking top-heavy after the elaborate trimmings have been added.

With dressy post-Lenten costumes will be worn single or double-breasted Eton jackets of black velvet made with full mutton-leg sleeves, lined with shot silk and trimmed with cut jet in points or narrow lines of glimp. More ornate jackets have trimmings of deep corn guipure lace. This garment is a useful, desirable, and not very expensive investment, for it will also do for a light wrap over summer evening toilets. It can be made in other colors, but black takes precedence because it can be worn over gowns of every shade.

Velvet blouses and other waists in black, dahlia color, brown and green will be in highest vogue this spring. These velvet garments give a rich effect to a costume at comparatively small expense. They are stylish overskirts of silk, satin, shepherds' check wool, plaided cashmere or tulle, crepon, or, indeed, any pretty skirt cut in fashionable shape and gracefully hung. It is practically impossible to get the sleeves of a velvet waist into the sleeves of a coat without ruin to the velvet ones. Nothing but a cape is to be thought of in such a case. Our largest sleeves will have full play from Easter time on to summer season, as then there will be no longer need to consider the question of their accommodation.

The question of the continuation of full sleeves and flaring skirts is settled for a season at least, and probably for the entire summer, for light and diaphanous materials are particularly appropriate for these styles, and besides all women seem desirous of having fashion continue in her present comfortable and picturesque mood. Box plaits at one time threatened to supersede godet or organ plaits, but the latter seem to have attained supremacy, and are considered superior to box plaits, which lie flat instead of standing out in rounded form in the exact center of the back. Kilts, however, are much