BY PERMISSION OF RAND, MENALLY & CO. (CHAPTER II,-CONTINUED).

She hesitated a moment; her glance fell upon the corner of a letter projecting from the pocket of his torn and dusty uniform; that might give her his address; she leaned forward and took It gently out. The address was, "William Cavendish, Esquire; The Admiralty, Whitehall;" the seal was unbroken.

The truth broke in on her instantly; she called to the coachman and the carriage stopped. "Home!" she cried, imperatively; the horses were wheeled round. "Drive

fast?" she added, and they quickened their pace.

opened his eyes. "Are you there?" he asked; "I have a

"Yes," she said, gently, "I know; it shall be delivered at once; but now you

must come in with me." He obeyed, moving slowly and with pain; she did not offer him help from herself or her servants, for which ne was dimly grateful. In the hall stood the colonel, bland as ever, and looking as if he saw nothing unusual in Dick's appearance or costume. Camilla hastily explained the case. Dick standing by silently the while, giving his whole attention to controlling any expression of the pain in his head, which was becoming more and more severe.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "Capt Estcourt will do me the honor of making use of my room in which to rest from the fatigue of his gallant struggle against superior numbers?"

Dick followed him upstairs, but stopped short at the top of the first flight.

"I have a letter to deliver," he repeated in a tone of helpless obstinacy; "It will be too late."

"If you will intrust it to me," replied the colonel, "I will send it directly; the carriage is still at the door."

They reached a room upon the floor above, where M. de Montaut left his guest in charge of a valet and returned downstairs with the letter in his hand. At the drawing-room door he found Camilla waiting for him.

"You would be doing me a favor." the said, "by taking that letter yourself to its address."

He looked at her as if he were about to ask a question, but apparently changed his mind, and bowed instead.

"Your wish is in itself a reason more than sufficient," he said, as though half in answer to his own thought; and he went on down to the front door, and stepped into the carriage with something like a crafty smile upon his handsome face.

A quarter of an hour after his departure Dick made his appearance in the drawing-room, where he found Camilla alone. At first she was surprised and pleased to see him looking so littie the worse for his injuries; but she soon perceived by the nervous excitement of his manner and the brightness of his eyes that he was by no means out of the wood yet. He expressed his grattinde for her timely rescue, and his admiration of the skill and courage with which she had brought under control excited and disorderly a crowd. She laughed, and put the matter lightly on

"It is my brother-in-law come back," the said, in a tone of perfectly counterunconcern.

Dick looked fixedly at her! in his eyes were dumb repreach and the sadness of in unspoken farewell; about his mouth cathered the lines of resolution, and, for a moment, the curve of bitterness.

She flushed, and all her manner hanged instantly. "Don't misundertand me," she cried impulsively. "I know what you have done, and loyalty

can never fail of sympathy from me!" The colonel's step was heard ascending the stairs; she heard Dick stiffen himself to bear the news of his unwelne fortune, and felt, with a quick nee of surprise at her own weakness, hat she was too much interested to tay and see him face the ordeal. She nade some incoherent excuse and as the door opened she passed the colonel hurriedly and ras toward her own room breathless and confused. But she was stayed in mid-course by a cry from M.

de Montaut and the sound of a bell ring violently downstairs. rned half round; the colonel came out on to the stairs.

"I regret to say," he began, with experating politeness and deliberation, disappointment at the news of I was the unwilling bearer has ted our gallant friend with an of fever. What professional enhe continued, with a half "One may doubt whether my have this time favored the better

oked as if two might doubt that, nawered nothing, and the colonel to his patient.

tend to Dick's in-

might be managed, but it is a risk, and if you could, without too much inconvenience, keep him for a couple of

"do not think twice about it; convenience is nothing in a case of urgency, and Capt. Estcourt is a valued friend

The surgeon looked relieved, and went away promising to return the same evening.

Camilla for herself approved the arrangement made by her brother-in-law, but she was at the same time surprised at it. He had not only spoken of Dick. with whom he was in no way intimate, as "a valued friend"-that was, perhaps, only a piece of his habitual politeness-but he had also readily entered into a plan which did in fact involve a considerable inconvenience, and this was by no means so usual a thing for him. At least, he always had a personal motive for such acts, and she was at a loss to see an adequate one here; for the difficulty which he had thus brought upon himself was no slight In a few minutes they stopped in one. The patient had been taken from front of No. 23 Bedford square. Dick the drawing-room into a spare-room adjoining it on the same floor, and separated from it only by a partition wall of slight construction, through which the sound of conversation was by There was an awkward silence. After no means inaudible. Now, it happened by ill fortune that on this very evening matters were to be spoken of in that drawing-room which must not be overheard by any living ear. The meeting was one which could not be postponed, and no other room in the house was suitable for it, for it was to be in ap-

> as she did. As they sat at dinner she alluded to the question while the servants were absent from the room.

pearance a merely social gathering.

And all this the colonel knew as well

"Yes," replied M. de Montaut, "it is unfortunate, but it would be inhuman to move our poor friend; his safety may depend on his remaining quiet."

"On his remaining quiet!" said Camilla. "Our safety will certainly depend on that, if he does overhear us."

"Eh bien, then we will remain quiet." "It will be his duty to inform against us, 'she replied.

"As an officer, true," said her companion, cooly; "but on this occasion the gallant captain will not fulfill that duty. for he has another more imperative." She looked at him in doubt.

"The duty, I mean, of a loyal cheva-

"I know him better!" was the exclamation on her lips, but she checked it, and hesitated for an answer.

"In reality," he said, "we need fear no such complication. I have just recollected that the doctor said he intended to give his patient a composing draught at an early hour this evening, so he will hear no treason after all."

"You are sure?" she asked; "sure, I mean, that he will give it, and that it will be effectual?"

"I will see to it myself, if you wish," he replied; "but I am surprised to find you so apprehensive for our security. You used to think no risk too great to run for the good cause."

"In that," she said, hotly, "I shall never change; it is not that I am lukewarm, as you will see tonight!"

open the door for her. Before they had been in the drawing-room half an hour the surgeon returned. He brought with him the sleeping draught.

Camilla, as he produced it. "To Colonel de Montaut belongs the

credit of suggesting it," was the reply. "Really?" she said: "I should not have suspected that."

The colonel looked a little confused. Within five minutes of the doctor's departure the bell rang twice in rapid succession, and three gentlemen were ushered into the drawing-room, where Madame de Montaut was waiting to receive them. A conversation on the most general subjects at once began, but there was an air of expectation in the manner of all, and when the colonel entered every one turned to him as though with an unspoken inquiry. He greeted the two newcomers, and

turned to Madame de Montaut. think we may begin now," he said.

She looked at him and raised her eyebrows interrogatively. He nodded to signify that Dick was fast asleep, and sat down at a small table, laying a

bundle of papers upon it. "My friends," he said, "I have summoned you to-night to propose a fresh

He looked at the faces around him and observed that Camilla was similarly occupied. His hearers showed by their looks that they perfectly understood his meaning, but were either reserved or unenthusiastic in the matter.

"M. Carnac," he continued, with grave politeness, bowing to the elderly gentleman who sat nearest to him, "it is from you that we have learned to expect a critical judgment. Are you not of opinion that the time has come for renewed activity?"

"It has come again and again," replied the person addressed, "but ways without result."

"No doubt," said the colonel; "but that has been solely due to a want of forethought and energy, which must not occur again." "Yes, indeed!" exclaimed a short gen-

tleman, with a beard, who was evidently an Englishman; "there have who was called in, been good enough plans laid, but no one fit to be trusted with their execu-

> The third of the visitors turned upon "You will pardon me," he said, with some serimony, 'If I differ entirely: i inion, the stay-at-homes lame, in devising imposs which they take th

your instructions with a courage and loyalty which would have secured a triumph if your directors had not made a cruel mistake in their calculations. These two fatal forms of error must be avoided. We must think and act with equal certainty, and all will be well."

Mr. Holmes shook his head in sulky silence. The Comte de Rabodanges exclaimed, fiercely, "It is too much to expect; the cat does not offer her paw a second time!"

During this altercation Camilla had sat silent, but with growing impatience; her eyes flashed and her cheeks were flery-red. The colonel, always ready to turn the force of others to account for his own purpose, hastened to give the final impulse to her pent-up indignation. He looked at her, and raised his shoulders and eyebrows in a gesture of resignation.

"You!" she cried; "you too despair at "Oh!" cried the colonel, interrupting, the eleventh hour? What do these doubts and recriminations mean? Do none of you any more remember the greatness of the cause you serve? Have you begun to forget the emper-

> As the lightning of this word flashed upon them her hearers started violent-

"Ah!" she went on, with quickening breath, "there is magic in the name It is perhaps because you whisper it so seldom that it has ceased of late to stir you; let us be bolder in speech and

braver in action!" "Madame," replied M. Carnac, deprecatingly, and with a bow of genuine admiration, "your enthusiasm is heroic. but it is not prudent; the boldness that you preach is likely to bring discomfiture upon us all."

"Discomfiture!" she cried with ringing scorn, "What, then, does the timidity you practice bring upon the emperor? Are we to preserve our own freedom at the price of his captivity, and amid the luxury of a great capital to shut our eyes to the misery of his exile on a lonely rock unfit for human habitation?" a moment's pause she went on again tu a more pleading tone.

"Let us for an instant look back," she said earnestly, "upon the splendor of his past career, and then consider to what the rancor of his enemies has brought him. The man of action, for whose deeds Europe was not wide enough, confined within a circuit of a dozen miles! The man of genius refused even the companionship of his best-loved books! The commander of armies with but a pair of lackeys at his call; the maker and dethroner of kings denied his royal title! Do you not know," she cried, and her voice rang deep again with anger, "do you ho know that his house is but a moldering fail, and his allowance a prisoner's pittance? Himself the most magnificently generous of men, he has been driven by sordid necessity to melt his plate; he suffers in health, he is in danger. Hejust heaven!-- from the inspiration of whose life we drew the spirit that animates our own!"

"Well spoken!" cried the colonel, skillfully following up the advantage she had gained for him: "well spoken! And all that we then had shall soon be ours again; is it not worth one more effort my friends?"

"It is, indeed," murmured M. Carnac. with a sigh. The Comte de Rabodanges grumbled, "If only it were the last." Mr. Holmes settled himself in his chair. "Well," he said, bluntly, "let's hear your plan, if you've got one."

The colonel untied his bundle of papers and spread them out upon the table in front of him.

( TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACCIDENTALLY HANGED.

A Philadelphia Child Meets with a Curious Mishap - Strangted by Her Clothes. Hanging from a hole in the wicker coach in which she had been sleeping. He bowed, and rose from the table to Mrs. Jeremiah J. Buck yesterday evening found her 16-month-old daughter. Jessie, dead, but with the warmth of life still lingering in her tiny body, says the Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Buck "That is a good idea of yours," said lives with her husband at No. 2864 Tioga street, and it was when her husband had returned from his work that the mother went to awaken the child and discovered the accident. Her screams quickly brought assistance, and an investigation disclosed the fact that the baby's death was the result of one of the most peculiar accidents on record. The little one had been placed in the old coach during the afternoon to take a nap. The coach was in the second story front room, and for some time had been the baby's sleeping place. It was about six o'clock when Mr. Buck returned home from his work and asked for Jessie. Mrs. Buck completed her preparations for supper and went upstairs to waken the child. To her surprise the coach seemed empty, and she called Jessie, thinking she had gone to hide, as she had done before. Receiving no reply she looked closer, and in the dim light saw what seemed to be a bundle protruding from a hole in the wickerwork at one end of the coach. The now frightened mother hastily procured a light and to her terror found that what she supposed was a bundle was the naked body of her baby girl, hanging by her arm pits. Her clothing, bundled up about her head, had evidently smothered her, while preventing the entire body from slipping through the hole. The child had probably been restless in her sleep and had gradually worked her body through the broken wickerwork until stopped by the clothing. The little one's arms were stretched above her head and she had evidently been prevented from making an outcry that could be heard. Snatching the still warm body in her arms Mrs. Buck ran screaming down stairs. Neighbors sent for Dr. Schwartz, and the little one's body was bathed in mustard water. Artificial respiration was also tried, but all efforts were useless. The child was dead. Jessie was a very pretty, goldenhaired girl, the pet of the neighborhood, and her tragic death created quite a

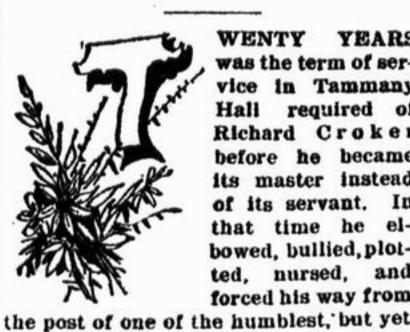
It Was "Elevator Knee."

A woman who made her initial attempt recently to ride a wheel was discouraged to find that her knees seemed stiff and very quickly tired of the effort to work the pedals. Speaking to her physician about it, he told her she was undoubtedly affected with what is known as "elevator knee." This was a hitherto unknown malady to her, but it has been referred to before in public prints, and is a recognized affection not uncommon with those whose life in a "lift" apartment house almost does away with the use of those knee muscles exercised in going up and down stairs.

LEADER. TAMMANY'S

RICHARD CROKER, OTHERWISE "THE SILENT MAN."

for the Position That Highest Ambition o His Life-Not Afraid of Accusations Master of himself.



WENTY YEARS was the term of service in Tammany Hall required of Richard Croker before he became its master instead of its servant. In that time he elbowed, bullied, plotted, nursed, and forced his way from

also one of the most desperate, of its subordinates to the dictatorship. He became the sovereign of Tammany because he had fairly earned the sceptre. He developed in many ways, but especially in self-control, as he mounted. In 1865 he was, if not a rough himself, the associate of roughs. In the early sixties he was, by trade, when he chose to ply it, a mechanic. Twenty years later he was receiving the distinguished consideration of the officers of the very railroad company whose engines he had once helped to make and drive. Living among men who were bullies by nature, and to whom politics meant the associations of the saloon, and the evasion and even the direct violation of the laws, he disclosed a courage which none of his associates could match, and a power of self-assertion which none of them could gainsay. But by 1885 he had become a man of silence. speaking only when he found it necessary to speak, and had brough his passions under rare control. He had mastered, too, some of the conventionalities which give at least a hint of refined associations. He had learned to govern by moral force, instead of by the fist. He had discovered the power that is in a look, a word, rather than brutal shoutings, and rough and tumble exploits on the pavement. He had learned that if he was to master Tammany he must first be the master of Richard Croker's weaker nature. knew that within Tammany, or indirectly associated with it, were men who cared for the rough only to use him at caucuses and on election day, and who otherwise shrank from association with him; and thus he became ambitious,



RICHARD CROKER.

with some pretense of gentility, and to keep the Bowery swagger as inconspicnous as possible in the proceedings of Tammany Hall. Moreover, he knew that while to be suspected is the lot of any political leader, so long as suspicion does not lead to proof it need not seriously harm the man whose vocation is the control of political affairs. Therefore, he seems to have so shaped his conduct that, whatever might be said of his subordinates, no one could fortify accusation with proof of legal lapses

GEORGIA MAN'S LUCK.

fie Won a Bride by Being Aukward-

A Recent Wedding A business man of enviable standing in Savannah, Ga., was married a few days ago as a result of his own clumsiness in a street car. Last summer he started downtown to his office one after noon with a large umbrella under his arm. His mind was much preoccupied with the details of a business venture of some moment, and he was unaware that he carried the umbrella at a dangerous angle. Before he could reach a vacant seat the car gave a lurch and he was thrown off his balance. He was conscious of having struck somebody with the umbrella and coincidentally with his becoming aware of that fact a woman just behind him emitted an ear-splitting scream. Everybody jumpand looked and to his horror the young man found that the point of his umbrella had come in contact with the nose of the young lady seated just behind him. Of course, he apologized, or tried, but it was like apologizing for murder over the body of the victim, for the lady's nose was bleeding and she was almost in convulsions with pain.

The car was stopped at the next corner, where there happened to be drug store, and the young man, aided and abetted by one or two elderly ladies, who at once took a lively interest in the case, helped the young lady off and into the store, and posted off after a doctor. One was found, the unlucky nose was soon put in working order and the owner, attended by the married ladies, was sent home in a carriage.

The young man took her address an nunted up a mutual acquaintance, wit how the nose was getting along. The cover with good cider vinegar

nose did well, so did the young man, for by the time the nose was out of danger he had got into the habit of calling so that it became natural for him to step around in the evening. The acquaintance thus oddly begun proved fortunate for both parties to the accident. Each developed sincere admiration for the other and the result was a wedding the other evening. At the supper which followed, the bridegroom, in response to a toast, said he was probably the only man in the United States whose courtship had begun by his giving his future wife a punch in the nose.

LATE HENRY REEVE.

He Was Editor of the "Edinburgh Review" and a Great Scholar.

Mr. Henry Reeve has died at the advanced age of 82, and the Edinburgh Review is once more without an editor. Mr. Reeve succeeded the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis in the editorship of the great quarterly in 1855, and he carried on the tradition of Jeffrey with acknowledged success. A master of French and German, he published a considerable number of translations, including De Tocqueville's "Democracy," but his chief literary achievement was the editing of Charles Greville's "Jour-



HENRY REEVE.

nal." This was a task of unexampled delicacy, for Greville wrote about his contemporaries without the least reserve, and was particularly candid in his criticisms of the illustrious personages with whom, in his capacity of clerk of the privy council, he was brought into close contact. It was understood at the time that Mr. Reeve deferred to the judgment of the queen several important points connected with the pupblication of the "Journal;" but it was also said that the work excited a by no means favorable interest at the court. It remains, however, one of the most important contributions to our social and political history. Mr. Reeve held the post of registrar to the privy council till 1887. He was on terms of close intimacy with some of the most eminent men of letters in France, and one of his last visits abroad was paid to the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly. In the domain of foreign politics he had a wide experience, much appreciated by more than one of our statesmen.

AN IOWA BEAUTY.

Lizzle Taylor, Who Was Lately Adjudged Queen of Beauty.

Miss Lizzie Katherine Taylor of Albia, lowa, has been finishing her musical education in Chicago. The sweetness and charm of her manner has just received unique recognition from friends in her native state. At the Iowa state fair, recently held at Des Moines, Miss Taylor was awarded the palm of beauty among sixty competi-Many-indeed, most-of the younk women were entered in the contest without their knowledge, enthusiastic friends taking a liberty which is common in the Hawkeye state. The contest was warm, though good-natured, the friends of each candidate using all the usual means to win votes for their favorite, but Miss Taylor was declared the winner, many of the most active adherents of other girls saying after it was all over that the prize was worthily awarded. The successful candidate is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Taylor. While yet a mere child she gave evidence of possessing much musical talent and her parents determined that it should not be hidden under a bushel. Local instruction was



MISS LIZZIE K. TAYLOR.

given the young musician in the primary branches, after which she was sent to Chicago, where for several years she took private lessons. Now Miss Taylor is regarded as one of the best musicians in Iowa. Even before completing her education she had given entertalaments in several cities of her native state, meeting with unvarying sy-

Piccallily.

Half a peck of green tomatoes, one large head of cabbage, six red peppers and one bunch of celery; chop all finely together, place in a large stone jar with alternate layers of salt and let stand for twenty-four hours. Press or squeeze from it all the water possible and add one tablespoonful each of celery and mustard seed. Place in stone jars and

Queer Facts About Air. The celebrated chemist of the sixteenth century who argued that it would be impossible for us to live on the earth's surface if the atmosphere should suddenly increase to twice its present thickness could not have been far wrong after all-that is, if the experiments of Dr. Arnott are to be taken as conclusive. In his observations on atmospheric pressure at the bottom of the deep mining shafts of Europe, Prof. Arnott has found that the change between the readings of a barometer at the bottom of a 4,000-foot shaft and one at the surface is great enough to warrant him in making the statement that air at the bottom of a shaft twenty miles deep would be as dense as water. Figuring on the same ratio he finds that if a hole could be sunk forty miles into the bowels of the earth the density of the air at the bottom would be as great as that of quicksilver .- St. Louis Re-

Her Tender Heart.

It was the woman who will stop a horse-car twice inside of twenty feet to keep from walking the small extra distance and who will let a man with both arms full of bundles stand up rather than move over half a foot to let him sit down.

"The doctor says that we must boil our water," she said to her friend. "Yes," was the reply. "It isn't much

trouble." "No. But I hate to do it. It does seem such a horrible death for those poor little microbes and things."-Washington Star.

"The Devil's Anvil" is the title of the latest story by Mary Kyle Dallas, and her publishers are working the bellows for it.

"I would like some powder, please." "Face or bug?"-Life.

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