

Through a Woman's Heart.

By Sidney Warwick.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"Called, Olive?" His tones were startled. He looked at her in bewilderment. What did she mean?

"Yes," she said, in feverish excitement, "he must have known I was lying here ill. Has he called to ask after me? He cared for me once—at least he once cared; and he must have been a little sorry. Oh, if I could only think that he had been a little sorry when he knew how ill I was!"

"But, Olive, can you have forgotten?" he broke out, in a strangled voice. He could go no farther. The words seemed to choke him.

She shook her head.

"No, I have not forgotten how I came to you full of passionate anger, how I spoke of him bitterly—wildly; only in my heart I cared for him all the time, Stephen. Deeper than all the bitterness, deeper than all my anger was still my love," she cried, with a tenderness in her voice, a tremulous wistfulness about her mouth. "When a woman gives her love as I gave mine, nothing can kill it. Stephen. Oh, I know he wrote that cruel letter to me, but perhaps he didn't mean it; perhaps he is sorry now that he knows I have been ill. Has he been or asked after me?" appealingly.

He shook his head. The look of pain that came into her face made him wince.

"But he will come when he knows I have no bitterness left against him, when he knows that I have forgiven everything. Oh, tell me you think he will come, Stephen!" she cried, pitifully. "You shall go to him from me, and he will come. I am glad I haven't lost my looks; I made the nurse bring me a glass, I was so afraid, because he used to say I had the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen. And when he comes I want him to see the woman he used to care for."

Stephen Ruthen gave a sharp in-drawn breath like a sob. The tragic revelation that had broken upon him took him by the throat.

Living, Philip Hume had come between him and the woman he loved; dead, this man still stood between them. But it was not that. Though he had given to Olive the one supreme love of his life, a love capable of any sacrifice to serve on her or spare her pain, he had realized three years ago—he had realized again when she came to him with the night and the storm to tell him of her wrongs—that he and she were set apart as by fate; that his must be an austere love, giving and seeking no return. It was another thought, the unconscious revelation of her pitiful appeal, that stirred Stephen Ruthen by its strangeness.

Not only had her frenzy of humiliation and despair, the fierce sense of bitterness and wrong at this man's cruelty, faded into the background of her memory, but the sense and stain of that guilt, which in her distraught state had hardly been guilt, had fallen off her soul. She had forgotten it as though it had not been!

In some providential and inexplicable way all recollection of stealing out on that night to take a wild vengeance had been sponged out from her mind. She still thought of Philip Hume as living; she loved him still—her love that had been great enough to forgive. She still clung to the dream of winning him back to his broken allegiance—the man who had died by her hand! This was the revelation that swept in upon Stephen Ruthen. He had never dreamed of its possibility. Forgotten!

It only Olive never remembered! That was Stephen's prayer, as he looked down at the beautiful face. If only she never remembered! She was still in the flush of youth; the grief would pass, her grief and horror when she learned of Philip Hume's fate—for time is very merciful to youth, even in a great sorrow; that white face would yet be radiant again with joy and laughter, but only so long as that sleeping lay unstirred.

She must never know what she had done; the knowledge that would surely drive her to despair, strike bankrupt of hope and happiness all her future, if he could not guard her from it. The man she still loved—the man she had killed!

"Stephen, why don't you speak?"

He looked down into the wide, pathetic eyes. He had to prevaricate.

"Olive, I—I haven't seen Hume for weeks. He has been away from home all the time you have been ill; he is still away," he said, speaking with an effort. Then, to prevent further questions, he added, quickly, "I must not stay any longer; I have exceeded the time the doctor allowed me—he said I might only see you for a minute or two, and that I was not to let you talk. We want you to get strong and well quickly, you know."

He stole out of the darkened room. Olive had forgotten! It was like a miracle. A load seemed to have slipped from off his shoulders. If only the finding of the dead man did not touch that sleeping memory to life; that was the only danger. He prayed, she would never remember! Or if she did remember, and this man who was a priest drew in his breath sharply—

she must be convinced in spite of herself that it was only some fancy of her delirium that had never touched her real life; that it was absolutely impossible she could have killed Philip Hume.

He was a minister of God—but he was also a man, the man who loved her. And if a lie could save her—

The day passed, bringing no news. The thaw was temporarily arrested that night by a brief return of the frost—it was thawing again the next morning; but the frozen snow of those three weeks only surrendered slowly. Another day passed.

It was on the third morning that the doctor with some reluctance gave permission for his patient to go downstairs for a little while. She was still too weak to walk more than a few steps; she had to be carried down. In the study a great fire of logs roared cheerfully up the chimney; Olive sat, looking white and frail, staring intently into it. Outside the rain beat on the window panes; now and then a clod of snow would slide over the gutter of the roof and fall with a thud. Stephen sat in his chair by his writing desk.

Hilda was busy in the kitchen cooking. She put a gay, smiling face in at the door at intervals snatched from her duties; she made such a charming picture, with her sleeves rolled up almost to the shoulder, her pretty rounded arms covered with flour, that it was a pity Jack Latham could not have seen her then. When the door had closed on her on one of these flying visits, Olive had spoken again of Philip Hume.

"To all my questions you only say that he is not at home," she broke out presently. "I believe you are keeping something back from me—I am sure you are keeping something back!" she cried.

"What should I be keeping from you?" he asked, evasively. "He has not been in the village for three weeks."

The doctor had averted his face to avoid meeting her questioning eyes; the unexpected challenge of her words had disconcerted him. He bent down as if to examine one of the keys on the tiny bunch hanging from the key-hole of the top drawer; he was afraid she might read in his face how much her words had disconcerted him.

That top drawer of his desk Stephen Ruthen had for three weeks kept locked, although he was a man who seldom locked up anything; had kept it locked and the key in his pocket. He had had occasion to open the drawer that morning; the sight of what lay inside had made him wonder again how he was effectually to get rid of it—that sinister piece of evidence connected with an as yet undiscovered crime. It was so difficult to dispose of such pieces of evidence; they had a way of turning up again almost miraculously, as criminal records so frequently showed, as though fire could not destroy them, nor earth or water hold them.

He had closed the drawer and locked it. Now on an impulse he turned the key and pulled open the drawer again, and looked at the thing lying there as though it possessed a horrible fascination for him—the revolver that he had brought back on that fatal night, a tiny weapon, rusted in places. There was a mark of rust staining the top sheet of a pile of sermon paper on which it lay. The brown splash in the center of the white sheet gave it a grotesque resemblance to an ace of hearts.

Stephen had feared to leave the weapon near the scene of the tragedy, afraid lest in some unforeseen way it might prove a clue implicating Olive. How was he to dispose of it? He had asked himself that question a dozen times.

At first sight it had appeared a simple matter; so small an object had seemed a thing easily made away with; yet it had presented difficulties. One night he had stolen out, intending to make a hole in the ice and drop it into the river; but rivers have given up similar secrets before; and he dared run no risk! But it must be disposed of, and so effectually that no chance could bring it to light again.

"Stephen!"

He looked up quickly from the drawer where that grim thing was. The desk, piled with books, was between them, and it was impossible that Olive could see it or even the open drawer; yet he started and instinctively made a movement to close it, as the sound of her voice reached him.

"Stephen, what is it you are keeping from me? Your manner tells me—"

Her words ended abruptly. Some one had come up the garden path, passing the window hurriedly; there was a loud knock on the door, startling Olive by its suddenness; she had not seen the man pass the window. Stephen had caught a glimpse of the man's figure—Burrow, the verger of the church. The knock was quickly repeated—the urgent, insistent summons of an impatient or agitated hand.

Why the thought should have instinctively flashed across his mind Stephen could scarcely have told, yet he was sure that that knock only

meant one thing. It was the news at last that had been three weeks coming—news at last that the dead man was found. Burrow, when business brought him to the rectory, usually went to the side door and knocked in an almost apologetic way. Only something that had startled him very much would have made him depart so far from his usual rule.

Rat-tat-tat! For a moment a heavy hush of expectation hung in the room where the man and the woman were. Stephen heard the maid open the front door, could hear Burrow's voice, startled and unlike its usual tones:

"Is the master in? I must see him at once, if he is. A terrible discovery's been made."

Stephen leapt to his feet and, not waiting for the servant to bring the message, strode out quickly into the hall, shutting the door after him.

On the threshold of the front door Burrow was standing. He burst out excitedly, almost incoherently, in a flood of words, as the rector came towards him:

"There's terrible news, parson; I came at once to tell you. They've found him lying dead, shot—not suicide; the doctor says he couldn't possibly have fired the shot himself—half buried in a drift by the Cross Ways. It was Jim the Carrier made the discovery; he saw the hand sticking out of the snow, as though the dead man was pointing! It gave him a rare turn; and then when he saw it was Mr. Philip Hume, missing these three weeks—"

"Hush, man!" cried the rector.

The man's voice was raised excitedly, and Stephen Ruthen had remembered that only a wall and a closed door divided them from Olive. His warning was too late.

As the exclamation left his lips a wild cry broke from the room. Stephen Ruthen had just left. Olive had heard the words! Olive knew!

With a blanched face he rushed back to the study.

Olive had left her seat by the fire; perhaps she had risen to catch the news the verger brought. She was standing by his desk—by that drawer that Stephen remembered he had barely closed.

The drawer was more than half open now, and Olive was standing as though turned to stone, with a look of intense horror frozen on the white face, one hand holding the half-rusted weapon, her dilated eyes riveted upon it, as though the sight of the revolver seemed to fit in with some dream that had haunted her delirium.

Stephen Ruthen caught his breath. For an instant he thought that the memory of her act had swept back on Olive at the hearing of Burrow's news—at the sight of that weapon that her fingers had clasped once before.

Her first words undeceived him; the look in her face undeceived him, as he paused aghast on the threshold. Shot—murdered—the man I loved!

She broke out, wildly.

Her eyes fastened themselves on his face; there was suspicion in their depths mingling with their horror. The fierce, gleaming eyes were like an accusation. Shaking all over, Stephen Ruthen sprang forward and snatched the revolver from her hand, almost roughly. The action seemed to confirm the suspicion that her face expressed.

"And you—you—" she began, wildly.

What other words she would have said died on her lips.

She swayed forward. Stephen Ruthen caught the fainting woman as she was falling.

(To Be Continued.)

WHALE STOLE THEIR LINE.

The Monster Also Made Away With a Good Harpoon.

Up among the torn bergs of the Arctic a monster whale is cruising about with a harpoon embedded in his thick back and something less than half a mile of stout hempen rope trailing after him.

The crew of the steam whaler Thrasher, which returned Sunday night from an eight months' cruise in the icy north, declare that "Mister Whale got all that was coming to him."

"He got away from us," muttered the mate, spitting viciously into the scuppers, "but we will get him next season. It was good rope we used, and he'll get tangled up on something so we will be one whale to the good when we get back there."

"He was a bad one though. You see Silva, the boat steerer, slung the hook into him when we were in open water between two big bergs. Off he goes with the stick in his back, and the rope went out like a man tumbling from the loft. He ducked and dived until one tub of rope was gone, and he did the same with another. He was making for the nearest floe and when he reached it he spit a lot of water into the air and took a deep dive. The edge of the ice cut the rope like a knife and he was off for good, with 2,000 feet of the Thrasher's line and a good harpoon with him."

Life in Rural France.

Time and labor are the only things of which the dweller in provincial France is lavish. He will spend hours in chattering over the most trifling bargain, and would deem the demand for an eight-hour day the request of a lunatic. The thrift of the French peasantry is omnipresent.

Hemmed In.

"Convention hems us in, after all." "How now, girl?" "I want to wear a green hat, and that shade is not a match for my hair. Yet I haven't the nerve to get my hair dyed green."

South... Dakota

General State News in Paragraphs.

Peter Warness, mail carrier on Rural Route No. 2, died suddenly at Volga of heart failure. He leaves a wife and eight children.

Arlington has a full-fledged volunteer fire department. The following officers were elected: Chief, Almer Carlson; assistant chief, Fred Mas-sar.

William Rasch, convicted of rape at Huron, who was sentenced to seven years and seven months, has succeeded in obtaining a stay of judgment for sixty days.

The case of Norman A. Nelson, who contested the election of Lewis Berkeley as county commissioner from the Third district of Yankton county, has been decided in Mr. Berkeley's favor.

Miss Alta Potts, formerly a resident of Spearfish, and who for a year or more was a member of a Minneapolis orchestra and achieved a great deal of fame as a trombone player, is at the home of her mother at Sheridan, Wyo., suffering from the effects of a paralytic stroke in her right arm.

At the annual business meeting of the members of the Germania Verein of Sioux Falls the following officers were elected: President, A. J. Yeager; vice president, F. Schumacher; secretary, Ed Baumbacher; treasurer, N. D. Roster; librarian, Adolph Ziska; overseer, Carl Brucker. The Verein is the leading German-American organization of its kind in South Dakota.

J. W. Rathbun, a well known homesteader, residing near Kadoka, was fortunate enough to recapture a genuine Rocky mountain sable, which doubtless had wandered to this region from the Rocky mountains. It was the first animal of the kind ever seen in this part of the country. It is the most valuable of the producing animals, a single fur being worth from \$20 to \$50.

Just as the Christmas gayety at Lead was at its height, Mrs. George L. Inman, a well known resident of that city, breathed her last after a two-years' illness. Death was due to tuberculosis. Mrs. Inman was a Black Hills girl, having been reared in the local schools and at the Lead high school, where she attained high honors. She leaves four young children besides her husband.

Peter Marquardt of Madison was run over by a switch engine and instantly killed in the railway yards, where he went to mail a letter in a mail car. While returning he was struck from behind by the engine, in full view of the crowd on the depot platform. The body was literally ground to pieces. Marquardt was a pioneer settler of the county and one of the most prominent Odd Fellows of the state, having been a past grand master.

Clever impersonations of the best known nursery characters in ancient childish rhymes was the feature of the Christmas entertainment given by the tiny pupils of the Hearst Memorial kindergarten at Lead. The children took the parts of Little Red Riding Hood, Little Bo Peep and a score of other well known figures and acted with unusual skill. The school is the gift of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst of New York, and has accomplished a wonderful work among the children of the city.

The total return of state taxes on the December call has brought to the state treasury \$343,883.26. Of this \$261,339.56 goes into the state general fund, and out of it there has been a call made of \$180,000. The balance will go into the hands of the new treasurer. The twine plant revolving fund is practically all in with this call. It amounts to \$316,509. Out of this \$170,000 is deposited to the credit of the state and draws 3 per cent interest for the fund. After the call of this month the outstanding debt of the state will be over \$600,000 in general fund and emergency warrants.

Sick and alone, George Maxwell, a recluse and old-time settler living north and east of Spearfish, died in his cabin, and for six days the body lay without being discovered. People who were accustomed to see the old man in front of his place finally started an investigation, which led to the finding of his remains. Maxwell was sixty years of age, and had been here over fifteen years. He owned some little property, but took no notice of the world except to come to town to make necessary purchases. He is said to have relatives at Strawberry Point, Iowa, who have been wired.

In view of the fact that a new trial of Mrs. Emma Kaufmann, on a charge of having murdered her young domestic, Agnes Polreis, is expected to take place at Flandreau in March, the public will be interested in information received from Parkston to the effect that negotiations are in progress between a committee of Parkston business men, which provided special counsel for the prosecution at the first trial, and Congressman Frank M. Nye of Minneapolis to have him take charge of the prosecution at the approaching new trial.

VOUCHED FOR THE BARKEEPER.

Washington Temperance Official Was Put in a Tight Place.

There comes over a certain official in this city a feeling of sadness that his soul cannot resist when he considers the misfortune attending him who seeks to aid his brother man, writes a Washington correspondent.

Last week an individual from Ireland, verdant as the grass of his Emerald Isle, drifted into Washington and besought aid of friends that he might land a position lightly tossing mixtures across the festive bar.

He met a friend, also Irish, and to this friend he confessed his ambition to become a first-class mixologist in the capital of the nation. The friend remembered the official, who is a proper prohibitionist, and called him up over the phone.

"I've a friend just arrived from Ireland," said he, "and I want you as a personal favor to write him a neat little letter explaining that you regard him as an ideal concoctor of mixed bug juice. Take it from me he is. He mixed me a cocktail once that floated me for a week. I know what I'm talking about."

So the dear, kind official who never drinks—never, never drinks, mind you—agreed to write for the ardent mixologist a letter of effusiveness that would touch the heart of any barkeep in town.

Toward a business office, where the official and numerous co-workers and the man who hires him were gathered, the man with the ambition wended his weary way.

The official was seated in a calm state delivering an eloquent address on the beauties of lemonade to an appreciative audience, when from without the door came a booming voice, inquiring whether Mr. — was around.

The official looked up on hearing his name called and inquired who desired the pleasure of his company and conversation.

In walked the man with the ambition to mix them for Washington citizens, his genial face aglow with sunburn and perspiration.

"Om' lukin' for a man by the name of Mister —," reiterated the man with the ambition, "are you him?"

"I am he," replied the official, impressively and grammatically.

"Om' the bahr-thinder tho'ts lukin' fer a letter of testimonial," announced the man from the Emerald Isle.

Somebody sneezed.

The official let out a noise like the snort of a wounded walrus.

"My man," he protested, "—"

"Yes, I know," remarked the son of Erin, "but yez see they told me tho't if Oi could git tho't litter of recommendation from yez, Oi could git a job at any place in town."

The official—the official who never drinks—gazed at the apologetic faces of his dear friends, and at the look of mild, sad "how could you do it" reproach on the face of the man who hires him, and he turned toward the fatuously happy searcher for a position as dispenser of drinkables.

"Come, with me, my man; come with me," he said, in a slightly choked voice, taking the seeker after a position by the arm.

Together they walked away to a little office, where the official, sat down and wrote the letter. And since that time he has been debating whether he would do best to kill the searcher for a position or the man who got him to write the letter, or both.

All Saw to Dog's Comfort.

Is it possible—can it be possible—that Washington has a bad name in the south with respect to its treatment of dogs? Of course in the south there are—according to perfectly unreliable statistics—14 hound dogs to every square foot of territory, and if they all were muzzled—according to the same statistics—would take the leather and hide output of the entire middle west for three years.

But to the point. A newspaper man was down in the freight yards of the Union station just the other day and passed a baggage car in which was a box with a slatted front containing two handsome collie dogs, the kind one sees in Landseer's paintings. The box was addressed to New York and had been shipped from a North Carolina point. Tacked on the front of the box was a placard containing a crudely printed sign which read:

"When we're in Washington please give us a drink of water. We won't bite you."

I wonder if that was a slur on the town? But however it was intended, the suggestion was most efficacious. Hardly a man, woman or child passed that crate and saw the sign without stopping to peer in and note if the tin pan in one corner had plenty of water in it.—Washington Post.

Special Quarters for President.

President Roosevelt, returning to Washington from Oyster Bay to resume his final season's work as president, informally dedicated the "Presidential Station." During the absence of the chief magistrate from the capital the finishing touches were put upon the great railway terminal which has been nicknamed the President's station by reason of the fact that for the first time there has been provided in an edifice of this kind special apartments for the use of the president of the United States when setting out upon or returning from a railroad journey.

Length.

Rivers—No; I've no time to go and play golf. Can't you see I'm up to my ears in work?

Brooks—Yes, but that leaves a considerable margin unoccupied. Better come, old man.—Chicago Tribune.

HURT IN A WRECK.

Kidneys Badly Injured and Health Seriously Impaired.

William White, R. R. man, 201 Constantine Street, Three Rivers, Mich., says: "In a railroad collision my kidneys must have been hurt, as I passed bloody urine with pain for a long time after, was weak and thin and so I could not work. Two years after I went to the hospital and remained almost six months, but my case seemed hopeless. The urine passed involuntarily. Two months ago I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and the improvement has been wonderful. Four boxes have done me more good than all the doctoring of seven years. I gained so much that my friends wonder at it."

Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Harvard's Young Medical Dean.

A year ago Henry Asbury Christian, who is now only thirty-one years old, was a mere assistant in the theory and practice of medicine at the Harvard medical school, and three weeks ago he began his work as dean of this same school. What is more, he is a regular professor, giving courses of instruction. He is a very busy man these days, and is taking hold of the many sides of his new work with enthusiasm bordering on avidity. Harvard often pushes forward an able young man, and already this one is showing his worth.

High Knock.

O'Toole — He insulted me to me face.

Harrigan — Aw'n yez didn't make him measure the floor?

O'Toole—Bedad, no! Oi hit him so hard he measured th' ceilin'.

HANDS RAW AND SCALY.

Itched and Burned Terribly—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep Impossible.

Cuticura Soon Cured His Eczema.

"An itching humor covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad that I could not move my thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep. I could not bear to touch my hands with water. This went on for three months and I was fairly worn out. At last I got the Cuticura Remedies and in a month I was cured. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

HARE FOR JURY'S DINNER.

Hunted Morning, Served Evening, According to Old English Custom.

The quaint custom of hunting the hare in the morning, to be served up for the jury's dinner at the annual Court Baron, has just been revived at Chard.

The custom has been discarded for the last forty years, but in the old time it excited a great deal of interest. A local pack of hounds used to hunt the Manor lands in the morning, and the first hare killed was sent back to the chief hotel for the dinner of the jury appointed at the Court Baron.

It is said that another feature of the dinner was an enormous bowl of punch, the contents of which would cost as much as £3. The young Earl Poulett, who is the lord of the manor of Chard, brought over the Seavinton pack of hounds this week and the Mayor presented his lordship with a dog mounted hunting crop as a souvenir of the occasion. Later in the day the Court Baron dinner was held and the hunted hare was served up with all the honors.

Judge Beresford held the monthly sitting of the County Court in the morning and in honor of the old custom decided to postpone judgment summonses till the next court in order that there might be no commitment of debtors to prison on that auspicious occasion.

THEN AND NOW

Complete Recovery from Coffee Ills.

"About nine years ago my daughter, from coffee drinking, was on the verge of nervous prostration," writes a Louisville lady. "She was confined for the most part to her home."

"When she attempted a trip down town she was often brought home in a cab and would be prostrated for days afterwards."

"On the advice of her physician she gave up coffee and tea, drank Postum, and ate Grape-Nuts for breakfast."

"She liked Postum from the very beginning and we soon saw improvement. To-day she is in perfect health, the mother of five children, all of whom are fond of Postum."

"She has recovered, is a member of three charity organizations and a club; holding an office in each. We give Postum and Grape-Nuts the credit for her recovery."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.