

SLINGS AND ARROWS

By HUGH CONWAY.

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I jumped in a taxi and drove to the hotel. No, Mrs. Lorraine was not there. I drove to Miss Rosier's. Viola had been there in the morning, but had left about 11:30 o'clock. I did not see Miss Rosier, who, I was sorry to hear, was ill in bed. As a last resource, I drove to Grant's house and asked for him. He was out. Had not been home since the morning. Quite uncertain when he would return. It was now past 3 o'clock. Anxious and annoyed, I could do nothing but go back to the hotel and wait my wife's return. Still, not a thought of the truth.

But how to forgive! If I cursed her by day I dreamed of her by night. Then she came to me, sweet and pure as I thought her on the day when I made her my wife. I saw her soft eyes, her graceful form; I heard her fresh young loving voice, and in my dreams was happy, for I could never dream evil of her. But again and again, when I awoke, and remembered what she now was, I sobbed as few strong men permit themselves to sob, and then only in the dead of night, when none can hear or see them.

So, in search of forgetfulness, I plunged into a whirl of fierce dissipation. I became to all appearance the most reckless of a reckless set. I gambled for large sums. I lost or won thousands at a sitting; yet only proved to myself that I was as indifferent to money as I was to everything else save the loss of Viola. Curiously enough, I did not ruin myself at the gaming table. On the whole, I won largely, and so constantly that my luck became a byword. My luck! I smiled bitterly as men spoke of me as "lucky Lorraine."

So, for hours I walked up and down in front of the house which held the traitor. I saw the light extinguished. Once or twice I saw the blind drawn aside, and guessed that Grant was looking out to see if I had left my post. No, you traitor! You villain! I am still there, and shall be there until you come out. Then I will dog you to the bitter end.

The hours went by, the dawn began to break. Still—an object of curiosity, if not suspicion, to the policeman—I kept my room, and should have kept it for hours longer, had it not all at once occurred to me that so long as I was there so long would Grant remain where he was. I must meet craft with craft. Nevertheless, I must perform keep watch until I could find some one to whom the task might be delegated. At 7 o'clock I was able to gain admission to an old-fashioned family and commercial inn which stood some short distance off. The lay window of the coffee room commanded a view of Grant's house. Here I seated myself, and, having obtained a London directory, wrote and dispatched a letter to a well-known private detective, requesting that a clever, trustworthy man might at once be sent to me. Then, from the window of the hotel, I resumed my watch.

At 9 o'clock the man whom I had summoned arrived. I told him what to do. He was to wait until he saw Grant depart. He was to follow him, and, having ascertained his destination, was to telegraph to me at once. Then I left the coffee spot, went back to my hotel, and tried to sleep. As I entered the room which Viola and I had occupied I could almost persuade myself that I had dreamed the events of the last twenty-four hours. All her personal effects were as she left them; her gloves, her brushes, her toilet indispensables were all there. Even her watch she had left behind her. She broke the spring at the seaside, and there was no time to get it repaired before we started for the continent; besides, I had intended buying her a new one in Paris. To-morrow—yes, to-morrow would be Thursday—to-morrow we had proposed crossing to France. Heaven! what did it all mean!



I put it away under lock and key.

carol, the whole world might know that Julian Lorraine was not my father. Such trivial things as accidents of birth were now matters of indifference to me.

NEW YORK FASHIONS. The Latest Styles in Visiting and Reception Dresses. Combination dresses of faille française, Bengaline, or other repped silk with velvet are among the most tasteful importations for visiting and reception toilettes. These may be in monotone when the velvet is figured or striped, but if two plain materials are used, they are oftenest in contrasting colors.

MEASURING SUNSHINE. How the English Scientists Have Solved a Great Problem. When the British Association first met at Birmingham, in 1839, the famous French astronomer, Arago, was present. The weather was cloudy, and when at the end of the meeting it cleared he formally took off his hat to the sun, as he declared he had begun to fear that he had come to a land where that luminary would never show his face again. This was, of course, only a joke of Arago's, but in the course of this last spring two Russian officers were visiting Kew Observatory, and on being shown the apparatus for sunshine registration and for solar photography, these gentlemen expressed their honest surprise that such researches should be attempted, as it was a well known fact that the sun never shone in England.

GOING UP. Hats Will be Taller Than Ever During Mid-Winter. Hats unfortunately are taller this winter. When will they come to grow in height? Surely the time has come when such exaggeration should be checked. Crowns now are too high and massive; height was not so when the shape was conical. To add to the bad effect brims are now narrow and are curled up at the sides. In a word, there is a strong resemblance between them and a gentleman's top hat, a by no means beautiful object, and by no means so comfortable as might be desired. This shape is the new favorite for the new Jersey hats, which consist of a buckram shape neatly covered with fine silk stockingette. These are also made in felt and in silk like a gentleman's hat. Another novelty is the felt or silk hat covered with a silk network. The plain felt is preferred on the whole, but at the same time a useful method of hiding the shape of a last year's felt hat, the shape of which the owner likes. Both New Jersey and netted hats are now finished that a band, where crown and brim join, is not necessary and is rarely employed. The only trimming generally is a plume of feathers in a ribbon bow in front.

[To be continued.]

—Texas Siftings.

—San Francisco Call.

—Boston Bulletin.

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