

FALSELY CONDEMNED

— BY —
Mrs. E. Bagot Harte.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

Just then he happened to notice a stream of light from a window at the lodge. Quickly moving toward this, he brought out the penknife and opened the blade. Both blade and handle were covered with blood; there was no shadow of doubt on the subject.

Then suddenly there flashed across his mind the possibility that perhaps a name might be engraved on the handle. Instantly he was searching for that name.

"Not a name—but initials!" he gasped.

Hastily his eyes deciphered those initials.

"G. E.," he mentally exclaimed, turning cold to the finger tips. "G. E.," stands for Guy Erskine! Heavens, it can't be! It can't be! He can't have played the scoundrel to such a hideous degree. But these initials are his! Perhaps this is the reason why he is so changed and vows he will never marry! And hangs about the house like a man who is brooding over some dark, unnerving secret? But it can't be that one of the best fellows who ever lived has turned murderer! Yet, why has he changed so suddenly and greatly? I have asked myself that question dozens of times since I came down here the other day. The whole thing is a mystery, a ghastly mystery! But I'm decidedly glad I didn't rush off with it to the police. If I had, I— But thank Heaven, I didn't. Thank Heaven I was mercifully saved from acting as my brother's denouncer. But it can't be the case. It's absolute madness on my part to suspect Guy. There are other men in the world whose initials are 'G. E.' For instance, Ellingham's Christian name is George. But he has other Christian names.

"However, it is clear as daylight what I ought to do, and that is go straight to Guy and show him this penknife. No need for me to ask him whose it is; I shall see the fact written on his face if it is his, or not. If it is his—I pray that it is not. I shall know it only too soon. Then— But Audrey? How can I act with regard to her? What a fool I am to let my thoughts rush on like this! It's a species of insanity to invent one's own misery, and that is what I am doing now. It's a good thing it has ceased to know; I can get home in half the time that it would take me if it had continued. In an hour's time, when Guy and I have talked the matter over, I expect that I shall feel mad with myself for ever having suspected him. I don't believe I do suspect him really. Hang it all, I can't diagnose my feelings, and there's no necessity that I should. The only thing that I need is to get home with all possible speed."

Already he had gone some distance. Half an hour more and he strode up the steps of Arlington Towers.

Guy was at home, sitting in the library, and in the briefest of time Reggie was standing opposite to him in his snow-covered clothes.

"Hallo! Back again! And what's up?" exclaimed Guy, in a surprised voice.

"We were caught in the snowstorm, Audrey and I," was the immediate reply.

"Oh! So you went skating with her?"

"Yes."

"And— Guy waited for a moment, then continued more quickly, "you may as well tell me what has happened to make you look so desperately ill. Telling me will halve the bitterness of it. Has she—she—said 'no'?"

"Do you refer to Audrey?"

"Yes."

"We are engaged."

"Engaged! That is the best news I have heard for ages! You have chosen excellently, and I wish you all the happiness imaginable. As you have been accepted, why in the name of goodness do you look so glum, old man? Guy laughed as he asked that question.

"For a very simple reason," replied Reggie, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact voice. "Something has happened to some one else."

"That is not an uncommon occurrence. There's not a man in the world who would not be glad to cut a few experiences out of his life, and a few years, too, in many cases, and hand them over bodily to someone else. But, after all, it is the dark shadows in our lives that show up the brightness of the bright side. My ill-luck will benefit you and Audrey in the end, and I'm heartily glad that it is so."

"But it's nothing about the family that's worrying me. It's a piece of ill-luck that has happened to me with regard to finding something in connection with the murder in the wood. Oh, by-the-by, you served on the jury at the inquest. Were you not the foreman?"

"Yes, I was."

Guy brought out a cigar and gazed intently at it as he cut off the end.

"We were walking through the wood," observed Reggie, proceeding cautiously, as he studied Guy's demeanor with a sinking heart, "and I happened to drop my skates and—"

"Out a long time short, old man, and tell me what you found, not how you found it."

"It was this that I found," said Reg-

gie, bringing out the penknife and handing it to Guy.

White as a sheet was the latter's face as he grasped it eagerly; but not a word escaped his lips. He stood up immediately and held it close to the electric light at the side of the fireplace. With his back to Reggie he opened the knife and looked carefully at it.

"Well?" queried Reggie, hoarsely.

"Yes, it must be the knife that was used," was the reply.

As he said the last words Guy turned round sharply and faced the fire. Another moment and the penknife was thrown into the center of the flames.

"You—" Reggie began excitedly.

"It is better there!" retorted Guy.

"The initials on it were 'G. E.,'" cried Reggie, with flashing eyes.

"Well, what of that?" retorted Guy, with equally flashing eyes. "What of that?" he repeated, in a thundering voice.

"Only that they are your initials," flung back Reggie.

It was not the Reggie of hitherto that was speaking now. Good-natured cheerfulness had gone from him in a second.

"So you think I am the murderer? Your knowledge of my disposition leads you to believe that I am capable of killing a fellow creature! You are superbly complimentary! I never felt more flattered!"

"Why did you throw the penknife into the fire. You know it was a most important piece of evidence," cried Reggie.

"There is one thing that I have never tolerated from you, and that is criticism of my conduct; and I won't tolerate it now!"

"Hang it all, I don't care if you allow it or not—I shall certainly do it. Being your brother, if you fall I fall. With my fall Audrey's happiness and my happiness are dashed to atoms. This morning it would not have mattered, and— Hang it, though; I only waste my breath talking of it! That action of yours—throwing the penknife into the fire—speaks volumes. I don't want to hear another word on the subject."

He strode toward the door as he spoke. "I don't want to see your face again, or to hear of you or from you. If it had affected only myself"—now he was standing with his hand on the door, his white, excited face turned toward his brother—"only myself," he repeated, in a trembling voice, "it would have been quite a different thing, but to have to break the heart of the dearest and sweetest girl in the world makes me feel as if I, your brother, would like to put a bullet through your head."

"I wish you would," was the slowly spoken reply.

It was an unexpected reply; it staggered Reggie; took from him the power to heap scorn on his brother's head. He looked at the tall, strongly-built man leaning impassively with his back to the mantelpiece—looked at his strangely fearless eyes and air of perfect unresistance.

"Why—why did you do it?" he asked, in a different voice.

"Again I tell you that you flatter me by your belief in my villainy."

"As that is all you say, I will leave this house in half an hour. To-morrow I shall break off my engagement with Audrey."

"Then you will be a fool. In the end you will regret it."

"To remain engaged to her would be scandalous conduct on my part; since I, like you, cannot marry, now that our name is crime-stained. Would that I had known this morning! Let me tell you, Guy, that I am utterly surprised at my own powers of restraint at this moment, and I despise myself for them. Once more I say that I hope we shall never meet again."

The door closed. Forever the brothers had parted. Of the two, the elder was the more broken-hearted. He staggered forward and flung himself into a chair; then he buried his face in his hands.

"Hilda lost! Reggie lost! My own unhappy existence alone left to me!" he murmured, in a quivering voice.

"Oh, God, how long must it go on? How long can I stand it? If I were to go away there would be no one to keep Ellingham curbed in. No, I must stay, live or die, for Hilda. It is the only thing worth doing that I have got left me on earth to do. I have had my fling at dissipation, and most unsatisfactory I found it. By Jove! I little knew that it was in Reggie to act as he has to-night. But love for a girl changes a man's disposition; makes him act like a tiger when otherwise he would be a lamb."

"But I can't do anything. I must be true to my part and live or die for the woman I love. I know what Reggie would do if he knew all—go straight to the police. He would not screen that black scoundrel Ellingham. After all, why should he? But I must, because I still love Hilda. It is very immoral to do it, of course. But a heart is a heart, and can't be cut and pared down to suit the requirements of law and society. Thank heaven, the leanings of our hearts are our own secrets! And my secret will remain forever mine."

"Ah! if only Reggie would— No, I won't blame the boy! There would

have been a row in this house if it was he who had thrown that evidence about the murder into the fire and I had been in his position. I'll not blame him. Financially he shall not suffer."

CHAPTER XI.

Reggie's chambers in the Inner Temple looked depressingly cold, cheerless and uninviting as he entered them at a few minutes past midnight. The train from Arlington had arrived late at Waterloo, and a dense yellow fog had caused his drive through the snowy streets to be an unpleasant one.

But at last he had arrived at his rooms, which looked aggressively unprepared for his reception. He struck a match and lighted the fire. He was cold and also hungry, but the latter he did not heed.

"The last eight hours might have been eight years, so much has been concentrated into them!" he said to himself, with heart-sick bitterness. I little thought when I parted from Audrey this afternoon that I was kissing her for the last time. Fortunately I did not know it. I should have made a fool of myself if I had. To think that she is all the world to me, and I am all the world to her, and yet we must never see each other again! Never again will her loving arms twine round my neck and her face be raised to mine, looking so invitingly sweet. How stunningly pretty she is! Such a divinely bewitching little mouth, and eyes so loving and true!

"But to let my mind dwell on her lovability will only render me many degrees more frantically unhappy, and the writing of the letter to break off our engagement a thousand times more cruelly difficult. How miserable these rooms look! So depressingly cheerless in comparison to a home presided over by Audrey. I shall cut London now—in fact, England shall be closed to me; and the sooner I put miles between it and myself the better. Hard work lies before me now to build up a position in another country and to steer clear of all help from Guy. Oh, but this letter to Audrey must be written."

"Instantly he sat down at the writing table and leisurely took out some note paper. He was in no hurry to pen those words that would cut him adrift, unloved and lonely. Twice he assayed to reduce his act of renunciation to prosaic English, and twice he tore the half-written letters to atoms and flung them into the fire.

"I don't want to break her dear little heart, and yet I want it to read as an emphatically earnest break off," he thought, with a sigh. "There is no good in prolonging agonies. The sooner that we both bravely face the inevitable the better for myself and each other. I am afraid that she will be awfully upset! I fervently hope that she will not cry much. It would break my heart, transform me into a wild state of fiendish anger against Guy, if I were to see tears in her dear eyes. But of course she'll cry. She would not be a woman if she did not. It's a pity women cannot control their bitter feelings as men do. A few days in the 'blues' in private. Oh, hang it, why do my thoughts keep flying off at a tangent? The truth is that I am a coward at heart about everything that concerns Audrey. The letter must be written, though. The poor little woman must be told the cruel truth. Of course Ellingham won't let her remain short of cash. He can easily allow her a couple of hundred. I'll make a third shot at writing to her, and it must be successful."

Again he took up his pen, and slowly and deliberately wrote the letter that would bring agony of mind to the receiver of it. Most carefully he re-read it—not once, but several times.

(To Be Continued.)

Beer for a Cosset Lamb.

Millais' little maid with the rabbit, "Orphanes," is a general favorite at the picture exhibitions in the London slums.

"I do love that child," said a workman; "she just talks to me as if she was my own." Another picture with the same title by Waterlow represents lambs being brought up by hand in a blossoming orchard. Mr. Keir Hardie, M. P., the well-known labor leader, was taking some children round the exhibition.

"Now, children," he said, after telling them about the country in the spring, "what do you think she is giving the little lambs to drink out of that bottle?"

"Beer!" shouted every one, with conviction.—World To-Day.

A Compromise.

William H. Ellis, the New York broker, who returned from Abyssinia with the dukedom of Harrar to show as a mark of Menelik's favor, was asked the other day if he was glad to get back home.

"I am glad to get home," said Mr. Ellis, laying down his newspaper. "Even the personal column of the daily press pleases me with its homelike look."

"I read the personals of this paper here. It was amusing. One of the items ran:

"Alonso—Return at once to your Matilda. The piano has been sold."

Pearl—They say that marriage between Miss Olde and Reggy Sapp was love at first sight.

Ruby—Yes, she didn't give him time to resort to "second sight" before she made him marry her. He was going to a medium to find out her age.—Chicago News.

Most men are made by their enemies and married by themselves.

LACK OF ADVERTISING.

North Dakota's Population Shows Big Gain Over South Dakota.

When the two Dakotas were admitted to statehood, in 1889, South Dakota had fully a third more population than did the north state.

At the present time the population of the two states is practically the same, as shown by the census of this year. Ever since the admission, North Dakota has been working to secure new population. Its state land department is supplied with a sufficient fund for advertising purposes to send out illustrated circulars and a large amount of printed matter, in which not only the state lands alone are advertised, but the section in which they are located is shown up to the best advantage.

During the same time the Great Northern road has kept in existence an immigration bureau of its own and has done a great deal towards securing settlers for that state. For the same time every effort to secure anything in the way of an appropriation from the legislature of South Dakota for advertising the state or keeping an immigration bureau in existence has met with a cold turn-down.

Nothing has been done outside of private efforts of different land companies. The result of the different policies followed by the two states is shown in the figures which give North Dakota a gain of 170,000 in population since 1890, and South Dakota a gain of but 50,000.

The question of action is being generally discussed over the state, and it is hoped that if the next legislature will do nothing more, it will supply an additional clerk in the state land department for that purpose and provide him with a sufficient fund for printing to be able to answer the many inquiries which come to that department, but which cannot be answered for the reason of lack of opportunity and the necessary information.

AFTER SHARE OF INSURANCE TAX

Ninety-one Cities and Towns File Reports With State Auditor.

Last year several towns were left out of the distribution of the percentage of insurance tax which goes to the fire companies because they failed to make the required reports to the state. Among the principal towns left out were Huron and Deadwood. The state auditor called attention to the necessity of filing such reports if there was a desire to secure a share of the funds, and as a result 91 towns have filed reports this year against 62 which made filing last year. The list, which has been certified to the insurance commissioner is composed of the following towns: Aberdeen, Alexandria, Alpena, Armour, Artesian, Belle Fourche, Beresford, Bowdle, Bridgewater, Bristol, Britton, Brookings, Canova, Canton, Carthage, Castlewood, Centerville, Central City, Chamberlain, Clark, Clear Lake, Colman, Deadwood, Dell Rapids, Delmont, DeSmet, Elk Point, Elkton, Emery, Eureka, Flandreau, Gary, Garretson, Geddes, Gettysburg, Groton, Hartford, Howard, Hudson, Huron, Hurley, Irene, Java, Jefferson, Lead, Lennox, Lesterville, Litchfield, Madison, Menno, Milbank, Miller, Mitchell, Montrose, Mt. Vernon, Oldham, Parker, Parkston, Pierre, Plankinton, Platte, Ramona, Rapid City, Springfield, Sturgis, Tabor, Terry, Tripp, Tyndary, Valley Springs, Vermillion, Viborg, Vienna, Volga, Watertown, Wauabay, Webster, Wentworth, White Rock, Whitewood, Willnot, Woonsocket, Worthing and Yankton.

The distribution of this fund will be made next spring, and the amount to each town depends entirely on the amount of premiums paid by the town, the fire companies getting 2 per cent of such premiums in their home town alone.

SCHOOL FUNDS IN DEMAND.

Counties to Get No Money Jan. 1 for Investment.

Land Commissioner Bach is sending out letters to the county officers over the state announcing that he has no funds to disburse on Jan. 1 to the different counties from the permanent school fund for their investment. There is only \$17.92 of the fund lying idle in the state treasury, and this would make an apportionment so small that it would be of no use to any county. The balance of the fund, amounting to \$4,670,499, is invested and drawing interest. For the past year the permanent fund at no time has amounted to more than a few hundred dollars, all of it being kept out. The money coming in is all placed long before it reaches the treasury, and is sent to places waiting for it as fast as it accumulates. The commissioner congratulates the different county officers on their efforts in keeping the funds invested.

SCARE WOMEN TO OPEN JAIL.

Plot to Get Sheriff's Wife to Call Him From Post Falls.

An attempt at jail delivery again was made at Yankton, when outside friends of one of the prisoners in the county jail, awaiting trial, tried to intimidate Mrs. Harry Wright, hoping thereby to compel her to telephone her husband, on duty as jailer, to come home to her assistance. The visitors, a man and woman, badly scared Mrs. Wright by trying doors and peeping into windows for three hours, when they were frightened away. Mrs. Wright was alone, and as the telephone was not working she was unable to secure help. It has been ascertained that another person in the plot was hid near the jail door while the operations were on at the Wright home.

FIGHT THE MISSOURI.

Course of the River Being Changed at Oacoma, South Dakota.

The Milwaukee Railroad company has a gang of men at work placing willows, dirt and other material under the west end of the pile bridge across the main channel of the Missouri river at Oacoma, where the railroad made a crossing for its extension from Chamberlain and Oacoma to the Black Hills. The company expects to thus fill about 100 feet for the purpose of protecting the pile bridge and preventing its being washed out or damaged should the water in the river rise so high next spring as to overflow the erection which has been made on the east side of American island behind the rick dike that was built out last year to cause this.

Work also has commenced on the big dam across the side channels of the Missouri between American island and Lyman county on the west side of the river. The main channel of the Missouri is next to the Brule county shore at the point where the railroad bridge has been constructed across the river. About a third of the work done on the dam last spring was washed out by the July freshet. But the remainder held firm and so reduces the volume of water on the west side, between American island and the Lyman county shore, that the stream now flowing there is much smaller and much more shallow than before. It will be much easier to construct the dam than it was last spring, and the probability is that the dam during the winter can be made of sufficient strength to resist the strong pressure of water when the river gets on its customary rampage next spring.

Should the dam stand the pressure all the water in the river will be forced into the main channel between American island and the Brule county shore, along which, in that immediate vicinity, the town of Chamberlain extends, Oacoma being situated on the west side of the river.

ELROD MAKES PROCLAMATION.

South Dakotans Called on to Observe Thanksgiving.

Gov. Elrod has issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation:

"All the people of the commonwealth have great reason to be thankful for bountiful crops, for employment, for health, for happy homes, for blessings unequalled, and for all the necessities and many of the comforts of life.

"In conformity with the proclamation of President Roosevelt, I, Samuel H. Elrod, governor of the State of South Dakota, do set apart Thursday, November 30, 1905, as a day of thanksgiving.

"All citizens are earnestly urged to cease from their labors at least a part of the day and to meet in houses of worship or in homes and give thanks unto God. Where there is sickness and sorrow let friends fall not to do and say things which will cause the hearts of such unfortunate ones to be thankful.

"Brother ought to learn from brother. Recently there was a fast day sacred to foreigners. Every foreigner in our great country sacredly kept the fast day of his native land. Possibly some of them did it through fear. Be that as it may, there is a lesson in it for us. We ought to keep Thanksgiving day for love of home and country and in the acknowledgement of divine blessings.

"Let each citizen of South Dakota observe the day as his best thoughts direct, and as the day grows old let every citizen of the commonwealth silently petition the Great Father to continue his goodness to us."

BUILDING GROWS ACTIVE.

Immense Warehouse and Factories Being Erected at Watertown.

The International Harvester company is making arrangements to build a mammoth division warehouse and general office building at Watertown. It has leased the site on the North-western tracks and will begin immediately to erect a structure 125x200 feet. It will be of fire-proof material, probably of brick, but that detail has not yet been decided. The first floor will contain storage rooms and sample floors, and the offices will occupy the second story.

By the side of this building the Oregon Feeder company is making arrangements to build a factory. The company will put up a structure 80x100 in which to manufacture self-feeders for threshing machines. It will employ from sixteen to forty-five men all the time. These two buildings, together with the large brick warehouse being built by the J. I. Case Threshing Machine company on the same street, give that quarter a busy and prosperous aspect.

GOLD OUTPUT IS VAULT.

Black Hills Have Recorded \$140,000,000 in 29 Years.

The Black Hills have produced in the last twenty-nine years about \$140,000,000 in gold. These are figures made from a recent estimate by one of the principal mining men of Lead. This output is from the mills and from the placer mines and is based on actual returns. Just what the Black Hills have produced outside this record no person ever could estimate. Thousands of dollars were mined and sent out in private ways which never have been recorded. From now on the Black Hills will increase each year the output, owing to a large number of new mills that are soon to go into commission. These new plants will have a daily capacity of from 200 to 1,800 tons each.

HOSPITALS CROWDED

MAJORITY OF PATIENTS WOMEN

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Saves Many From this Sad and Costly Experience.



It is a sad but true fact that every year brings an increase in the number of operations performed upon women in our hospitals. More than three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow

white beds are women and girls who are awaiting or recovering from operations made necessary by neglect.

Every one of these patients had plenty of warning in that bearing down feeling, pain at the left or right of the womb, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back, leucorrhoea, dizziness, flatulency, displacements of the womb or irregularities. All of these symptoms are indications of an unhealthy condition of the ovaries or womb, and if not heeded the trouble will make headway until the penalty has to be paid by a dangerous operation, and a lifetime of impaired usefulness at best, while in many cases the results are fatal.

The following letter should bring hope to suffering women: Miss Luella Adams, of the Colonnade Hotel, Seattle, Wash., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—About two years ago I was a great sufferer from a severe female trouble, pains and headaches. The doctor prescribed for me and finally told me that I had a tumor on the womb and must undergo an operation if I wanted to get well. I felt that this was my death warrant, but I spent hundreds of dollars for medical help, but the tumor kept growing. Fortunately I corresponded with an aunt in the New England States, and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was said to cure tumors. I did so and immediately began to improve in health, and I was entirely cured, the tumor disappearing entirely, without an operation. I wish every suffering woman would try this great preparation."

Just as surely as Miss Adams was cured of the troubles enumerated in her letter, just so surely will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure every woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability and nervous prostration. Mrs. Pinkham invites all young women who are ill to write her for free advice. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Not Dangerous.

"An' how's yer wolve, Pat?"

"Sure, she do be awful sick."

"Is it dangerous she is?"

"No, she's too weak t' be dangerous anny more."

A Mistake.

Fair Visitor—Here, my poor man, are some roses for you. What can I do to make you comfortable?

Prisoner—Guess you're making a mistake, lady.

Fair Visitor—Mistake—how?

Prisoner—I'm only here for porch-climbin'. Yer'll find the guy that killed his wife in th' nex' cell.

The Meanest Man.

A well-to-do Chicago real estate owner came into a hardware store in that city and asked the proprietor for a pound of nails. The small package was made up and the price, a nickel, handed to the merchant, when the customer asked if the purchase could be sent to his house, which was in a distant part of the city. The merchant assented, and calling a boy, handed him the parcel with a dime and said: "Here, Johnny, take this parcel out to Mr. Blank's house." "What!" said the customer, "are you going to give the boy a dime to take the parcel out?" "Why, certainly," said the merchant; "I wouldn't think of asking him to go so far for nothing." "Well," said the meanest man in Chicago, "if you would just as soon give me my nickel I will take it out myself and you'll save five cents."

PASSING OF PORRIDGE

Makes Way for the Better Food of a Better Day.

"Porridge is no longer used for breakfast in my home," writes a loyal Britain from Huntsville, Ont. This was an admission of no small significance to one "brought up" on the time-honored stand-by.

"One month ago," she continues, "I bought a package of Grape-Nuts food for my husband, who had been an invalid for over a year. He had passed through a severe attack of pneumonia and a gripe combined, and was left in a very bad condition when they passed away."

"I tried everything for his benefit, but nothing seemed to do him any good. Month followed month and he still remained as weak as ever. I was almost discouraged about him when I got the Grape-Nuts, but the result has compensated me for my anxiety."

"In the one month that he has eaten Grape-Nuts he has gained 10 pounds in weight, his strength is rapidly returning to him and he feels like a new man. Now we all eat Grape-Nuts food, and are the better for it. Our little 5 year old boy, who used to suffer from pains in the stomach after eating the old-fashioned porridge, has no more trouble since he began to use Grape-Nuts, and I have no more doctor's bills to pay for him."

"We use Grape-Nuts with only sweet cream, and find it the most tasty dish in our bill of fare."

"Last Monday I ate 4 teaspoonsful of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, nothing else can set to work and got my morning's work done by 9 o'clock, and felt less tired, much stronger, than if I had made my breakfast on meat, potatoes, etc., as I used to. I wouldn't be without Grape-Nuts in the house for any money." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.