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Good News for Old Soldiers.  
The Easel Monument Association which  
was incorporated on February 12, 1896 at  
Chicago, Ill., with a capital stock of \$50,000  
for the purpose of completing the work of  
erecting a National Monument of an easel  
shape to the Grand Army of the Republic  
and kindred societies in movement which  
until recently was managed by the Dux  
Publishing Co., and which is highly en-  
dorsed by prominent members of the Grand  
Army in all parts of the country has just  
purchased the right to issue an edition of  
10,000 copies of J. W. Carnahan's very popu-  
lar and useful "G. A. R. Key," a limited num-  
ber of which we will furnish to our readers at  
less than one-third of the publisher's price.  
This book has been highly endorsed by the  
National Headquarters of the Grand Army  
of the Republic, and prominent members of  
the order in all parts of the country. They  
all agree that as a convenient, a former  
book in all matters pertaining to the Civil  
War, the G. A. R. and kindred societies, its  
value is inestimable and that it will be com-  
pulsory before them for that purpose. The  
book sells readily through canvassing  
agents at the regular retail price of \$2.50  
per copy, but The Easel Monument Assoca-  
tion, in order to bring before the public  
in an effective manner as possible, the pur-  
pose for which it was organized, has pur-  
chased the right to publish 10,000 copies of  
the book, to which they have added 20 pages  
detailing the history, up to date, of The  
Easel Monument project, and will supply it  
through this paper while the stock lasts at  
the extreme low figure of 50 cents per copy  
if called for, or \$1.00 if ordered sent by  
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We cannot agree to furnish this book at  
these prices only so long as The Easel Monu-  
ment stock lasts. Now is your chance; do  
not delay your order if you want a copy of  
this valuable book at the reduced rates  
above mentioned. Address all orders to the  
REPORTER, Downers Grove, Ill.

Note the Contents of  
The G. A. R. Key.  
This book contains about 425 pages, size  
6 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches; it is printed on elegant paper  
and is beautifully and appropriately illus-  
trated. It is bound in the English cloth,  
silver-stamp side and back, and is full of  
valuable information, particularly in refer-  
ence to the old soldier. It is conveniently  
indexed for ready reference, and treats of  
the causes which led to the organization of  
the G. A. R. and its kindred societies; the  
origin, objects, eligibility, official tendencies,  
grades, system of membership, growth,  
numerical strength of each department,  
National Encampments, Post Commanders-  
in-Chief, etc., of the Grand Army of the  
Republic, its National Officers, Department  
Officers, Post Officers in the order of their  
rank, and the duties of each. It contains a  
prominent but accurate history of principles,  
objects, etc. of the "Woman's Relief Corps,"  
"Ladies of the G. A. R.," "Sons of Veterans,"  
"Ladies Aid Society," "Daughters of Veter-  
ans," "National Association of Naval  
Veterans," "Loyal Legion," "Union Veteran  
Legion," "United Veterans Union," "Veteran  
Society of Rights Union," "Union Ex-Pensioners  
of War Association," and the Veteran Society,  
known as the "Third Army Corps," "Society  
of the Army of Tennessee," "Society of the  
Army of the Ohio," "Society of the Army of  
the Cumberland," "Signal Corps," "Society  
of the Army of the James," "Society of the  
Army of the Potomac," "Society of the Bur-  
side Expedition and Ninth Corps," "Society  
of the Army and Navy of the Gulf," "Society  
of the Army of West Virginia," "Pennsylvan-  
ian Society of Ex-Army and Navy Officers,"  
"Pennsylvanian Reserve Association," and  
"Society of the Army of Arkansas," appro-  
priately illustrated with badges, etc. It  
also contains a complete list of all the  
battles and skirmishes of the Civil War,  
alphabetically arranged, with a complete  
list of the enlistments from the different States,  
with total loss by death; officers in the order  
of their rank and line of promotion; divi-  
sions and subdivisions of the Army, and a  
complete list of every Grand Army Post in  
the United States, giving location, name,  
number of Post and time of meeting.  
This is the only complete compilation of  
this kind ever published.

A Dangerous Game.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DEAREST HEART."  
This charming story is a very unmarked.  
After the first chapter and knew that Gil-  
bert had gone, I was into a torpor of mis-  
ery. To say that I was stretched in to name  
the only word I can express my unhappi-  
ness. I would have gone away somewhere  
and have tried to get some work, and tried  
to get some money, but I would learn some day  
that he had not put out my notices. But the  
Grange would have no more than any  
sensible man. His wits could hunt him;  
memories taken in never, corner, whips  
gashed in every way, and were murmured  
by the rustling pine-trees without; and the  
hateful parchment which left the legacy to  
me seemed to hang round my neck like the  
dead albatross around the Ancient Mariner's.  
I did not want the place; I wished with all  
my heart Hilda and her lawyers would rid  
me of it. It was Gilbert's; but I could do  
nothing to place it in his possession, nothing  
but die; and I almost hoped I might die.  
The story had gone abroad that Gilbert  
was taking a tour in the East until the  
time was far enough distant from his un-  
cle's death to allow of our marriage. I did  
not contradict it. I said no word that I could  
help to any one, and most of all I struggled  
to keep the knowledge of the truth from  
Gwendoline. Her happiness was the one  
bright spot in the darkness, and in her new-  
born hopes and eager gratitude she never  
suspected aught was wrong.  
"If the world were only just, you should  
be the happiest woman in it, Viola," she  
said one day; "and I hope for once the  
world will be just."  
The happiest? I thought in my youthful  
selfishness I was the most miserable.  
"I shall think of you so often," she went  
on, "and send wishes and hopes across the  
sea to you. You are the one being on earth  
who knows how near the edge of the precipice  
I was. I hardly dare think of that time,  
how wicked and utterly without hope I was;  
and it was you who rescued me."  
They were in haste to return to India, and  
we were all busy with preparations for their  
journey. I went with Uncle down to South-  
ampton to see them off, and, as the vessel  
set sail, Gwendoline stood on the deck, a  
graceful slender figure, with one flash of  
crimson in her hair, waving her handker-  
chief to me. And I took away the memory  
of her beautiful face with its shining hazel  
eyes and gleaming golden hair, and of the  
pride and pleasure in the look her husband  
turned on her, to cheer my life for the long  
perplexed days to come.  
Hilda went back to her uncle and aunt in  
London, her diamond engagement-ring on  
her finger and the prospect of a countess-  
ship before her.  
I made an effort to part in peace. I did  
not know it was she who had narrowed my  
life; but she knew too that, except in hav-  
ing separated Gilbert and me, her schemes  
were unavailing.  
"Can we not part friends, Hilda?" I asked  
on the morning of her departure. I longed  
to have no enemies among Gilbert's rela-  
tives; and I had done nothing to injure  
Hilda. Why should she still be so unkind?  
"I do not see," she answered calmly,  
"why we should make any pretense becom-  
ing us using to part. You have played your  
cards well, and have succeeded in befooling  
a larger number of people than you, I should  
think, could have expected. I am not one  
of the number."  
I uttered no further word, and, when the  
carriage came to the porch, she got in and  
drove away, without one look back at the  
beautiful home she was leaving.  
But Annie, who was going with her, clung  
to me and cried, and said it would break her  
heart to leave me; and why could she not  
be married from the Grange? And then she  
smiled and laughed, and declared how de-  
lightful it would be when she could come  
and see me and I pay visits to her, and we  
should always be near each other.  
I watched the carriage drive down the  
broad gravel way, Annie looking from the  
window until she could see me no longer. I  
tracked it along the road till it rounded the  
lake and became only a dark spot in the  
distance, and I could hear the wheels no more.  
Then, with a rising, choking sob, I turned  
away into the great dark hall, with its  
armor and antlers and beautiful gilded  
carpets, and the dreary empty house. All  
were gone—Gilbert, Gwendoline, Annie—and  
I was alone. So short a time ago that every-  
thing appeared like a dream. I had come, a  
simple companion to the old master of this  
glorious Grange; now I was its owner. Then  
I was full of hope, life seemed all in future;  
now I was full of despair, life seemed all in  
the past.  
I went to my desk and got out pen and  
paper to write one last word to Gilbert.  
"Your comrade," I wrote, "have just left  
the Grange for London. Gwendoline has sailed  
for India. I can only leave her to-morrow,  
and set foot in St. Gabriel's Grange no more.  
If you would take it, and set me free from  
the burden of my trust, I might have peace,  
and some day perhaps you will learn that you  
have misjudged me; but I shall trouble you  
with no more letters after this one. I leave  
directions that the house shall be kept in per-  
fect order, and be in readiness for your  
home-coming. It will so stay until you come,  
whether you return now or wait until I am  
dead."  
"Always unchanged and unchanging,"  
"VIOLA THORNE."  
Annie knew I was to leave that next day.  
She had begged hard that I would stay, and  
let her remain with me; and perhaps she  
thought me unkind to refuse.  
"It is quite natural you should want to go  
home—I know it is," she said. "But if I  
could only have stayed with you, Viola!"  
I had no heart to tell her that Gilbert and  
I were parted for ever; I knew how amazed  
and indignant she would be, what questions  
she would put upon me, with what loving  
sympathy she would surround me, and I  
could not bear it. Every one would learn  
soon enough.  
I suppose the servants must have thought  
my manner a little strange—possibly they  
talked among themselves; but I did not  
notice them, and indeed to me they main-  
tained always the same quiet respectful  
manner. So I gave my simple orders, and  
packed my small wardrobe, and wandered  
all day through the big desolate rooms, gaz-  
ing at the azure and or of the Gascoigne  
arms in the lozenge-paneled, deep-sunk win-  
dows, peering the long oak-paneled cor-  
ridors, walking up and down the long apart-  
ments, with their tapestries and furniture  
and rich colors, where the Gascoigne an-  
cestors looked down reproachfully and con-  
temptuously at the small dark creature who  
had no right or place among them.  
I had strayed once more into Mr. Gas-  
coigne's room, and was standing beside the  
little chess-table and the large leather arm-  
chair, when the servant sought me out, and  
said that Mr. Carden wished to speak with  
me.  
"I will not see him," I answered quickly.  
"Tell him I cannot."  
The maid went away; but in a few min-  
utes she returned with a slip of folded pa-  
per, on which was written—  
"Let me see you, I beg for five minutes. It  
is the last time. I have something important  
to say. Do not refuse for your own sake."  
A moment more I hesitated whether I  
would see the man who had ruined my hap-  
piness. Did he know that he had done so?  
Did he guess the true meaning of Gilbert's

hasty journey? I was only a girl; and a  
girl is so easily deceived by a man who pro-  
fesses to love her. I did not believe in my  
heart that Crawford Carden had any true  
love for me. I disliked him more than ever.  
Was not his conduct with regard to Gwen-  
doline enough to blacken him in any wo-  
man's eyes? But still I knew it had been  
pursued farther than the verge of folly.  
No credit to him? No, I did not credit his  
protestations; I knew he had lied. And yet  
those protestations remained in my memory,  
and I thought, if he had one spark of honor,  
would he not let Gilbert know I was inno-  
cent? Gilbert might believe him, though he  
had not believed me. He could hardly re-  
fuse to believe assurances from Mr. Carden's  
own lips.  
So I went down-stairs into the drawing-  
room to see Crawford Carden.  
He crossed the room to meet me, smiling  
under his black mustache and a flash of  
triumph in his eyes.  
"This is kind of you," he said. "I hoped  
you would not refuse."  
"You have something important to say?"  
I asked directly.  
"Yes, indeed. Can you not guess what it  
is, Viola?"  
"You have no right to address me in that  
way, Mr. Carden; it is reserved for my  
friends."  
"Forgive me, I thought you knew me to  
be one of them long ago. I did not mean to  
vex you. You have not forgotten what  
passed between us at our last meeting?"  
"Is that likely?"  
"No, I know it is not. You were angry  
with me then—you would not listen to me;  
and you have been angry with me ever  
since. Thinking that through me Gilbert Gas-  
coigne was some way, I did not see."  
"I came to hear what you had to tell me,  
Mr. Carden, not to argue points with you."  
"Ah, you cannot deny it! I am not sur-  
prised; it is so natural on your part to settle  
things thus. But it is not the truth. I must  
speak frankly, Miss Thorne, whether I of-  
fend or not. I have to tell you the truth, and  
I fear it will be unpleasant; but it is right  
you should know."  
"Tell me the truth, by all means. Never  
mind the unpleasantness. That, I suppose,  
will be for me."  
"Gilbert Gascoigne, then, left you because  
he thought you were the Grange without  
marrying you. It has nothing to do with  
you at all, but I will tell you. The other  
is the real truth. You are very angry;  
perhaps you are so because—"  
"I do not."  
"I admire you the more for it. But listen.  
I came to tell you for your own sake; you  
had better know now than later, and, sooner  
or later, you must face the fact. I was  
Gilbert Gascoigne's partner; I told him  
frankly I thought Mr. Gascoigne might fur-  
vor you in his will, though naturally I did  
not guess the extent. He courted you to ur-  
gratulate himself, not you secretly while he  
knew I, with his uncle's sanction, was try-  
ing to win you for my wife. No doubt you  
suppose my reasons were no better than his.  
Wait a bit. Mr. Gascoigne dies; you are his  
heir."  
"And he knew that Gilbert would there-  
fore be his heir?"  
"Mr. Gascoigne saw farther than most  
people. He knew human nature, and he  
loved to set in engines to bring about the  
ends he foresaw. Gilbert has acted his part  
wisely; but a doubt arises. Hilda Farquhar  
started it—I don't deny that—but she com-  
municated it to her cousin. I was consulted.  
I gave it as my opinion, as a lawyer, that  
the will might not stand legal examination;  
but at the same time I refused to have any-  
thing to do with such despicable business.  
He will easily find a solicitor, the will will  
be disputed in court, all your relations with  
old Mr. Gascoigne and his nephews and  
nieces will be dragged before the court, and  
you can imagine which side the world will  
take."  
He looked at me, but I would not meet  
the look. I knew I was white, and my limbs  
were shaking; but I would hear him out be-  
fore I uttered a word, though I was longing  
to break into a storm of indignation.  
"Will you," he went on, "be depressed and  
stigmatized as an adventuress and a schemer?  
Will you lose at one blow your lover and  
your home, and the swiftness of the world?  
Or will you give me the right to fight for  
you—remembering that I know more than  
any one else of the intentions of Mr. Gas-  
coigne? I do not want to speak of the power  
that is in my hands, because I love you  
and want to help and defend you. Will you  
not try to love me, Viola, and be my wife?"  
He came nearer. I stepped back from  
him, and answered steadily, calibrating myself  
with one great effort—  
"I do not know, Mr. Carden, how much of  
what you say is true. It may be all as you  
tell me, or it may not. But I would never  
marry you, because I know you to be cruel  
and dishonorable; because I have neither  
love nor respect for you."  
"Take care!" he said between his teeth.  
The eager homage and the ingratiating  
tone were forgotten. He had expected to  
make some impression on me, and he sud-  
denly found he had made none. The smile,  
still remaining, had become savage, the eyes  
threatening.  
"I do not believe," I went on, "that you  
love me, because I know you better perhaps  
than you think; but I do believe that you  
are willing to marry me for the sake of St.  
Gabriel's Grange."  
"You will soon see your mistake. The  
Grange will be wrested from you."  
"It is of no use fighting me. I have no  
fear of law or loss. I have already resigned  
all right to Mr. Gascoigne's property, and  
to-day I leave the house."  
"You cannot mean that!" he cried sharp-  
ly. "Viola, it would be folly and madness  
cancel the absurdity at once! Only give me  
the right to conduct your case, and with my  
knowledge and my skill, you may be heed-  
less of scandal. I can assure success to  
you."  
"You forget," I said, "that my loss was to  
prove your disinterestedness. I do not want  
success. I give all up of my own free will  
and choice without believing any of the  
words you have uttered to calumniate Mr.  
Gilbert Gascoigne."  
"You think he will come back to you. He  
will never do that."  
"I refuse to enter into my moves. You  
have had your answer, Mr. Carden; you  
simply insult me. I must ask you to  
leave me." And I rang the bell for the ser-  
vant.  
"You are insolent and mad!" he said, in  
hissing passionate tones, unable to restrain  
his anger. "You have thwarted me at every  
turn, but you will have little cause for ex-  
ultation. I can play to your lead, and I  
will!"  
"Show this gentleman to the door," I said;  
and then, once more alone, I paced up and  
down the room, thinking how he had spoiled  
my life, and that he could do nothing more  
to darken it.  
Even then I did not know the extent of  
his baseness. I did not know that the very  
scene which had parted Gilbert and me had  
been planned by him, with Hilda as his  
tool, in the hope of furthering his own ends.  
He had gained nothing; but I had lost all.

(To be continued.)

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