## Lost at Last.

BY P. J. SMITH ..

Chapter VI.

The night, or rather the remainder of the morning, passed by uneventfully, without any false or real alarm of burg-

We all met at a late breakfast, except Janet, who dozed on far into the aftermoon and awoke very cross, complaining of a bitious headache.

When the fly came at about twelve to take the diamonds to their stronghold, I offered to undertake the responsibility of their escort as I had more shopping to get through, and, for the purpose of keeping Emmeline out of Trot's way, I asked her to accompany me. She readily consented, and, when we had safely disposed of our precious parcel, we separated for a little time, she to send on a box of ruses to an in valid lady with whom she had made friends when coming from Australia. I to visit my buotunaker.

I had left her only a few seconds when I remembered that I wanted her to do a commission for me at the station, to which the postoffice was attached. So I ran after her into the office, and, not fluding her there, entered the larger building, which was in a state of bustle consequent on the departure of our one afternoon train. The platform was crowded, but, after a moment, I quickly detected Emmeline's bright vellow hair and red fint. Pushing forward, I tapped her smartly on the shoulder. She turned with a little scream, her face flushing suddenly. "Oh, aunt Netty, what's the matter?

Yess frightened me and What is it?" "Only a message I forgot. I'm sorry Ifrightened you, Emmy! I want you, when the train goes, to see James Grant, the porter with the crooked eye, and tell him that the parcel I gave him to send on Friday last or the 8.45 to-to-

"Oh, amntie," she interrupted, moving impetuoraly toward the trin, "isn't it too had about my roses? I hought them to the postoffice and they wouldn't take them-not, at least, by this mail; they said I was late. And now pour Miss Ryan wo-it have them till they are quite withered!" "You must send her some more we

morrow.

"Yes: but these are so lovely-the sort she's so fond of! And they're all packed and directed and ready! Aunt Netty, do you know what I have half a mind to do? Bun along the line of carriages, until I see a face I can trust, and ask the owner to post the parcel at the first office they come to in Londou! She'd get them to-might that way."

"Come along," I said; "it's not a bad ide**z.** "

It was rather an embarras de richesses, for, in the bustle of departure and of bidding "Good byes," nearly every carriage door was crowded with rather trustworthy countenances, I thought. But Emmy seemed somewhat flurried and undoulded, and the "five minutes bell" had rung some time since.

"Look, Emmy, look!" I whispered. clutching her elbow. "What do you think of that sweet-looking young widow with the little boy at the secondclass window? There's no one talking to

"Netty," she whispered with a very roguish smile, "I think, dear, considering that I hadn't time to-to stamp the box, you know, it would be better, surer to give it to a gentleman." "You little diplomatist!"

"A gentleman, young and first-class, I' think, dear. "

"But I don't like addressingwould look as if we-we "anted to make his acquaintance. Then the compliment, Emmy," I objected, withdrawing from a emoking carriage towards which I feared she was leading me in her impulsive innocence.

"What will it matter? He will never know-see us again. Ah, I perceive our man the wery man!"

Where? Show me!" "There, at the window—two below the smoking-carriage with the fair hair. reading the paper. Come on, aunt Netty-now or never! Wait till you see how gracefully I'll tackle him."

"Wait a moment till I get a sixpence regdy. One can't put one's self under an obligation to a stranger like that: it would be highly improper."

"Quick then, dear; the train will start in another minutel"

But, when we got close to the carriage, when the young gentleman raised a verv languid pair of gray eyes to our flushed faces, the girl's guileless courage suddealy deserted her, and, slipping behind me, she whispered, with an hysterical riggle that he must have distinctly over-

Aunt Netty, I can't. Ask him for me, dear-quick!"

"I beg your pardon," I began, "but I want to know if you would kindly post this parcel in London this afternoon for my miece. She has unfortunately just missed the mail, and it is important that it should reach its destination to-night." Certainly. It will give me much pleasure to render this slight service to he young lady, your niece," he answered at once, taking the box from me and attoping slightly forward to get a glimpse of the gul sheltering behind me.

"Here surperice for the postage," I continued somewhat ungraciously, for the roung man's appearance and tone, though he was good looking and well drawed, did her please me over well; he nid not spike me as being a gentleman somewor. "Take it," I went on almostinsectionaly, as he ignored the coin.
\*We had not time to buy stamps. You

"Don't open it-they're only roses, nor as he leaned out, evidently to catch a last glimpse of her pretty face.

"Emmeline," I exclaimed, very angry and put out, "I am astonished at you! I A Doubtful Dowry That Was thought you had more-more sense, self-

> "Oh, forgive me, auntie dear!" she pleaded, so penitently that my wrath melted almost at once, "I am so ashamed of myself! I don't know what came over me. It was just-just when you dropped the sixpence that the thought struck me that he might onen the box and let my roses all get withered; not open it to steal anything, you know, but just to see if I was sending a frisette, or false teeth, or something. And you know he did look-look a

"Fast-yes, Emmeliae, you are right: he did look fast, and I wish I had not spoken to him. I should not have allowed myself to be persuaded by a girl of your age, who knows so little of the wickedness of the world. I wish that sixpence hadn't fallen upon the rails.

"Well, well, no use crying over spilled milk, dear; he has it now, and it wouldn't him, I expect. Ha, hat What an adventure it has been, to be sure! I'll make Trot laugh over it all the evening; and I'll take you off, aunt Netty, trying | But I was not ill pleased at the suggesto snub that wicked young man when he made eyes at you! Oh, I feel that I can

take you off to the life, and I will, too!" It was evidently of no use whatever trying to make Emmeline look at the incident from a serious point of view. It was of no use even asking her to keep it from the others, for she would talk of nothing else. And, what is more, she did take me off to the life, the others declared, though I must say that I myself | her consent, did not see the likeness, or hear that she voice when I try to be overpoweringly dignified, as they said she had. Howand of course I was very glad to be able thus to contribute so easily to their en-Janet pronounced her daughter to be the and Dotty complained of a stitch in her side from laughter, the performance did not amuse my little Trot in the least. She sat all the time, her fingers busy with her work, not a ripple of a smile once crossing her sweet pale face. Indeed, her gravity was so marked that I felt sure Emmeline must have noticed it, and dreaded every moment that she would ask a question or make a comment that might cause the explosion which we were all trying with such fe-

low, troubled tone-"Aunt Netty, do you know what is the great change in her during the last few lieved was an incarnation of -of --days. She has become so quiet and- My reflections were brought to a rather

tried to-to avoid me at times."

answered, after a little pause; "she has door. not been herself all the summer, in fact, so Peggy has decided on taking her for a occupants of the room. The latter was few weeks to the sea-side. You-you standing at the bow-window, peering must not mind the change you see in her, through the darkness, evidently watch-Emmy, or-or make any remark to her ing in moody anger her sister and the about it; she-she dislikes having it no- Colonel; and the former-the former. ticed. In a month or so we hope to bring with every trace of sentiment and symher home quite her own bright self pathy banished from her face and voice.

fever or anything serious like that-will and most ridiculous to listen to!

you? Ah!"

for the room was almost in darkness. "We-we were talking, Trot, of that Hetty's protegee, who had been ailing speaking. for the past week, "Emmeline explained "I don't volubly.

"Have you, Emmeline?"

Unconsciously I gripped the girl's waitz tune.

"Netty, what are you afraid of?" Trot asked, with a bitter laugh. "Do you think that, because—because I let myself break down before you who love me, I have not sufficient pride and courage left to uphold me before her? Do you think that I should degrade myself by bandying abuse with a woman like that? Oh, do not fear: tell the others not to fearnot to watch me as they do! It burts

me. Netty: it hurts me! Tell them there will be no scene between us now or ever!" "Oh, Trot," I pleaded, "if I could convince you how wrong you are—if I could show vou----

But her hot hand closed my mouth. "Hush-it's of no use; you couldn't convince me! You could show me nothng but what I know. Let us not talk of tagain. He will come to take her a way | and expectation. soon, I suppose. Then we shall all be

happy again, dear."
Yes, I supposed he would arrive soon, for the next morning the second half of the thousand pounds, about the transfer of which there had been much trouble and delay, was at last to be forwarded to undertake; and Emmeline to an idle of nothing but the date of his arrival.

Very much relieved by the explanation with Trot and by the fact of the two young people quietly avoiding one another, we let things take their course during the few remaining days before the in an easy-chair, with closed eyes, the wedding. The only contretemps was another hitch about the money, which so irritated the young wife that she made Janet promise to transfer the manage a sudden change in her face frightened ment of her son's affairs from our family lawyer to a smart London man, if the crimson, then, with a little cry, she rose business was not satisfactorily settled before the next mail day. And, indeed, was clear to us all that she had sub stantial cause of complaint against Mr. Maxwell for the unaccountable distori-

--- Impet Indifference -- he had shown

in a matter where Phil's interests were so manifestly at stake; and I felt inworth stealing!" the girl cried laughingly, clined to agree with her when she angrily declared that the old fool was in his dotage and not fit to manage any client's business. But we were all very fund of the dear old man, nevertheless; he had managed all our little difficulties and family trouble with unvarying tact and ability for upward of a quarter of a century, and his clever wife was our right hand in all our charitable undertakings.

Two days after the regimental dance we had a visit from Colonel Roper-Coote. whom, alas, I did not recognize in the least! He was stout and bald, but, on the other hand, had lost the impulsive gaucherie of his youth, and seemed a very pleasant easy-going old—I mean middleaged gentleman.

When the Colonel rose to take his leave it was almost dusk, and itsomehow happened-by pure accident, of course-that Dotty, who had left the drawing-room half an hour before, was watering some flowers in the hall as he passed out. I "Good-bye" too, when a soft hand pressed my arm restrainingly, and, turning, I naw Phil's wife by may side.

"Wait," she whispered, with a dimpbe much use trying to get it back from ling smile. "Don't spoil sport, Miss "Oh, nonsense," I retorted; "we have

passed all that sort of thing, Emmy!" tion nevertheless. "Hem-have you indeed?"

I leaned over the balusters. Freddypoor old, bald headed Freddy-was petitioning Dotty-our prim, practical, termined Dotty, whose tougue was the terror of Sunday school-for the gift of a flower, and Dotty, with the airs and girlish graces of eighteen, was enhaniting by feigned reluctance the value of

"Go-got ('i, what nonse se, you had caught to a note the tone of my silly man! As if you couldn't find your way to the gate! Why, you know your way as well as I do! The dark? How ever, it amused my sisters immensely, very abound you are? there are no strange dogs, I tell you!"

My shoulders were heaving with the efioyment. But I noticed that though fort to restrain my laughter-poor Dot's tone of coy coquetry was too amusting' cleverest little mimic she had ever met. I think I should have decidedly betrayed myself, but for Emmy's whispered exhortation:

> spiteful thing! I'll never speak to you again if you spoil the scene!" Then, when Dot, unable to resist her admirer's importunities, had consented

to guide him across the dangers of our lawn, she turned to me with softened voice, all the merriment gone out of her They were lovers once, weren't they, verish anxiety to avert. But she fortu- aunt Netty?"

"Twenty five years ago-before you nately said nothing until Trot and two or three of the others had left the room. belonged to the world, my dear," I an-Then she came to my side and said, in a swer, turning away after gently pressing the young sympathetic fingers.

matter with Trot? I-I have noticed a could love! This was the girl Trot be-

and reserved, as if she had some secret sudden close. I had moved a few stem anxiety. I-I have fancied too, though up the stairs towards my own room, I am sure I must be wrong, that she has then, remembering that I had left my work in the drawing room, I re-de-"Trot is not very well, Emmeline," I scended and very softly pushed open the

Phil's wife and mother were the only was mimicking poor Dot to the life, re-"Aunt Netty"-clasping my hands hearsing the little scene we had watched eagerly-"if-if she should not get bet- together with a faithfulness of tone. ter-if this should be the beginning of a gesture, language that was marvellous

you promise-promise to send for me to "Oh, nonsense, you silly man! How nurse her as I nursed dear Phil-will absurd you are! There are no strange dogs, I tell you! Well, only as far as the She stopped with a little scream, and I larch plantations, not a step farther, saw that frot was standing by my side Just look at the slight shoes I've on! Do

If I had closed my pained eyes, I must little girl at the Humphrey's lodge, aunt have believed it was my sister still

> "I don't like her-I don't like her-I never will like her!"

"Don't like her? Whom? Phil's wife?" echoed Dot, meeting me in the shoulder and glanced appealingly at hall and making me aware I had spoken Phil's wife, who moved away, humming my thoughts aloud. "Why, I thought that was a settled point months-weeks

## Chapter VII.

ago, Net!"

We came down to breakfast one mornng in rather fretful temper and spirits. Hetty complained of a touch of her old enemy, neuralgia; Dotty, without any accountable cause, had had a very restless night: and Trot, pale and heavyeyed, was suffering from headache. Emmeline was the only member of the party with unclouded countenance and beaming eyes. Particularly beaming, indeed, for this happened to be the great morning of her week-mail morning. To celebrate which she had fastened a bunch of bright red roses in her flowing yellow hair, and sat in our glum circle the incarnation of blooming happiness

Our meal over, we separated to our usual morning employments—Peggy to superintend her packing, assisted by Hetty, for Peggy was starting for Brighton the next day: Dot to water Trot's fernery, which the child was too ill to Australia by Emmeline, and she talked morning at the lobby window, watching

for the postman. At about eleven o'clock, my household orders disposed of for the day, I went down to the drawing-room to see how Trot was getting on. I found her sitting pain somewhat eased; and I was just in the act of refreshing a wet bandage Peggy had applied to her forehead, when me-from a duli pallor it flushed a vivid quickly from her seat and fell senseless at my feet.

I turned toward the door she had been facing and saw my nephew, Emmeline's husband, crossing the threshold, With a ory as in tables as the girl's own. he rushed forward, his arms outstretched as if to seize her; but I had strength to

intervene "Stop!" I cried indignantly. "Not an inch closer! Do you want to kill her altogether? Send the others-send help to me at once!"

He obeyed without a word, and in another minute they were all around me-Hetty, Dotty, Peggy and the three servants-in a state of incoherent excitement, wrathfully pushing the wretched young man aside, for, notwithstanding my remonstrance, he was still struggling to seize his victim's hand, his face and attitude, I was glad to see, expressing some sense of shame.

"Go, go-go at once, sir! She is recovering now!" exclaimed Dutty, when at last the closed eyes opened with a long shuddering sigh. "It is shameful -it 18 unpardonable, your conduct! How dared you arrive in such a manner, without a line, a word of warning?"

"What do you mean?" he retorted, almost violently. "What does this greetwas coming down the stars to bid him mg mean? I-I came because you telegraphed for me! I-I--" "We telegraphed for you-we?" our

> voices trembling with indignation. "Old Maxwell then; it's the same! What has happened to you all? Trot, Trot. lat me-

"Enough of this, sir, enough! If you have any sense of sname, any feeling of -of-" I began bitterly, when Peggy, with her face aflame, flew at him like a virago.

"You wretch! How dare you stay here? the up at once to your wife-your wife To my wife?" he repeated stupidly.

"To my --- What did you say, aunt Porry? My---" Then Janet interrupted 1 im with a

scream, encircling him with er arms. "Oh, this is bliss! Welcome-welcome at last! Our darling, where is she? Does she not know? Oh, come to her -quick!" Then, as he did not move as quickly as she wished, she darted from him into the

hall, loudly calling Emmeline's name. "What does this mean?" he asked. returning from the door, facing us with a dazed dumbfounded look. "Is it Bedlam? Oh, Trot, my love, pity me, and -and tell me what it means!"

"It-it means," she answered pantingly, "that you had better go up to your wife "For shame, for shame, you ugly at once, Phil, and see us after! She is longing for you----

Something in his face made her halt, covering her own. He leaned slightly toward her and asked in a whisper.

"Who is my wife? Tell me her name? "Emmeline Devereux, whom you mar- for." ried at Ballarat!"

"Never heard of the woman in my life!" There was a moment's complete silence. Trot rose to her feet and stood looking at

"Well," I said at last in a high mocking voice, "it's strange, your statement, for the lady has been here for the past ing the wedding ring you placed on her finger, receiving letters from you by every mail."

"She has she has!" "And it's strange, too," continued Dotty hotly, "that you should have written yourself announcing the fact, begging us to forgive your treachery to Trot, explaining how you couldn't have helped yourself, you loved this woman so!"

He answered not a word, but looked at us with a deep frowning glance, his hand grasping the back of a chair.

"Come, Trot, this is no place for you!" Peggy whispered. 'No. no-wait a-a moment." Trot

answered, her eyes brightening-" wait a moment! Phil-Phil," she murmured, with outstretched hands, "what does it -it mean? Tell me-I will believe you!" The hard dogged look faded from his handsome face; he made a step forward, then drew back.

"You said, some of you"—he spoke after a moment, looking away from the girl-that this lady, my wife, has been here—what, is here now? Then bring -had been there I knew not how long, you want me to catch my death of cold, her to me-quick! I am naturally anxious to meet her. "

In a second the room was clear, and we were all over the house and grounds, even out in the high road, calling Emmeline's name, making the still morning air echo with the glad tidings of her husband's return; but no Emmeline could we find. We came across Janet, dishevelled, distracted, at every corner. We sent down, at her instigation, messengers to the post-office, to Mr. Maxwell's, to the church, to our usual village haunts, but without success. Nobody had seen Emmeline since half-past eleven, when Eliza the housemaid, after dusting the spare-room, had beheld her seated at the lobby window, the red roses drooping in her hair, her blue eyes fixed longingly upon the high road along which the postman came. It was unac-

countable, inexplicable At last, I think it must have been fully two o'clock. I sank exhausted on a hall chair, begging for a glass of water. Phil brought it to me, held the tumbler to my lips, and I drank deep and long.

"Well, you haven't found her yet?" I shook my head, and I think I wanted to kiss him. and I think he wanted to kiss me; but we only looked at each other. As he thus stood beside me. Trot came in a worse plight than even I was-as regards heat and thirst, that is, for her headache had mysteriously disappeared long ago-and he held the glass to her lips, teo, with another sarcastic

"Trot, my little friend," he said, "I'll never forget the devotion you have shown to me at this terrible crisis. If a similar plight should befall you-if your husband should disappear mysteriously any morning-oh, trust me, my hand will be the first to sound the bottom of the well, to drag the-"

"Phili" she said; and the next moment the glass was lying shattered on the flags and they were in each other's arms. He carried her into the drawing-room, closed the door behind him, and I made a rush at Hetty and Dotty, who were coming in.

"Netty, Netty, what do you think about Emmeline-" "Oh, bother-no, bless Emmeline

"They my Emmeline went off to Lon-

don in the 12.85 train. They say--at least the boy in the yard, who's just come back from his dinner, says she went out of the house by the back door when Poil arrived, darted across the lawn, and overtook Phil's fly returning, which took her at once to the station.'

Our dear boy told us the story of the last few trying but triumphant mouths of his residence in Australia. On his way up country to purchase the property he had written to his mother about, at the beginning of the spring, he had had a severe attack of sunstroke, followed by a long and dangerous fever, which kept him unconscious for months in a rough and very shady establishment, half hotel, half gambling-house, on the road to a new mining camp. During occasional returns of consciousness he had asked the people about him to make his condition known to us. They had assured him they had done so; then, the moment he was fit to travel, he had continued his journey, and, thanks to the generosity of his partner, who had advanced him his share of the purchase money, the property had become their freehold, and promised, by the sample of the return it was already making, to turn them both law capitalists before the end of a year. After that, not hearing from us, he had telegraphed, received a reassuring reply, had begun a letter warning us to look out for him before Christmas, when a second telegram from Mr. Maxwell urged him to return home at once.

He had started by the mail that was to carry his letter, and arrived to find us all apparently in Bedlam, and a wife-a

"A wifel" here two or three of us broke in excitedly, "Oh, Phil, do you mean to say you really haven't the faint intoest idea who she-Emmeline is? Oh. you must have! Why, she knew lots of things about you!"

"Here is her picture. Phil, "cried Hetty triumphantly, handing him a photo of her and Trot taken together by an amateur artist some few weeks ago. "It's not very good, still-

"Polly Cunningham," shouted Phil the moment his glance fell upon the pioture-"Polly Cunningham here? What does it mean? What was the game?"

"The game was-was- Oh, Phil Trot, I'm sorry for you, dears!" broke in Dotty, covering her face with her hands. The game was your money, your thousand pounds in the Funds, Phill And she has got it-the minx! Mr. Maxwell realized the second five hundred yesterday, and gave it-at least, sent it out for She is not dead, so I suppose any one can her. That was what she was waiting guess what has happened to her.

"Well, well, no use crying over spilled milk," oried Phil cheerfully, when we had given our disgust and astonishment ample vent. "It can't be helped, and would scarcely pay trying to get it back, I fancy. But, by Jove, what a game it was-what a game! I begin to see how it was worked-I begin to see! She, Polly, was in the house where I fell ill, she and a whole gang of her relations and accomplices, her mother, a very wily customer, and her father-at least her mother's husband, for he wasn't ten years older than his reputed daughter-Joe Bradley, a ticket-of-leave man, firstclass forger. I heard---

"Forger? Then, Phil, it was he who wrote the letter announcing your marriage; it was exactly like your writingnobody had a doubt of it."

"Of course—of course: it must bave been. I was senseless for six weeks; they were able to rummage everything I had, open all my letters, learn everything about me. I had all Trot's old letters in my portmanteau, all my partner's about the money, drafts of mine to him, everything they could want to know-every. thing! Stop-one thing I don't understand. When I left the place, and got clean out of their clutches. I continued writing to you every mail, and sent Trot my photograph. How was it you didn't get my letters and learn the truth, how——"

"How?" four quivering voices answered in chorus. "Because she got them, Phil—she got them first! Mail day was the great day of her week. She used to sit at the window all the

She used to sit at the window all the morning watching for the postman. She always met him at the gate and got your letters from him! She-

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" I thought he would never have done laughing. Peal after peal rang throug our discomfited silence. "Oh, Phil, Phil, stop, you cruel boy!" at last protested Peggy.

"And the worst of it was," burst in Dotty, "she—she, the wretch, enjoyed it thoroughly! She got value out of every hour alle spent here, bamboozling us, fooling us, torturing us with her wanton tricks! And-and-now to thinkto think she has walked off with your thousand pounds."

"She hasn't! She hasn't walked off with a penny of it, Miss Dotty!" The speaker was Mr. Maxwell, who had been standing at the door for some time, taking in the scene with a smile of intense satisfaction. "Not a penny! I had my auspicions of the lassie almost from the start, ladies; but you are such a set of impulsive people up here that I was afraid to hint even an idea to one of you---"What suspicions? Oh. Mr. Maxwell. tell us, tell us!"

"Well, on the day she said Phil had parted from her at Melbourne, I heard by next mail he happened to be seven hundred miles up country in company with a cousin of mine: so that circumstance put me slightly on the alert. 1 made inquiries, kept her movements pretty well within sight, and found she had occasional meetings with a smart young So I delayed the money transactions as long as I could without exciting her suspicions, then transferred the whole sum straight out to your partner's agents at

ment, old ladies," said Phil, "for Tros and I are going to be married this day week! Can't have invalids at our wedding, you know!"

"I wonder." said Peggy thoughtfully. after a while, "that she did not make an attempt to get hold of Janet's diamonds: they were worth Phil's fortune seven

times over." "Oh, she didn't care for jewelry, don's you remember?"

"Polly Cunningham not care for jowelry! The boys at Ragg's Camp know better than that!"

We looked at one another in silence:

then they all turned to me. I nodded my head emphatically. "Safe, safe: don't be fri-htened! I saw them lodged myself, put them into

the manager's hands." Mr. Maxwell rose, announcing he would return in time for dinner, and hurriedly left the room. He came back in about an hour with Janet's renowned casket in his arms. We opened it, and found the following note lying on the

top of a bed of garden pebbles-"My beloved mother-in-law, good-byes When you read this, I shall have flown back to my distracted husband! I am sorry to deprive you of the ornaments that so become your brunette charms, but you have had quite a long enough lease of them, and they were never yours by right. They were the property of my mother before you even knew of their existence—my mother, a lady of the name of Jardine, whom you wronged and ill-used. Do not try to get them back; it will be of no use. I have come ten thousand miles to make this capture and will only surrender it with my

"The roses," I whispered piteously, as soon as I had mastered up voice "They were the box of roses I handed into-

"Her husban "a hands," Mr. Maxwell prompted. "He was over lith her. I am afraid the laund has turned against us, ladies !"

ginsi

proes

his m

-

kis s

PERRI

pestle

IRCOL

lorac

berros

the d

raised

listen

and t

hedge

eucly

to ha

to tak

ren tie

ri'e it

¤o**∞**!"

Pirc

прош 1

rushed

to the

dog be

DOW C

man, 1

rour d

bavos

it if yo

know!

conten

well-by

"I w

\* **Y**o

"On

Where

gine.

while t

the ins

worth

er it w

The

thrashi

stealth:

him of

ing sou

It w

brutes

a glanc

WAS WI

In a

were o

muzzle

pain, a

with a

his do

blow

to his:

bruised

assaila

Norma

"I h

" I st

It v

• Y1

Bot

Un

When poor Jenet awoke the next morning one side of her hair was completely white. She has since spent months, years, trying to recover her fatal marriage settlement; but, though she has now two dark eyed, dark haired grauddaughters who she declares are the motive forces of her unwearying energy in the matter, and who will sustain her courage to the end, yet none of us famoy she will ever succeed in resting the Browning coronet from the pretty yellow head of Mrs. Jardine's daughter.

One last item of news. Dotty has ceased to draw her Civil Service pension. [THE END ]

Dr.Bull's COUCH SYRUP Cures Pleurisy and Pneumonia

Small doses. Price 25 cts. at druggists.

best remedy for lung affections.



SANKEY MODEL, STYLE 431. Known abroad as the Empress Model. More than two bundred thousand organs wors

## Mazon & Hamlin Co. NEW YORK.

Payne's Coaches 136 Jefferson Avenue.

Are the **Pinest** in the Town.

Geo. Ragert. Adolph F. Schlick.

Geo. Engert & Co., COAL.

Principal Office and Yard. Telephone \$57. 306 Exchange Street.





want to The "Ast I'll bee "I an in that Rage man's hoarsel Don't y "The

the nam "PH "You "I do going ( occasio "Tha been so appears "My

yours. round surprise

"I we I know