



The Convict's Daughter

WILKIE COLLINS

CHAPTER XV.

Linley had one instant left, in which he might have drawn back into the library in time to escape Sydney's notice. He was incapable of the effort of will. Grief and suspense had deprived him of that elastic readiness of mind which springs at once from thought to action. For a moment he hesitated. In that moment she looked up and saw him.

With a faint cry of alarm she let the cloak drop from her hands. As helpless as he was, as silent as he was, she stood rooted to the spot.

"It's surely better for me," he quavered, "to hear the miserable news from you than from a servant."

"What miserable news?" she asked. "My poor little darling!" he gasped.

"My only child!"

"She stepped close up to him; she laid her hand gently and fearlessly on his arm. "Oh, Mr. Linley, what dreadful mistake is this? Kitty's recovery is only a matter of time."

He staggered back—with a livid change in his face starting to see. If he thought in Linley, at that moment, had shaped itself into words, he would have said: "And Catherine never told me of it!"

"Kitty has fallen asleep—such a sweet, peaceful sleep! I don't think I should have left her but for that. The maid is watching at the bedside, and Mrs. Linley is only away for a little while."

"Wait a few minutes," he pleaded, "it is so long since we have seen each other."

His manner became unduly tender. His language changed to a moment. Her eyes were most pitiful to her—he appealed to her pity. "Oh, Sydney, it's so hard to part with you!"

"Spare me!" she cried, passionately. "You don't know how I suffer."

"Oh, I know it—no words can say how I feel for you! Are you sorry for me, Sydney? Have you thought of me since we parted?"

She had striven against herself, and against him, till her head ached with restlessness. In reckless despair she let the truth escape her at last.

"When do I ever think of anything else! I am a wretch unworthy of all the kindness that has been shown to me. I don't deserve your interest; I don't even deserve your pity. Send me away—be hard on me—be brutal to me. Have some mercy on a miserable creature whose life is one long, helpless effort to forget you. He drew her to his bosom, he held her in his arms; she struggled vainly to get away from him. "Oh," she murmured, "how cruel you are! Remember, my dear one, remember how weak I am. Oh, Herbert, I'm dying—dying—dying!" Her voice grew fainter and fainter; her head sank on his breast. He lifted her face to him with whispered words of love. He kissed her again and again.

he looked back, he saw nothing but the life he had wasted. When his thoughts turned to the future, they confronted a prospect empty of all promise to a man still in the prime of life. Wife and child were as completely lost to him as if they had been dead—and it was the wife's doing. Had he any right to complain? Not the shadow of a right. As the newspapers said, he had deserved it.

The clock roused him, striking the hour. He rose hurriedly, and advanced toward the window. While he was still there he saw Sydney crossing the street on her way back to him. She came into the room with her complexion heightened by exercise; she kissed him, and said with her pretty smile: "Have you been lonely without me?"

"Who would have supposed that the torment of distrust and the dread of desertion were busy at this woman's heart?"

He placed a chair for her, and seating himself by her side, asked if she felt tired. Every attention that she could wish for from the man whom she loved was offered with every appearance of sincerity on the surface! She met him half-way, and answered as if her mind was quite at ease.

"No, dear, I'm not tired—but I'm glad to get back."

She noticed the newspaper on the table. "Anything interesting to-day?" she asked—and drew the newspaper towards her to look at it. He took it from her suddenly, almost roughly. The heightened color which told of recent exercise, healthily employed, suddenly faded from her face.

"Is it all over?" she asked. "And is it put in the newspaper?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the divorce."

He went back again to the window and looked out. It was the easiest excuse that he could devise for keeping his face turned away from her. She followed him.

"I don't want to read it, Herbert. I only ask you to tell me if you are a free man again."

Quiet as he was, her tone left him no alternative but to treat her brutally or to reply. Still looking out at the street, he said: "Yes."

"Free to marry, if you like?" she persisted.

He said "Yes" once more—and kept his face steadily turned away from her. She waited awhile. He neither moved nor spoke.

Surviving the slow death little by little of all her other illusions, one last hope had lingered in her heart. It was killed by that cruel look, fixed on the view of the street.

"I'll try to think of a place that we can go to on the sea side. Having said those words she slowly moved away to the door. The street still interested him. She left the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Herbert asked Sydney to what part of England they should go, on leaving London, she mentioned Sandysale as a place that she had heard of, and felt some curiosity to see. The same day—

Not a sound wakened them when she advanced. After hesitating for a moment, she raised her hand toward her husband, as if to tell him of her presence by a touch; drew it back, suddenly recoiling from her own first intention; and touched Sydney instead. Then, and they only, they knew what had happened.

Face to face, those three persons—with every tie that had once united them snapped asunder in an instant—looked at each other. The man owed a duty to the lost creature whose weakness had appealed to his mercy in vain. The man broke the silence.

"Catherine!"

With immeasurable contempt looking brightly out of her steady eyes, his wife stopped him.

"Not a word!"

He refused to be silent. "It is I," he said; "only who am the blame of making excuses." He answered; "they are needless. Herbert Linley, the woman who was once your wife despises you."

Her eyes turned from him and rested on Sydney Westfield.

"I have a last word to say to you. Look at me, if you can. Listen to me, if you can."

"Oh," he thought, bitterly, "if I could only feel as coldly toward Catherine as she feels toward me!" His resolution had resisted much; but this final trial of his self-control was more than he could sustain. He dropped into a chair—his pride of manhood recoiled from the contemptible weakness of crying—he tried to remember that she had divorced him and taken his child from him. In vain! In vain! He burst into tears.

When Sydney reached her room she asked the chambermaid if the postoffice was near the hotel.

The woman smiled. "Everything is near us, ma'am, in this little place. We can send to the postoffice for you."

Sydney wrote her initials. Ask, if you please, for a letter addressed in that way." She handed the memorandum to the chambermaid. "Corresponding with her lover under her husband's nose! That was how the chambermaid explained it below stairs, when the porter remarked that initials looked mysterious."

Sydney had written to the head of a convent near the place, and the mother superior had replied. Sydney trembled as she opened the letter. It began kindly. "I believe you, my child, and I am anxious to help you. But I cannot correspond with an unknown person. If you decide to reveal yourself, it is only right to add that I have shown your letter to the Reverend Father, who, in temporal as in spiritual things, is our counselor and guide. To him I must refer you, in the first instance. His wisdom will decide the serious question of receiving you into our Holy Church, and will discover, in due time, if you have a true vocation to a religious life. With the Father's sanction, you may be sure of my affectionate desire to serve you."

Sydney put the letter back in the envelope, feeling grateful toward the mother superior, but determined by the conditions imposed on her to make no further advances toward the Benedictine community.

Even if her motive in writing to the convent had remained unchanged, the allusions to the priest would still have decided her on taking this step. The idea of opening her inmost heart, and telling her saddest secrets to a man, and that man a stranger, was too repellent to be entertained for a moment. In a few lines of reply, gratefully and respectfully written, she thanked the mother superior, and withdrew from the correspondence.

The letter having been closed, and posted in the hotel box, she returned to the sitting room. Free from the one doubt that had troubled her; eager to show Herbert how truly she believed in him, how hopefully she looked to the future.

With a happy smile on her lips she opened the door. She was on the point of asking him playfully if he had felt surprised at her long absence, when the sight that met her eyes turned her cold with terror in an instant.

His arms were stretched out on the table; his head was laid on them; despair confessed itself in his attitude; grief spoke in the deep sobbing breaths that shook him. Love and compassion restored Sydney's courage; she advanced to raise him in her arms—and stopped once more. The book on the table caught her eye. He was still unconscious of her presence; she ventured to open it. She read the inscription—looked at him—looked back at the writing—and knew the truth at last.

The rigor of the torture that she suffered paralyzed all outward expression of pain. Quietly she put the book back on the table. Quietly she touched him, and called him by name.

He started and looked up; he made an attempt to speak to her in his customary tones. "I didn't hear you come in," he said.

She pointed to the book, without the slightest change in her face or her manner.

"I have read the inscription to your wife," she answered; "I have seen you while you thought you were alone; the mercy which has so long kept the truth from me is hereby wasted now. Your bonds are broken, Herbert. You are a free man."

He affected not to have understood her. She let him try to persuade her of it, and made no reply. He declared, honestly and clearly, that what she had said distressed him. She listened in submissive silence. He took her hand and kissed it. She let him kiss it and let him drop it at her side. She frightened him; he began to fear for her reason. There was silence—long, horrid, hopeless silence.

She had left the door of the room open. One of the servants of the hotel appeared outside in the passage. He spoke to her while she was behind him. "Perhaps the book has been left in here," he suggested. A gentle voice answered: "I hope the lady and gentleman will excuse me if I ask leave to look for my book." She stepped into the room to make her apologies.

(To be continued.)

The Cuban dance is a peculiar one when viewed through American eyes, for it is so totally different from any of our dances. There is only one step, and that one is a sort of mixture of Indian, Turkish and Chinese. The couple rarely use more than three or four square feet of space, and dance continually, with little short intermissions of possibly fifteen seconds, during which they merely stand in their places and rest. Two orchestras play continuously, one taking up the music as the other ceases. The music is almost identical with some that I have heard at the dances of our Indian tribes in Arizona and New Mexico, except that there is the continual blare of a cornet. They use tom-toms, kettledrums, and some weird, gourd-like affair that they beat most vigorously, emitting a sound quite as musical as a boy would make with a barrel-stave as he ran along a picket fence.—Leslie's Weekly.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

Edward J. McIntire, of Portland, was murdered near Olequa, Wash. Five masked men held up Pendleton gambling house for \$1,500.

Arbitration council will declare itself incompetent to act on Boer appeal. At Chetani, John W. Ferrier was acquitted of the murder of Bramon Holcomb.

Bureau chiefs of the treasury department as a body called on President Roosevelt. Duke and Duchess of York enjoyed a day on the Ottawa river as the guests of lumbermen.

Admiral Sampson, at his own request, will be relieved as commandant of the Boston navy yard. President Shaffer reviews the late strike, and severely criticizes other labor organizations.

Czolgoz, the assassin of President McKinley, was placed on trial. He pleaded "guilty" but the court ordered the plea of "not guilty" to stand. The prisoner seemed unconcerned.

Destructive forest fires in Colorado have subsided. A Cheyenne woman shot and killed her father-in-law.

Columbia is being prepared for the coming yacht races. The Buffalo Exposition has suffered a heavy financial loss.

No poison was found on the bullets or revolver taken from Czolgoz. McKinley memorial services were held at Chicago and other cities.

Harry De Windt will again attempt the overland journey via Behring straits. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will visit an Ottawa lumber camp.

Col. Murray, commander of Lovatt's Scouts, was killed by Boers on the Orange river. Explorers in Northern Alaska found herds of mountain sheep frozen in the ice of glaciers.

The U. S. training ship Mohican returned from a prolonged cruise and reports 90 desertions. Herr Johann Most was arrested after a hard fight while making anarchist speeches in New York.

A boy attempted to photograph President Roosevelt as he left church, but was stopped by a policeman. Many Boers will settle in Damara-land.

Mrs. McKinley's condition does not improve. W. A. McCormie, timber land dealer committed suicide.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are at Montreal. The "allied party" was launched by reformers at Kansas City.

Puget Sound conference of the M. E. Church opened at Olympia. The San Francisco strike has resolved itself into a game of seige.

The czar arrived at Dunkirk, France, and proceeded to Campiagne. Roosevelt inspires confidence by his announcement that he will carry out McKinley's policy.

WORSE FATE THAN DREYFUS.

General Hernandez of Venezuela, is Being Tortured in Confinement.

New York, Sept. 25.—According to the story told here by a Venezuelan who reached New York a few days ago, General Jose Manuel Hernandez, the head of the Conservative party in Venezuela, and who is a political prisoner, is undergoing treatment even worse than that of Dreyfus on Devil's Island. His political and military strength was recently shown, says the Tribune, in the organization of a revolutionary movement on the frontier, under the leadership of General Garbrane. This uprising which President Castro called a Colombian invasion, was in reality a Hernandez movement, it is said.

"Immediately following this," said one of Hernandez's former fellow-prisoners now here, "began the systematic attacks on General Hernandez, which his friends fear will end the veteran's career. The first move was to transfer him to the darkest dungeon in the fort—smelling old fort. A huge ball was fastened to his ankle. He is not permitted to see anyone, nor is he permitted to communicate with the outside world. He is even denied the usual exercise about the prison yard. His keepers take a fiendish delight in throwing live rats, spiders and other vermin into his dungeon, particularly when he sleeps. The rations allowed General Hernandez are only half those required by a man of his physical condition."

GHASTLY SCENES AT WRECK. Persons Injured in Hungarian Collision Were Burned Alive.

Bucharest, Sept. 25.—The collision yesterday at Palota, between the Vienna express and the petroleum train, appears in the light of latest events, to have been a most terrible affair. In a few seconds the whole arena of the collision became a huge lake of burning petroleum. Trees and everything inflammable within an area of a quarter of a mile were destroyed.

There were some ghastly scenes. A girl was burned to death in sight of both her parents, who escaped. M. Dinu, a Roumanian millionaire, got his foot jammed in the wreckage and begged one of the train guards to sever the foot with an ax, promising him a large reward if he would do so. Before the guard could help him he sank into the flames and was burned to death.

Schwartz, the conductor, who was similarly jammed, clung so desperately to the man who tried to extricate him that his would-be rescuer had to be dragged away just as Schwartz perished in the flames. Most of the 22 who were killed were burned to death.

BOERS APPEAL IN VAIN. Administrative Council Will Declare Itself Incompetent to Pass on Issues Involved.

The Hague, Sept. 25.—It is understood that the administrative council of the arbitration council will declare itself incompetent to deal with the Boer appeal for arbitration upon the issues involved in the South African war.

Comment of German Press. London, Sept. 25.—The Berlin correspondent of the Times says: "The news of the British reverses in South Africa is discussed on the whole with much moderation in the more serious organs of the German press. The less responsible papers make no effort to conceal their exultation. The consensus of opinion is that the chief importance of the recent Boer successes is in the encouragement they will afford to the burghers and their effect upon the Cape Colony loyalists. The paper regards the new activity and daring of the Boers as a crushing reply to Lord Kitchener's latest proclamation."

Ten Killed in Collision. Warren, Mass., Sept. 25.—Ten were killed and 21 injured in a collision on the Boston & Albany railroad today, between a switching freight and a gravel train. All the killed and injured were gravel train employes, who were in the caboose eating dinner when the collision occurred. The caboose was telescoped by a gravel car.

The New Controller. Chicago, Sept. 25.—William B. Ridgely, whose appointment to the controllership of the currency was announced at Canton yesterday, will within a few days resign the vice-presidency of the Republic Iron & Steel company and leave Chicago for Washington to assume his new duties.

Big Insane Asylum Fire. Norfolk, Neb., Sept. 25.—The asylum for the insane in this city was almost completely destroyed by fire today. It is believed that three inmates were burned to death. The fire originated from some unknown cause in the west wing of the institution. Loss on buildings and contents will probably reach \$300,000. Owing to the early hour and the unpreparedness of the fire department but little could be done in the effort to save the institution. There were 800 inmates in the main building and the efforts to rescue them were difficult in the extreme.

Coming to His Father's Side. Silverton, Or., Sept. 25.—T. W. Davenport, who was injured a few days ago by falling in the running gear of his wagon, breaking his lower jaw and receiving other injuries, is reported better today. His friends, however, have little hope of his recovery. In view of the serious condition of the patient, the physicians have sent for Mr. Davenport's son, Homer, the famous New York cartoonist. He started for Oregon last Saturday, and will come directly to Silverton.

NEWS OF THE STATE

TERMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

Philomath reports a scarcity of houses to rent. Unstilla county proposes to try crushed rock on her county roads.

The Salvation army will hold a harvest festival at Pendleton, September 24-25. The Marshfield clerks are advocating an early closing movement, with a good show of success.

Many Christian Adventists are at The Dalles to attend the camp meeting which opens Friday. It is estimated that nearly \$500,000 has been invested in Eastern Oregon mines since January 1, 1901.

A Woolgrowers' association for Wheeler, Crook, Wasco and Sherman counties has been organized at Mitchell. Rapid progress is being made on the improvements on the new race-track and grounds at The Dalles. It will all be completed this week.

A grain buyer for an Athens company purchased several lots of wheat at 44½ for club and 45½ for blue-stem. Nearly 30,000 bushels were sold. Stock Inspector Joseph B. Jackson, of the Long Creek country, lost his sheep camp by fire. It was piled in a heap and set on fire by an unknown person.

On account of the improvements in the water supply of Pendleton, the insurance rates have been reduced so as to save the property owners about \$3,000 yearly. More farmers are wanted in Oregon.

The Roseburg street fair is now in full swing. Settlers in the neighborhood of Loraine want a shingling mill. The winter session of the State normal school at Monmouth is now open.

The sawmill of W. H. Lida, on Gales Creek, was burned with 20,000 feet of lumber loss over \$5,000. The state board of education has granted a state certificate to A. B. Serling, a teacher at Halsey.

While trying to drive an intruding bull out of his pasture near Coos Bay, George Yoakum was gored to death. Ernest Cox, aged 18 years, was killed by being struck by a falling tree while teaming in a lumber camp near Medford.

John Peterson, who claims to be a Norwegian, was run out of Marshfield for making remarks derogatory to the late President McKinley. Two stockholders in the Lucky Boy mine in the Blue River district recently sold out their interests for \$20,000 each. They each owned one-sixth.

Mrs. Lou Hash, living on a homestead in Lower Alsea, plied a huge back on the edge of the clearing the other day, and seizing the ready Winchester brought him down. The lessees of the E. Ray mine near Gold Hill, recently received returns from a shipment of ore that gave a total value of \$7,905.39 per ton. The vein is widening and shows no decrease in value.

Portland Markets. Wheat—Walla Walla, nominal; 55c; bluestem, 55c; valley, 55c. Flour—best grades, \$3.65 to \$3.50 per barrel; Graham, \$2.60. Oats—Old, 90¢ to \$1 per cental. Barley—Feed, \$15 to \$15.50; brewing, \$16.00 per ton. Milletstuffs—Bran, \$17 to \$18; middlings, \$20 to \$21; shorts, \$19 to \$20; chaff, \$16.

Hay—Timothy, \$11 to \$13; clover, \$7 to \$9.50; Oregon wild hay, \$5 to \$6 per ton. Butter—Fancy creamery, 25¢ to 27½¢; dairy, 18¢ to 20¢; store, 12¢ to 15¢ per pound. Eggs—23¢ to 25¢ per dozen. Cheese—Full cream, twins, 12½¢ to 13¢; Young America, 13¢ to 14¢ per pound.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$3.00 to 4.00; hens, \$4.00 to 4.50; dressed, 10¢ to 11¢ per pound; springs, \$2.50 to 3.50 per dozen; ducks, \$3 for old; \$3.00 to 4.00 for young; geese, \$6 to \$8 per dozen; turkeys, live, \$2 to \$15; dressed, 10¢ to 12¢ per pound. Mutton—Lamb, 3½¢, gross; dressed, 6¢ to 6½¢ per pound; sheep, \$3.25, gross; dressed, 6¢ per lb. Hogs—Gross, heavy, \$6 to 6.25; light, \$4.75 to \$5; dressed, 7¢ to 7½¢ per pound.

Veal—Small, 8¢ to 9¢; large, 7¢ to 7½¢ per pound. Beef—Gross top steers, \$3.50 to 4.00; cows and heifers, \$3.00 to 3.50; dressed beef, 5¢ to 6½¢ per pound. Hops—10¢ to 11¢ per pound. Wool—Valley, 11¢ to 13¢; Eastern Oregon, 8¢ to 12¢; mohair, 20¢ to 21¢ per pound. Potatoes—\$1 to \$1.15 per sack.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster are entitled to claim an "ecclesiastical" every article which is taken into the abbey for the purpose of the coronation, and that reverend body reaped rich harvests in 1831, 1831 and 1833. Two thousand of the 30,000 books on the French Revolution, which have been presented to the Bibliotheque nationale by the British Museum, will be kept there. The remaining 28,000 will be sent to the Bibliotheque Seigne.

RUSHED BY BOERS.

Commander of Lovatt's Scouts Killed on the Orange River.

London, Sept. 24.—The war office has received the following dispatch from Lord Kitchener, dated Pretoria, September 22: "Kritzing, while endeavoring to force a passage of the Orange river, near Herchel, at 1 o'clock Friday morning, rushed the camp of a party of Lovatt's scouts. He failed to cross the river, but the scouts lost heavily. Lieutenant Colonel Murray and Captain Murray, his adjutant, were killed. Deep regret at the loss of Colonel Murray, who throughout the war led Lovatt's Scouts with great gallantry. Under cover of darkness, the Boers managed to carry off a gun. They were promptly followed and the gun was recovered in a smart engagement in which Kritzing lost two killed and 20 taken prisoners."

Lord Kitchener also reports that the British captured by the Boers in the ambush near Scheepers Nek, September 17, have been released, and that the British casualties in the recent Vlakfontein engagement, when the Boers captured a company of mounted infantry and two guns, were one officer and five men killed, 23 men wounded and six officers and 109 men taken prisoners. He announced that these prisoners had since been released. He further reports the capture of two commandoes—one consisting of 55 men, under Commandant Koops, who were taken with their entire transport, west of Adeburg, and the other, consisting of 54 men, including J. P. Botha, who were taken with 48 wagons, and their belongings, 45 miles southeast of Carolina.

Lord Kitchener's latest dispatches, although they contain good news as well as bad, have contained little to reassure the people concerning the state of affairs. The loss of Lieutenant Colonel Murray, a brother of Lord Mansfield, is keenly felt. There is little doubt that further details will show it was a serious affair.

Remarkable Discovery in Alaska. Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 24.—The Dawson News prints a remarkable story about the prospecting tour just completed of H. W. Bracken, who has returned to Dawson after six months in Northern Alaska. According to Bracken's narrative, while in the Romanzoff mountains, about 1,000 miles from Dawson, he and his servants ascended a mountain glacier. At a height of 8,000 feet they found herds of mountain sheep frozen in the ice. The theory is that some extreme mid-winter blizzard had caught them while stampeding over the dome. Then the sheep huddled together and perished, snow gradually forming an icy covering. Whatever portions of the bodies of the sheep were above the ice were devoured by arctic bears and wolves. Bracken is said to be a scientific miner of 25 years' experience, having resided three years on the Yukon.

Guarding the Route. Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 23.—Preparations are now perfected for the safe conduct of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York across the continent to this city. The entire line of railway from Quebec to Vancouver will be guarded and patrolled during the royal progress. Thousands of these men have been specially engaged for this purpose by the Canadian Pacific railway. Each guard will remain in sight of his neighbor on either side. The royal train will be preceded all along the route by one or more pilot engines, which will keep a short distance ahead. A special army of private detectives is on the watch all over Canada for suspicious characters, with orders to arrest any such and keep them in jail until the royal party has left Canada. The thousands of switches all along the line of the transcontinental railroad will be specially guarded and locked. All traffic will give way before the royal train, not a wheel being allowed to turn within a distance of 200 miles of the duke's train.

A New Brigadier General. Washington, Sept. 24.—The president has appointed Col. James M. Bell, Eighth Cavalry, and president of the Military Board of Review, to be a brigadier general, vice Brigadier General Ludlow, deceased. Gen. Bell will retire Oct. 1, thus leaving a vacancy for another appointment.

Philippine Cable Completed. Washington, Sept. 24.—The signal office of the war department today received a message from Manila saying that the last link of the cable had been laid, which allowed telegraphic communication with the southern-most island of the Philippine group.

Broke Up the Souphouses. Tampa, Fla., Sept. 24.—Some days ago the citizens' committee notified the striking members of Resistencia union that the souphouses established by the union must close, claiming that they encouraged cigarmakers to remain idle. Most of them were closed, but today citizens visited seven of them, poured the soup on the ground and put out the fires. Some of the cigar makers assisted in the work. Six hundred strikers have returned to work.

Killed Her Father-in-Law. Cheyenne, Wyo., Sept. 24.—Mrs. Lena Fair shot and killed her father-in-law, Michael Fair, at their home in South Cheyenne this evening. Mrs. Fair is a girl of 20 years. She says Fair, who is past 50 years old, threatened to kill her and when she fired had one hand on her throat and with the other was reaching for his revolver. The police found a revolver in the hip pocket of the dead man. Mrs. Fair was arrested.