



RUTHVEN'S WARD BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

CHAPTER IX. Instead of answering the boy, Ruthven turned to the girl and asked: "Is this true?"

"Yes, Mr. Ruthven," she replied, with downcast head. He did not make any comment at the intelligence so abruptly communicated to him for a few minutes, and then he said:

"This is very sudden, Hamilton." "Sudden, do you call it, uncle? You forget it is six weeks since you left us here, with one another for company. How could I have any choice but to fall in love with her, unless, indeed, I had taken up with old Garrett, and that would scarcely have pleased you better?"

"I did not say I was displeased, Hamilton." "Oh, sir! I hope you are not," interposed Margaret.

"But I must take time to consider your request, and this is not the moment for discussing it. I have just come off a long and fatiguing journey, and you ought to be at your lessons." The disappointed man of the world could not resist the temptation of giving his boy-rival that unworthy little cut. But Hamilton received it with his usual equanimity.

"My studies, you mean, uncle. All right, we won't say anything more about it till the evening, then, when you will be rested, and I shall be at leisure. Good-bye till dinner-time. Ta, ta, Pearl!"

And he ran away as hastily as he had entered. Ruthven prepared to quit the room. Margaret approached him timidly. "You are not angry, Mr. Ruthven?"

"Of course not, my dear. What have I to be angry about? Only this proposal of Hamilton's is far too serious a matter to be settled in a moment. I do not wish to disappoint either of you, but I really do not see my way to accede to his wish at present."

Margaret began to cry. "Would it be so great a trouble to you to give up the idea of marrying my nephew?" he inquired, seeing the tears upon her cheek.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Ruthven! We love each other so very, very much. And Hamilton says he will never marry any one but me. And I would die rather than marry any one but him."

Ruthven recognized the childishness of the expression, but not a higher value by the reasoning than it deserved. He sighed deeply, and turned away. "I promise you one thing, Margaret. I will do what appears to me to be the best and wisest thing for both you and Hamilton, and if your attachment is sincere, I will put no obstacle in the way of your future union. I can say no more than that."

It was a great deal for him to say so much. If the girl had fully read the sacrifice his great heart made in saying it, she would have knelt down and worshipped him as something more than man. But she had no idea of the pain she had inflicted.

Meanwhile, Ruthven found his way up to his own room, and summoned Mrs. Garrett to a conference. "How much have you known of this confounded piece of folly between Hamilton and Margaret O'Reilly?" he demanded of her.

perhaps," she added timidly, "he thinks I am not a fit wife for you." "It's no such thing, Pearl! It's all his cross-grained nature. If ever I wanted a thing in this life he opposed it. And as for your fitness, I believe you're as such of a lady as any girl in London."

"Oh, Hamilton." "I do. Look at your hands and feet, and your beautiful face. My belief is that you're a duke's daughter in disguise, or that some wicked nurse stole you away from your home and substituted her own brat instead of you."

The girl blushed and smiled at her young lover's far-fetched fancy, but was very pleased at it all the same, and mingled her lamentations freely with his over their coming separation, although he could never induce her to join in his abuse of her guardian.

Ruthven's plans on behalf of his nephew throve, however, without an obstacle, and some few weeks after his return from Paris, he had first the pleasure of witnessing a tearful and passionate farewell between Hamilton and Margaret, and secondly, the satisfaction of conveying the lad to Dover and shipping him off to Calais.

As the boat steamed off from the pier, and Ruthven acknowledged the last wave of his nephew's hand, he felt a glow steal over him in the conviction that it was the finest day's work he had done for a long time.

And then he returned to the little house in Kensington and Margaret O'Reilly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

RIVALS IN PALM RAISING.

Miss Gould and Mr. Rockefeller are engaged in a friendly contest. Miss Helen M. Gould and Mr. William Rockefeller, at their residences on the Hudson, are rivals in raising palms.

Miss Gould's palm range is probably the finest in America, and she is in the lead in the palm race for honors. Miss Gould's palm rockery contains many rare specimens from the southern zone, among which are noted the sago palm, dracaenas, crotons, marantas, screw pines, onychiums, pteris, and many other frosted varieties.

In her main conservatory Kalmia latifolia, the calico bush, the amaryllis and harrisi lily form the rare varieties of flowering plants. Here also are forced the lady slipper, cecidias, the otheaite orange, the arabicaria excelsa and the nephralipsa das alleoides furcans. The otheaite is a charming small orange tree, and are either in flower or fruit constantly.

The oranges are small, but finely fruited. Carnations are Miss Gould's favorite flowers. She has large beds of the Helen Keller, the finest fancy variety of carnations. She also has the Lizzie McGowan, Buttercup and Portia. The American Beauty rose is also highly cultivated in the Gould conservatories. Although Miss Gould may excel Mr. Rockefeller in the vast variety of plants and ferns, she cannot furnish at a moment's notice fresh lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, water-cresses, tomatoes and peaches, and, in fact, all kinds of garden produce.

Mr. Rockefeller has recently had some fern pans filled with creeping lycopodium, and in the center of each pan a small palm of a rare variety is now growing quite rapidly. When these have reached their growth there is prospect that they will outclass the magnificent palms of Miss Gould.

Indian Privilege in Maine.

There is trouble among the Penobscot Indians at Indian Island, Oldtown, twelve miles from Bangor, the home of the largest and most important Indian tribe in Maine, over an order of the Maine Central railroad, just issued, that they must pay full fare when traveling on that road.

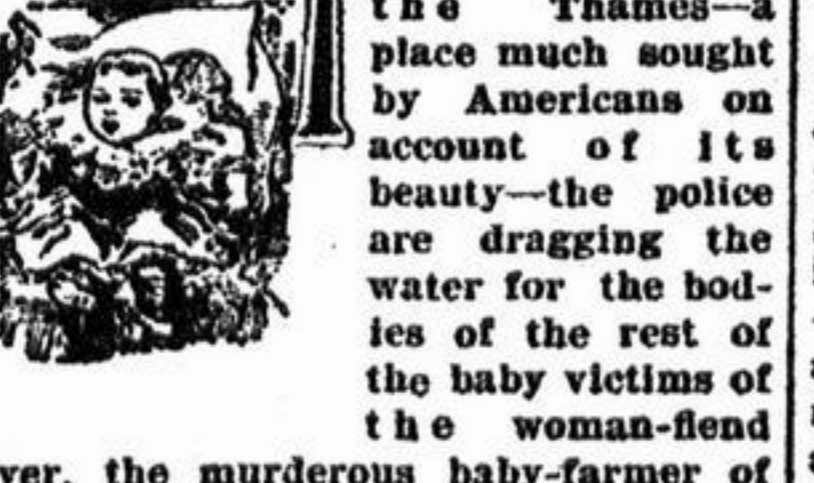
For sixty years the Indians have been allowed to pay the same fare as children, the custom having its origin here. When the Bangor & Vesie, the first railroad in Maine, was built, the road carried many Indians up river and Gen. Samuel Vesie of this city, then the wealthiest man in Maine, who was president of the road, allowed the Indians to ride at children's rates and for the sixty years since the custom has continued.

MURDER FOR MONEY.

FIENDISH WORK OF MRS. DYER THE BABY STRANGLER.

Julian Ralph at the Scene of Her Wanton Crimes—Police Continue to Unearth Ghastly Evidence Against Her—A Portrait.

(London Letter.)



IN one of the very prettiest reaches of the Thames—a place much sought by Americans on account of its beauty—the police are dragging the water for the bodies of the rest of the woman-fiend Dyer, the murderous baby-farmer of Reading.

I sent a reporter down there yesterday, and he has returned with a budget of news, easily obtained, and yet not published in the London or the local newspapers. The police, to be sure, display the utmost reticence upon the subject of their knowledge regarding the murders, whose rumored number has startled England. The only statement they made that seems to me worth reporting for America is that the case will prove to be the most serious of its kind of the century. They hinted vaguely at the near approach of sensational disclosures, and one of them said that he had not the least doubt that the murderers had been at their work for at least ten years, and in that period have made way with at least three hundred infants!

The reporter, while at Reading, gleaned from various sources the following facts concerning the nurse Dyer and her history: She is a stout, well-built woman, 5 feet 8 inches in height, about 50 years of age, and of very good address. She

a customer unless and until the cash was paid down. Her advertisements were all of the conventional type, all too numerous even now. In the midst of this excitement, in the lower class London dailies and weeklies. Her mode of advertising was as follows: "ADOPTION—Lady having no child wishes to adopt infant; premium £10; loving home."

But she was not of that band of baby destroyers who go to the pains to pretend that they need a child in order to secure an estate, and who say: "Baby wanted; must be from birth; would wait."

The house in Reading at which Mrs. Dyer was arrested is shown in an accompanying photograph, especially taken by a photographer whose suggestive address is "Body Road, Reading." The house consists of six rooms—three bedrooms, a parlor, a kitchen and a scullery. It forms one of a long row of similar dwellings, and is neatly and comfortably furnished. Inquiries among the neighbors elicited the fact that Mrs. Dyer appeared to them to be a quiet and respectable woman.

The story of the manner in which the present case was developed against her has been but scantily dealt with in the cable reports.

On Monday, March 30, a parcel was found in the river, and when it was opened it was seen to contain the body of a female child. An address on the parcel led to the arrest of Mrs. Dyer, and the police are able to prove that she borrowed some string and took out with her a paper parcel on that day; also that the string around the parcel was identical with the string she borrowed.

On Wednesday, April 8, a man who was dragging the river brought up a parcel of linen rags. When the parcel reached the surface of the water a brick dropped out, and also the head of a child, which floated upon the surface of the river. On examination of the parcel it was found that some tape had been tied tightly round the neck of the deceased child.

On Friday, the 10th, a third body was

Live with all your might, with all your mind and heart and soul. Live to the utmost of your power up to the utmost verge of life. Make your life rich, strong, wise, happy; take into it all that nature or books or friendships or tender memories of great hopes can give you; and then let it pour out as freely as it pours in. Live as if life were exhaustless, and you shall know its exhaustlessness. Live for others.—Rev. T. H. Beaton.

The new Russian consumption cure is by the inhalation of aniline vapors.

X-Rays Hood's Sarsaparilla. Of test and trial prove Hood's Sarsaparilla to be unequalled for purifying the blood because Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Findings—The best, of course, you tell your dressmaker, and trust to her using the S.H. & M. BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING. Why don't you tell her to use it or, better still, buy it yourself? If your dealer will not supply you we will.

SWAMP ROOT. The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c & \$1. Advice & Pamphlet Free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Are You Going to Cripple Creek? The Santa Fe Route is the most direct and only through broad-gauge line from Chicago and Kansas City to the celebrated Cripple Creek gold mining district. Luxurious Pullmans, free chair car, fastest time, and low rates. A profusely illustrated book, descriptive of Cripple Creek, will be mailed free of charge on application to G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Monacaok Bldg., Chicago.

Just Out. A new device to prevent Ladies' Dress Skirts from coming down. 25 cent stamp for sample and terms to sender. Dr. J. P. & Co., 115 N. 2nd St., Chicago, Ill.

Nature's Beauty Spots. Are nowhere so prominent as in the East. The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway will take you there without fatigue or annoyance. Visit Chautauque, Niagara, the Adirondacks, Catskills, Lake George, Thousand Islands, the Hudson or Sea Shore resorts. An ideal vacation. Refreshing rest, with variety of choice enough to satisfy every one. Booklet, giving complete information as to routes, rates, etc., FREE! C. K. WILBER, Western P. A., CHICAGO.

Before deciding on your Summer Outing, consult the "Four-Track Series," the New York Central's beautiful book of travel. Illustrated Catalogue sent free, post-paid, on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York. OPIUM. Health Cure. Est. in 1871. Thousands cured. Cheapest and best cure. First Trial. State case. Dr. Mann, Quincy, Ill.



MRS. DYER. (From Police Picture.)

was dressed when arrested in the garb of a nurse.

She was convicted several years ago of neglecting babies under her care, and when living at Bristol, two or three years ago, inquiries were made by the police respecting a child that had been in her care and that could not be located. Mrs. Dyer then threw herself into a canal in that city, but was rescued from suicide and confined as insane in the Gloucester asylum. She was afterwards handed over to the workhouse authorities at Barton Regis, where, at the Workhouse, she met with Mrs. Smith (the "Grannie" of this date), whom she persuaded to come and live with her. The old lady consented, and they took rooms in Bristol, later on moving to Cardiff, where they were joined by Mrs. Dyer's daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer.

They then rented a large house and furnished it on the installment system. Mrs. Dyer obtained several children, and when the rent became due they left and came to live at Elm Villas, Caversham, a suburb of Reading. The Palmers left—presently separated from the Dyer woman and went to London, and just before last Christmas the woman and "Grannie" took the house in Kensington Road.

Palmer is Mrs. Dyer's son-in-law, and it is believed that it will be made to appear that he assisted her in her nefarious work and received the premiums paid for the care of the children, in several instances. He is under the middle age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, of slender build, and when arrested was stylishly dressed in a frock coat and faultlessly fashioned trousers, as well as a silk hat and a shepherd's plaid necktie. He has auburn hair and a light moustache. He is feeling his position very acutely, and has grown very haggard.

If it be proven that the "commission business" in which he has been engaged was the receiving of the moneys paid by mothers who, for various reasons desired to part with their little ones, it will be found that he never took less than \$50 at a time—or £10 English money—for in all her career that was the figure at which Mrs. Dyer rated her services. For many years she has been advertising in the London and provincial papers as willing to adopt infants on those terms. She never took a child or evinced any interest in

recovered, near the footbridge at the Clappers. It proved to be that of a child, and was wrapped up in a cloth and tied round with a string. There was a large brick in the parcel. The body was that of a child of about 9 months of age. It was supposed that the little baby was suffocated by having something placed in its mouth. It is impossible to say how long the body had been in the water.

On the same afternoon another parcel was brought up from the center of the footbridge. In this were found the bodies of two infants, accompanied by such other paraphernalia as warranted a strong suspicion that the murderer of the children previously found was also the destroyer of the lives of these.

With regard to these accessories, the tape used to strangle the babies, the brick invariably found in each parcel and those other implements which serve the police as bases for the case they will bring against Mrs. Dyer, it is



MRS. DYER'S HOUSE. (Where the Babies Were Killed.) Important to say that apparently all her victims were treated in the same way. I am assured that the rumors that several bodies of babies found drowned in the Thames in or around London will be traced to Mrs. Dyer are incorrect. In every case she appears to have weighted the parcels with bricks, so that they sank immediately, and the bodies found near London are not known to have been treated in this way in any single instance.