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 curable cases, and administered it with
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 bly. There being but 13 per cent. of
 failures the parties were satisfied and
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 the clinical reports of the test cases were
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CHAPTER XII—(Continued.)
 The end of September was approaching,
 and they were debating in their happy
 minds whether it would be more delight-
 ful to go to Italy or to return home, a
 word possessing an equal charm for both
 now, when their movements were decided
 by a letter from Mrs. Ellesmere:
 "My dear Tom—I have this morning
 received news of the death of poor Tom
 Nevil of typhoid fever. The shock has
 been so terrible to poor Sir Thomas that
 it is feared he will not recover from it.
 He has fallen into a state of apathy from
 which nothing can rouse him, and any
 day he may die. Under the circumstances,
 you being the next heir, do you not think
 you ought to return to England? Poor
 Tom leaves two little girls, and I have
 ascertained that there is no expectation of
 an heir. You will, I think you should
 write to her, of course it is rather a deli-
 cate position for you, but I am sure you
 will do the right thing. I shall not be
 able to receive you on your return unless
 you particularly desire it, as I think young
 people are best left to themselves just
 now. Give my kindest love to dear June,
 and believe me,
 "Your affectionate mother,
 "VIOLET ELLESMERE."

This news caused Tom the deepest con-
 cern. No thought of the benefit likely
 to accrue to himself from the misfor-
 tune of his kinsfolk entered his brain as
 he read the letter; all he felt was sheer
 grief. And June, the tenderest hearted
 creature in the world, cried for pity of
 the poor bereaved wife whose anguish
 she was now fully able to comprehend.
 What could they do for her? They laid
 their heads together and made all sorts
 of plans by which ultimately her grief
 was to be lightened, and then, between
 them, they wrote her the kindest letter
 that two sympathizing young hearts could
 devise.
 And so they retraced their steps slowly
 homeward. In Paris they received the
 news of Sir Thomas' death.
 The rejoicings and honors that had
 been planned for the young couple's re-
 turn were, by Tom's especial request,
 foregone. He departed at once for the
 north, to attend Sir Thomas Nevil's fu-
 neral, and he cried all the evening and
 half the night, so heart-broken was she
 at being bereaved of her lord, and like
 all tender, foolish women who love, she
 tortured herself with fears for his safe-
 ty, and wrote him four sheets of paper
 covered principally by expressions of im-
 monent which might have seemed mo-
 tionous to another person, but were
 really sweet to the recipient. On Tom's
 return June quite startled at being ad-
 dressed as "my lady" and hearing him
 called Sir Thomas.

It was rather bewildering to her to
 think of herself as Lady Nevil. It is not
 often that a person bears three names in
 less than six weeks. In that time she
 had been Miss Rivers—Mrs. Ellesmere—
 Lady Nevil.
 Tom was tolerably indifferent to social
 honors himself, but it pleased him hugely
 to hear his darling called "my lady."

CHAPTER XIII.
 The months rolled on and Sir Thomas
 and Lady Nevil were as happy as united
 lovers in a story book. June is quite a
 great lady now, and by no means indif-
 ferent to the fact that she is so, although
 she bears the honors in the most modest
 and unassuming way. Agnes had gone
 with a friend to Italy for the winter, ex-
 tremely thankful to escape from the sight
 of the happiness which was gall and
 wormwood to her.
 Tom deserved to be happy, and he was
 happy. When, in September, the bells
 rang and the announcement was made
 that there was an heir to the houses of
 Ellesmere and Nevil, his happiness seem-
 ed almost too much for him.
 After Christmas the party to have a
 series of guests at the Hall. Dallas was
 to come for a couple of days, for Tom
 would have laughed to scorn the thought
 of being jealous of any living man now.
 Mrs. Trevanion and her son, an Eton boy
 of seventeen, were expected, and two or
 three other young people for Madge's
 especial benefit.
 Madge adored June more than ever, and
 June had promised that if they took a
 house for the season in town, Madge
 should go to them for a whole month.
 Tom made a terribly wry face over the
 house in town, but he had no idea of
 thwarting June, who was rather bent up-
 on it, and only stipulated that he should
 be there on and off, and that the baby
 should not be taken to Pandemonium.
 Her ladyship wanted the whole family to
 migrate, and the first time there had ever
 been the shadow of a tiff between them
 was when Tom offered serious opposition
 to her wishes on this score. Tom would
 not have that precious life endangered
 by the pestilential atmosphere of London.
 June was not used to hearing him say
 would and would not. And, as the young
 couple was as robust as any infant
 in the world, she was rather incensed at
 what she chose to consider her husband's
 foolishness.
 So she shed some tears of mixed anger,
 pain and humiliation, and said, being
 "very like a woman," that he did not care
 whether she was injured by going to Lon-
 don; to which he, after kissing away her
 tears, replied with sound good sense that
 it was not by his wish she was going, and
 he would gladly put down five hundred
 pounds there and then if she would relin-
 quish the idea.
 But this her ladyship was not disposed
 to do. Her mother-in-law had told her
 that this step was due to her position,
 and June, being young and keenly dis-
 posed for pleasure and enjoyment, had
 rather set her heart on a London season.
 Tom gave in to everything she wished,



JUNE
 MRS. FORRESTER

"except about the baby. If she had known
 that Tom's obstinacy was being fostered
 by Agnes, she would probably have set
 her vigorously to work to counterbal-
 ance that amiable but unbounded devotion
 to Tom's son and heir; perhaps she felt
 it. She ingratiated herself with the
 nurse, yaylaid her when she walked
 abroad, paid constant visits to the
 nursery at such times as June was likely
 to be out driving. This brought her into
 frequent contact with Sir Thomas, and he
 became quite grateful for her devotion to
 his child and entirely forgave and forgot
 the bad turn she had done him in trying
 to delay his marriage. She made little
 innuendoes, accentuated by sighs or notes
 of exclamation. How could June leave
 that darling? How could anyone, sur-
 rounded by such blessings, with such a
 child, such a husband, want to quit them
 for a life such as people led in London—
 heartless, selfish, unsatisfying? What
 could compensate for home joys. For her
 part, it was utterly incomprehensible to
 her. Tom defended his wife—said she
 was young and beautiful and fond of
 pleasure; what more natural than that she
 should like to go into society? Besides,
 it was chiefly his mother's doing, who had
 finally staked him in a tender spot.
 "But for both of you to go away and
 leave that darling?" cried Agnes, with a
 tear in her eye. "Suppose he should be
 seized with convulsions, or something were
 to happen to him? Servants are never
 of any use in an emergency."
 "Oh," said Tom, without a sense of
 alarm at her words, "I shall be here most
 of the time."
 "June will not let you. She will not
 stay in London without you. I wonder it
 does not occur to her how dreadful it is to
 leave that angel to hirelings!"
 "June wants to take him with us; she
 is most anxious not to be parted from
 him."
 "But it would be madness to take him
 to London. Here, you know, he has the
 purest milk from your own cows, and I
 have heard that hundreds and thousands
 of babies die in London of typhoid fever
 from impure milk."
 Tom, only too ready to take alarm, re-
 veyed to himself that, whatever happened,
 that precious life should not be endan-
 gered by a visit to the metropolis.
 "One thing," said Agnes, with fervor,
 "I shall go up to the Hall every day to
 see the darling, and I don't think any-
 thing will escape my eye. I suppose,"
 hesitating, "June will not consider me too
 officious, will she?"
 "Officers!" replied Tom, heartily; "she
 will be tremendously grateful to you."
 "And—and when you are in town, shall
 I write you about him? I could tell you
 a thousand particulars about your darling,
 and the servants would not think of writ-
 ing. And writing is naturally a great effort to
 them."
 "Will you?" cried Tom. "That will be
 awfully good of you."
 "I shall write to you," proceeded Agnes,
 in a low voice. "I suppose June will not
 mind. We are cousins, you know."

CHAPTER XIV.
 June had got her own way in coming
 to London, but it did not make her very
 happy. She felt a sense of secret irrita-
 tion against Tom for not being happy too,
 and she was vexed because he had been
 so obstinate about the baby. Until now
 she had not believed him capable of offer-
 ing persistent opposition to any wish of
 hers. And his scruples were absurd! The
 house was large and airy; it looked on
 green trees; they were near both the
 parks. London was healthy; both the
 house was thoroughly robust; if he were here
 Tom would never be able to tear himself
 away from the pair of them, and she
 would not have the irritation of seeing
 Agnes' daily bulletins, which frequently
 were not halcyon, but epistles. If the
 nurse, if her aunt had written, she would
 have been delighted; but she had that in-
 stinct of dislike and distrust toward her
 cousin which, after all, was a perfectly
 true and correct one. Just as, in their
 younger days, Agnes had always tried to
 appear additionally amiable by the hateful
 knack of showing sister and cousin
 to disadvantage, so now June felt that all
 this effusiveness over the baby was put
 on to make her seem wanting in a moth-
 er's devotion.

Sir Thomas and Lady Nevil had been
 in town five days; this evening they were
 dining at home alone. An unusually
 gushing letter had arrived that morning,
 which had given the most evident pleas-
 ure to Tom and had roused June's ire.
 All day long it had been smoldering; she
 had made up her mind to assert herself
 that night. She would conquer. Her
 mind was master of Tom's, even though
 she could no longer quite turn him round
 her finger by a frown or a tear as in
 olden days. She was not quite sure what
 would be the best way to take him, but
 she would certainly begin by coaxing, even
 though it had failed once or twice before
 when tried on that particular subject.
 After dinner, when they went upstairs,
 she pushed him gently into a chair, sat
 on his knee, faced her arms round his neck
 and laid her cheek against his. He re-
 ceived her attentions with the complacent
 calm of a two-year-old husband who loves his
 wife, the complacent calm that is so emi-
 nently provoking and unsatisfactory to
 wives of June's temperament.
 "Tom," she says, coaxing to embrace
 him, and laying her head against the
 back of his chair, while an involuntary
 mist comes across her brown eyes, "Tom,
 I don't feel happy."
 Tom heaves a deep, deep sigh.
 "No, my dear," he replies. "I don't
 see how any one can be happy in this
 stifling hole."
 But this answer is by no means what

June desires, or what she has wished to
 lead up to.
 "It isn't that," she says, feeling much
 depressed. "I like London, and should
 enjoy myself amazingly if I didn't see
 that you are not happy."
 Tom heaves a still deeper sigh.
 "I must bear it as best I can," he ut-
 ters, in a doleful tone.
 "It makes me feel selfish," says June,
 "to think I have dragged you here and
 that you are so wretched." Secretly she
 thinks he is a little bit selfish not to try
 to seem happier. "It takes away all my
 enjoyment."
 Thereupon Tom kisses her kindly.
 "Never mind, dear," he remarks. "I
 must manage as best I can. And," bright-
 ening, "I shall run down and see the boy
 for a couple of days shortly."
 "My darling!" cries June, "do, do let us
 have him up here! Do get over your
 ridiculous ideas about London, hurrying
 him, and then we should all be quite hap-
 py. There was a time, jealously, when
 I could make you happy, but now it seems
 I am not enough."
 "Don't say that, child!" exclaims Tom,
 giving her aim waist a squeeze. "Why,
 you surely wouldn't have me not love our
 boy?"
 "Not more than me," says June, rebel-
 liously.
 "No fear," he answers, heartily. "But
 it's a different sort of feeling. Why,"
 with an accent of reproach which June
 feels keenly, "do you think that if you
 had him in your arms all day, and had
 hardly even a kiss or a look for me, I
 should feel a bit jealous? Why, I should
 know it is not the least aware that he is
 planting a dagger in his wife's heart. She
 does love her child dearly, but he cannot
 be all in a great. She can spare his
 presence a great deal better than she can
 Tom's; he would be an utterly inadequate
 consolation to her if anything happened
 to her husband.
 "As if," she pleads, "there were not
 hundreds and thousands of healthy chil-
 dren in London, and here it is so airy
 and nice."
 "Airy!" echoes Tom; "why, I feel fit to
 be stifled myself; and think how much
 more his tender lungs would suffer."
 "That is mere prejudice," answers June,
 a trifle shortly.
 "But, my dear," says Tom, "only think
 how well the little chap is at home, and
 how rosy he looks. And here is Agnes
 always looking after him."
 June vacates her position on Tom's knee
 and walks to the window, on which she
 drums with her fingers. An angry swell-
 ing rises in her throat; it is a full minute
 before she can speak.
 "I do not know what business it is of
 Agnes'," she observes, presently. "And,
 as she has never had any experience with
 children, her looking after him can hard-
 ly be of much value."
 "I think that is rather ungrateful of
 you," says Tom, with more warmth than
 is usual to him, especially when address-
 ing his wife.
 "This was too much for June. She flings
 herself into a chair and gives vent to a
 passion of sobs and tears. For a wonder,
 Tom does not fly at once to stanch her
 tears, but sits looking at a shade sulky and
 perturbed. This, naturally makes June
 worse.
 "I wish we had never come to London
 at all!" she sobs.
 Tom echoes that wish most sincerely.
 He, however, has the wisdom to remain
 silent. But silence is always exasperat-
 ing to a vexed woman.
 "Let us give up the house and go back
 home!" sobs her ladyship, who is in a
 considerable temper. "If I am only to be
 made miserable here, I wish I had never
 come!"
 He does not speak, and June's wrath
 increases. She pulls her handkerchief
 from her face, and, looking at him with
 eyes flashing through her tears, she cries:
 "The child is as much mine as yours—
 much more mine! What right have you
 to separate him from me or to decide
 what he shall do or not do?"
 This is the first time that Tom has ever
 seen June in a passion; he is a good deal
 shocked and a little frightened.
 He rises from his chair and comes to-
 ward her. But she starts up to evade him
 and cries:
 "Do not come near me! Do not touch
 me! You do not love me! Oh, my dar-
 ling mother! if you were only alive now!"
 And June, having worked herself up
 into a paroxysm of anguish, flings herself
 down and buries her head in the sofa
 cushions and sobs as if her heart would
 break.
 (To be continued.)

LAST SAD RITES
 An Immense Throng Gathers at
 Tongue's Funeral.
 HILLSBORO WAS ALMOST TOO SMALL
 Floral Offerings Completely Covered the
 Coffin—Societies to Which He Belonged Paid a Last Tribute.

Hillsboro, Jan. 19.—Thomas H.
 Tongue went to his grave yesterday
 with all the honor that his state could
 give him. Nearly all Oregon attended
 his funeral at Hillsboro, and at the last
 impressive services, the preacher said
 most fittingly: "It is Oregon that is
 mourning today, for it is Oregon that
 has lost a son." A committee from
 congress, made up of men who repre-
 sented every part of the nation, was
 present, but the funeral ceremony was
 Oregon's own tribute to the dead.
 Hillsboro was not big enough to hold
 in comfort all who wanted to attend
 Mr. Tongue's obsequies. A special
 train from Portland carried down a
 multitude, and hundreds poured into
 the town from all parts of the state.
 Nearly all the state officials were pre-
 sent, and so was a majority of the legis-
 lature. And from others who could
 not attend, came a wealth of floral
 offerings that were piled mountain high
 over the altar of the little Hillsboro
 Methodist church. The coffin was fair-
 ly buried in flowers, and they, too,
 came from all parts of Oregon.
 Committees representing the various
 societies to which Mr. Tongue belonged,
 were at the depot to meet the party,
 and they acted as an escort when the
 remains were taken to the court house
 at Hillsboro.

At the court house, which had been
 draped in mourning from tower to base-
 ment, the coffin was placed in the main
 corridor, and all yesterday morning a
 line of people with uncovered heads
 passed by it.
 The special train from Portland
 reached Hillsboro at 2 o'clock in the
 afternoon. It brought the committee
 of congressmen appointed by Speaker
 Henderson to attend the funeral. Six
 cars were needed to contain the others
 who went down from Portland on the
 same mission.
 The guests were received by 50 mem-
 bers of the Knights of Pythias in full
 uniform. The Knights formed a line
 with drawn swords, through which the
 visitors passed from the street into the
 court house, and acted as ushers during
 the ceremonies there. They were in
 charge of Mr. Tongue's body while it
 lay in state, and they mounted a strict
 military guard which contributed much
 to the impressiveness of the day's ser-
 vices.

They surrendered the body to the
 Odd Fellows, who took it to the church,
 where Mr. Tongue and his family have
 worshipped for years.
 The distinguished assemblage simply
 packed the church auditorium until it
 was impossible for anybody in the au-
 dience to listen to the ceremonies in
 comfort. The escort of Knights kept
 the aisles open until the Odd Fellows
 carried the coffin in, but after that
 every man struggled for the best place
 he could get.
 The services in the church were short.
 The pastor introduced Dr. C. E. Kline
 to make the opening prayer, and there
 were many damp eyes in the audience
 when Dr. Kline concluded. He was for
 a great many years the pastor of the
 congregation to which Representative
 Tongue belonged, and his prayer took a
 wider range than is usual for this reason.
 His eloquent appeal was, per-
 haps, the best verbal tribute paid to
 Mr. Tongue during the day. Then a
 passage of scripture was read by Rev.
 R. H. Kennedy, of the Hillsboro Con-
 gregational church, and Rev. Dr. L. E.
 Rockwell, presiding elder of the Metho-
 dist church in Northern Oregon, then
 preached the funeral sermon.

During the services the Portland
 quartet sang a number of hymns, and
 were heard to special advantage in the
 beautiful "Lead, Kindly Light." When
 the church ceremonies were con-
 cluded the body was turned over to
 the Hillsboro Masonic body, which es-
 corted it to the cemetery and interred
 it with their own picturesque ritual,
 Worshipful Grand Master W. F.
 Butcher conducting the services. Over
 the grave Mr. Butcher paid one last
 eloquent tribute to Mr. Tongue's mem-
 ory, and the whole cemetery was filled
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