



CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Whereupon he rose, and went out into the street. He strolled aimlessly...

"You shall ascertain for yourself," answered Walter suddenly. "I intended to leave my father's life for her to read. You may read it to-night, and then answer me if I am not justified in refusing to clasp that woman's hand. Nay, send me word before eight in the morning, and if after learning that sorrowful story you bid me apologize to Mrs. Dacre, I declare solemnly I will do it. I shall only agitate you by remaining longer. You know my wish respecting the manuscript, which I will send to you immediately, Lady Eleanor. Do not grieve for such a hapless soul as mine. God bless you! Good-night."

Walter returned to his own lodgings, dispatched a messenger with the manuscript to Collinwood House, and sat down to write what he believed his last message to Eleanor. He was interrupted by the viscount.

"I have just seen Dacre," said he. "He wishes to change the hour of meeting, and make it as early certainly as seven. The rumor has got out, and he fears a police interruption. Have you any objection?"

"None," briefly responded Walter, keeping on with his writing.

"Ab, Vernon, I cannot bear to think what may happen to this hand of yours, so magical with the brush. For mercy's sake give me some little word of apology."

"Apology—pshaw! That woman knows what she is about. There can be no apology; she thinks my death will make her safe. Leave me, my kind friend, if you have no better consolation than that."

The viscount took his hat and left the room without another word.

Only once, through that feverish, restless night was Walter disturbed. A servant came to the door, saying a strange man below wished to see him immediately. Not suspecting it was a messenger from Lady Annabel, but imagining it had something to do with the police detention, he refused to see him.

CHAPTER XIV.

HEB threatening clouds of the past night gave out slow drops of rain, pattering dimly on the pavement, as Walter's haggard face looked forth from the chamber window. It was well in consonance with his feelings.

He went about his toilet duties with a sort of stolid calmness, wound his watch with scarcely a throb of pain, when the thought that long before its ticking ceased his hand might be cold in death. Then, after a hasty cup of coffee, he wrapped himself in his cloak and went forth to the appointed rendezvous with his second.

Somerset was waiting for him with a cabriolet. When they reached the field they found Dacre waiting there. The moor looked black and dreary in the dripping rain, without the pleasant prospect clear weather gave it, missing sorely the bright glimpse of the Thames, the huge city with St. Paul's noble dome rising out of the smoky belt below, and the white-winged feet waiting around the wharves, like carrier doves ready for their mission.

Silently the ground was measured, the glittering weapons examined and handed to their owners. Walter folded his arms over his with a scornful smile. Then was raised the fatal handkerchief and an awful stillness settled a moment on the air, but it was broken suddenly by a wild scream in a woman's voice.

All turned in alarm. A carriage came tearing through the misty clouds, the coachman lashing recklessly the plunging horses. Scarcely a moment after its appearance the door was flung open and a woman sprang frantically into their midst. What was the astonishment of all to see, as she flung back her veil, the surpassingly beautiful, but ashy white and mournful face of Lady Annabel Collinwood. She sprang to Walter's side.

"Thank God, I am not too late! Rash boy!" she added, with unutterable passion. "For what shadow would you peril the life that is dear to Eleanor? I have read your father's awful story, and yet I say you must apologize to Mr. Dacre and leave this dismal place."

"Apology—for refusing the hand of Annabel Marston—never!" ejaculated Walter, firmly.

"Hush, hush, Paul Kirkland's son—it is I who am the Annabel Marston of his story."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at Walter's feet? He stood transfixed in astonishment, staring wildly into her face. The pistol dropped from his nerveless grasp, but no word came from his paralyzed tongue.

Lady Annabel motioned for Walter to assist her to the carriage. He did so, folding his arm carefully around her to steady her faltering steps, and yet it was the Annabel Marston he had taught himself to abhor and despise. She smiled mournfully at his assiduous care for her, and said, faintly:

"Go home with me, Walter, and you shall know the secret of the mournful story. Perchance you may feel more sympathy with your father's destroyer than you have believed possible."

Walter took the seat beside her, and though not another word was spoken, never removed his eyes from the wan, deathly face that lay back wearily against the cushions. Was this the proud, stately, admired woman before whom nobility and genius bowed in homage? That Lady Annabel whose perfection and superiority shamed even the virtuous? The woman who had deliberately deceived a loving, trusting heart, sold herself for dross, dipped her fair hands in crime? No wonder Walter walked as in a dream when he followed up the polished staircase to the luxurious, elegant room of Lady Annabel.

Eleanor's pale face just looked in a moment, and was vanishing, when her mother called her.

"Come in, my love; I need you. Take away my hat and cloak, and bring my cordial, without calling Claudine."

The affectionate daughter complied, gently removing the bonnet and stroking fondly the glossy ebony hair. Lady Annabel rested a few moments after drinking the cordial, and then said, calmly:

"Sit down here by my side, my children, and I will relate the humiliating story, which my poor Eleanor has heard before, and scarcely yet recovered from the shock. I was brought up at my grandfather's, for my mother died at my birth, and my father lived only two years after her. My earliest remembrances are of the childish terror with which I regarded my father's sister, the Hon. Pamela Marston, and of the passionate love lavished upon the only being who cared for me, my Aunt Marcia Wellesford, my mother's eldest sister. A little later came an intense hatred of my beautiful cousin Flora, the especial pet and pride of the Marstons. My father married against the wishes of his family, and from the moment he brought his bride to his father's house, my mother was the object of his haughty sisters' dislike and persecution. I know this no better now than I realized it then; for the enmity bestowed upon the mother was not buried in her coffin, but survived to torment me.

THE "HUNTING" COW.

How a Nebraska Man Deceives the WHP Game.

"Hunting Cow" is the name given by John Stevers of Ames, Neb., to a unique device for sportsmen, says the New York World. The finest wild-goose hunting in the United States is found in the meadows of Nebraska. The fowl are very knowing, and distinguish the figure of a hunter a long distance, whereupon they fly away. Horses, cattle and sheep are not feared by the geese, and they graze in the very midst of the flocks of birds. Inventor Stevers has taken advantage of this by constructing a machine outwardly resembling a cow. The frame is made of very light willow, covered with canvas, painted reddish brown and white. An opening near the front legs permits the hunter to enter. His head fits in a hat-like frame which supports the head of the cow. A hole in the forehead permits him to see. When the hunter walks the hind legs automatically keep step with the forelegs and the tail switches realistically. The head can be moved by the hunter in any direction. When a field is reached in which a flock of geese are feeding the hunter inside the "cow" simulates the movements of grazing cattle until within gunshot of the game. By drawing a bolt the fore part of the cow falls apart and enables the hunter to use his gun at short range. The inventor asserts that other game than geese may be successfully stalked by the mechanical cow. The device will sell for \$30. It is to be so made as to be easily taken apart and packed for transportation.

The Neustretter.

"The Neustretter," who stirred the Bois and Champs Elysees loungers with envy of her clothes and turnouts what time the Vanderbilt divorce was on the tapis, is again in evidence with equipments of the newest and finest, and another New York millionaire has set the tongue of tout Paris wagging.

The fussy part of the affair is that the millionaire accredited with the present episode is well past the half century and up to the present time has lived with the regularity of an old-time New England deacon, without a suspicion of wild oats about him.

In his youth and early manhood, when fredaines are to be expected, he lived in the odor of respectability, although a man of great wealth, wide travel and yachting propensities and now—Ichabod!

Well, humanity is a curious compound and men make queer breaks. In this present case a number of cognate and connected sinners are chucking and conversely several aristocratic families, whose names are synonymous with the straight and narrow path, are plunged into the depths of gloom.—New York Journal.

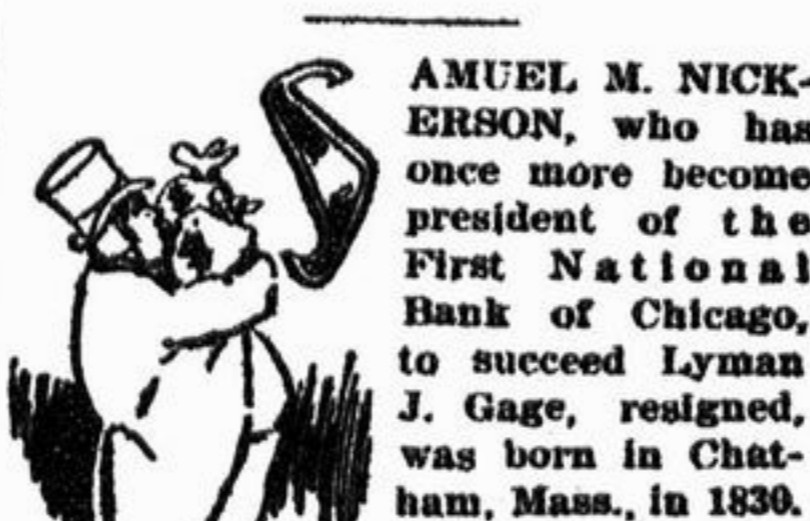
Losses Many Things.

"Does a girl lose caste by riding a wheel?" asks Harper's Weekly. Not necessarily. But she sometimes loses her complexion and not infrequently her balance.

IN L. J. GAGE'S SHOES.

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Samuel M. Nickerson, Who Succeeds to the Position of the Secretary of the Treasury is a Skillful Financier—His Career as a Banker.



AMUEL M. NICKERSON, who has once more become president of the First National Bank of Chicago, to succeed Lyman J. Gage, resigned, was born in Chatham, Mass., in 1830. He has been a resident of Chicago

since 1857, and during all the time of his residence has been interested in banking and other enterprises requiring capital and financial training. Mr. Nickerson was elected vice-president of the First National when that bank was organized in 1863, and was later made president and continued in that position until January, 1891, when he resigned and was succeeded by Mr. Gage. Since that time he has traveled extensively in this country and abroad, and made one tour of the world. Whenever he has been in Chicago he has given his time to the bank, and has been chairman of the discount committee. He will now devote his entire time to the bank. Mr. Nickerson was president of the Chicago city railroad from 1864 to 1867. He organized the Union Stockyards National Bank, now the National Live Stock Bank, in 1867, and was president of it for several years, resigning from that position and from the presidency of the street railroad company to devote his entire time to the management of the First National Bank. Mr. Nickerson said recently that he regretted the necessity of Mr. Gage's resigning, as it put him back to a place from which he had once resigned.

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SAM M. NICKERSON.

The Ladies of Llangollen.

A writer in the Century Magazine brings back to our memories the romance of the high-born recluses of Llangollen, who passed their declining days together in the seclusion of the lovely Deeside Vale. Lady Eleanor Butler was the instigator of the plan by which she and her younger companion, the Hon. Sara Ponsonby, escaped from Dublin society and the attentions of a too persistent wooer to nature's own solitude. They adopted an invariable costume consisting of a heavy dark-blue riding-habit, with stiffly-starched neck-cloth, and gentleman's hat and boots and a profusion of rings and brooches. In 1820, when Lady Eleanor was past eighty and her friend sixty-five, Chas. Mathews, the celebrated actor, was playing at Oswestry, twelve miles from Llangollen, and the ladies went to see him, having secured seats in one of the boxes. Their appearance so distracted the actor's attention that he continued his part with difficulty. "Though I have never seen them," he says, "I instantaneously knew them. As they are seated, there is not one point to distinguish them from men—the dressing and powdering of their hair, their well-starched neck-cloths, the upper part of their habits, which they always wear, even at a dinner party, and which are made precisely like men's coats. They looked exactly like two respectable superannuated old clergymen."

To Train Colored Nurses.

The University Medical college of New Orleans has determined to establish a training school for negro women as nurses. The object is to supply well-trained nurses who will serve for moderate pay. The trained nurses who are now in New Orleans are not numerous enough to meet the demand, and they are paid for their services at a rate which many people who need them cannot afford.

One Pair of Gloves for Two.

The Chicago Inter Ocean says that Gen. H. S. Hudekoper and State Senator Francis A. Osborn are veterans of the civil war, in which each lost an arm; but, while Gen. Hudekoper is in his right arm, Senator Osborn is in the loss of his left. For years have been the practice of the two to make one pair of gloves do for two. Whenever the general purchases a pair he invariably sends the other glove to the senator, and when the senator invests the general will get left glove.

THE KORESHANITES.

A Queer Sect Who Think the World is Hollow.

One of the queerest of religions is Koreshanity, a small Chicago sect under the leadership of Dr. Cyrus E. Teed, who bears the title of Kores. The Koreshanites believe that the universe is a hollow sphere, on the concave part of which we live. The interior, which is eight thousand miles across, is filled with three belts of atmosphere—the air which we breathe, then hydrogen, then aboron. In the center of this vast space is situated the sun, which is about one hundred miles in diameter. The Koreshan system teaches, however, that the sun is hidden from sight by three atmospheres, and that what human beings see as the sun is a focalization of the true sun's energies at a distance of 1,300 miles from the earth's surface. The sun and the world are supposed to constitute a mighty galvanic battery, which develops millions of cathode rays that are projected back and forth on the inside of the globe and flash out here and there as stars. Each of the planets is supposed to be not a real material globe, but really the energy of one of the minerals in the earth's rind focalized in space and made luminous as light. There is a division of the social system of Koreshanity into two distinct general orders, the prime and superior order being celibate, the inferior being marital. The object of the celibate order is the conversion of the sex energies for the higher spiritual, mental and physical regeneration. Koreshans maintain that the dissipation of the sex forces is the cause of mortality, and that immortality will come only through the purification of the mind and body in obedience to the principles of celibacy and chastity instituted by Koreshanity. The headquarters of the society have, for some years, been in Chicago, but Dr. Teed so resents the humorous attentions of the newspapers of that city that he is preparing to establish a special home for his followers at Estero Bay on the Gulf of Mexico. The

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Boils Hood's Sarsaparilla The best in fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists \$1. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take.

Dramatic Deaths. What is a dramatic death? Of course, the most dramatic death ever recorded was that of Placut, who dropped dead while paying a bill. Then there was the death of Fabius, who was choked by a hair in some milk; that of Louis VI., who met his doom because a pig ran under his horse and caused him to stumble; that of Saufeu, who was poisoned by the albumen in a soft boiled egg; and that of Zeuxis, who died from laughter at sight of a hag he had painted.—Boston Journal.

Merit Wins. The invention of Alabastine marked a new era in wall coatings, and from the standpoint of the building owner was a most important discovery. It has from a small beginning branched out into every country of the civilized world. The name "kalsomine" has become so offensive to property owners that manufacturers of cheap kalsomine preparations are now calling them by some other name, and attempting to sell on the Alabastine company's reputation. Through extensive advertising and personal use, the merits of the durable Alabastine are so thoroughly known that people insist on getting these goods and people take no chance of spoiling their walls for a possible saving of at the most but a few cents. Thus it is again demonstrated that merit wins, and that manufacturers of first-class articles will be supported by the people.

The surplus of women in France is returned at less than a tenth of what it is in Germany, and less than an eighth of the excess in England.



Love in the Scale. "How much does the baby weigh" is only another way of asking, "Is he healthy and strong?" When a baby is welcomed into the world with loving care and forthrightly his chances of health and strength are increased a hundred fold.

A prospective mother cannot begin too early to look after her own health and physical condition. This is sure to be reflected in the baby. Any weakness or nervous depression, or lack of vigor on the mother's part should be overcome early during the expectant time by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which promotes the perfect health and strength of the organism especially concerned in motherhood.

It makes the coming of baby absolutely safe and comparatively free from pain. It renders the mother strong and cheerful, and transmits healthy constitutional vigor to the child.

No other medicine in the world has been such an unqualified blessing to mothers and their children. It is the one positive specific for all weak and diseased conditions of the feminine organism. It is the only medicine of its kind devised for this one purpose by a trained and educated specialist in this particular field.

Mrs. F. R. Cassings, of No. 436 Humphrey St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I am now a happy mother of a fine, healthy baby girl. For five years 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Little Pills' have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. Three months previous to my confinement I began using your medicine. I took three bottles of the 'Prescription.' Consequently I was only in labor five weeks. I suffered untold agony, and had two miscarriages. The 'Favorite Prescription' saved both my child and myself. My baby is not yet three weeks old and I do not think I ever felt better in my life."

W.L. DOUGLAS 'S SHOE In the World. For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has displaced all competitors. Endorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers as the best in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at \$3.00. It is made in all the latest shapes and styles and of every variety of leather. One dealer in a town gives testimonials and is advertised in local paper on receipt of reasonable order. Write for catalogue to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER. The Best Saddle Coat. Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappear. Ask for Tower's Fish Brand Pommel Slicker. It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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