

AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

BY FREDERICK PALMER.

From New York Weekly.

CHAPTER II.

"That's just the kind of a ring to please Gene," thought Gibson. "It's a very common sort of place to buy anything, but I'll step in and see the proprietor."

Ten minutes later Gibson emerged from the shop owner of the ring. He had bought it for \$50, which was \$35 more than Mr. Goldstein had paid for it. Gibson was well satisfied with his purchase. He knew the value of antique rings.

In the meantime Dunstan was unsuccessfully endeavoring to swallow a few mouthfuls of food at the Gilsey House. The Mortons' ball was to be a grand affair. Arthur had invited Miss Santley, and there was no opportunity of escaping attendance or of eluding a meeting with her that evening. He had thought of illness as an excuse, and of making a clean breast of the matter by telling the truth; but the first was cowardly, and the latter made him appear stupid, and reflected upon the genuineness of his devotion.

He blurted out when he came into the room where she was sitting:

"I've just discovered that I was guilty of a very absent-minded trick. You see that I left your ring on the table when I was changing my clothes."

"I will forgive you this time if you will promise not to do it again. I know you are absent-minded."

She was a picture of radiance, beauty and graciousness as she stood before him in evening dress.

He felt it was indeed a boon to have a wife who could forgive his little failings.

"Only do be careful not to lose it dear. I value it more than anything else I possess."

Arthur winced when she added this.

Miss Marlowe was at the Mortons' ball. The knots of gossipers remarked that young Gibson had become very attentive to her of late, and also that Mr. Dunstan was with Miss Santley. During a lull in the dancing the two young women came together. There was an exchange of greetings and two formal bows.

"Oh, Miss Santley, I have been searching for you all evening," chirruped Miss Marlowe. "I want to compare this ring with your own. I think they are just alike."

She held up a sapphire setting of old fashioned design for her rival's inspection.

Miss Santley flushed to the roots of her hair. Then she turned pale.

"I haven't mine tonight," she said, hastily, looking for a way of escape.

"I thought you always wore it?" "I do. But—but—I am having it cleaned."

Miss Santley hurried on into the gossiping throng, nothing being perceptible to her save the buzz of the many mingled voices ringing in her ears. Miss Marlowe followed her with her eyes, and a little smile of pride showed itself upon her pretty lips.

"Mr. Dunstan," Miss Santley said, coldly, when she met him a moment later, "I am not feeling well. I wish to go home."

Dunstan was greatly alarmed. He saw that the color had quite

left her face, and she appeared to be very ill. The carriage was ordered at once, and while they were waiting he sat and looked at her helplessly.

On the way home she lay back among the cushions in silence and gazed out at the falling snow. Arthur grew more embarrassed. He did not know exactly what was the proper thing to do. His heart was aching for her, she appeared to be so ill, and seemed to be so bravely endeavoring to suppress it.

"Clara, what can I do? I want to do something to help you."

She rose up a little, stared at him wildly, and said, so icily that it fairly made the poor fellow shiver:

"Thank you."

That put an end to the conversation during the remainder of the drive. When they reached the house he attempted to help her up the steps in a lover like way, but she refused his arm with:

"I can help myself very nicely, thank you, Mr. Dunstan."

As they parted at the door she said:

"Mr. Dunstan, I think we understand each other after what has happened tonight."

She closed the door before Arthur could realize what it all meant. When he did he was the most crestfallen man in the city. The few hours of sleep that he got that night were filled with travails through a wild, unexplored country in search of a recreant ring. On awakening from a short and restless nap next morning, he sprang from his bed like a rocket.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed. Now I remember! I must have dropped it into the bundle that I sent to the washerwoman."

When Dunstan was dressed, which probably took the space of about two minutes, he was clad in his full dress trousers, a light vest, and his smoking jacket. He threw his overcoat on over these, and made a double quick charge for Mrs. Jackson's laundry. He found the little woman picking over her morning's custom and watching her assistants.

"Mrs. Jackson, did you find a ring in the package I sent you yesterday?"

"No, sir, I didn't." "Yes, you did. Own up, now, or I'll call a policeman," cried Dunstan.

Mrs. Jackson had a wholesome fear of policemen. She had stolen the ring, of course. Goldstein, the pawnbroker, had bought it of her for \$15.

"I'll get it for you, sir. You shall have it back!"

"Come and show me where you sold it, or there will be one less washerwoman on the face of the earth."

Mrs. Jackson put on her things and trudged along with Dunstan to Goldstein's. That worthy gentleman admitted having bought and sold the ring, but of course he did not know the purchaser. Of course he did not know that the ring had been stolen, and he was in no way responsible.

"Oh, I don't know about that, Mr. Pawnbroker," said Dunstan, biting his lip angrily. "I am something of a lawyer myself. It depends upon whether I get the ring back or not what I shall do."

Just at this point Mr. Goldstein's

memory was suddenly refreshed. He didn't know; possibly he remembered the young man who purchased it after all. Yes, upon reflection, it was Mr. Gibson. When he thought further, he knew Mr. Gibson's address.

Gibson was sitting before his grate, devoting himself listlessly, by turns, to three occupations—munching toast, drinking coffee, and reading the New York Herald. On this particular morning he was quite contented with himself and every one else. When Dunstan came running in upon the quiet of his apartments, his sudden appearance upset Gibson's coffee upon his dressing-gown, and completely unbalanced his mental equilibrium.

"Gibson, you bought a ring yesterday at a pawnbroker's on Sixth avenue—a sapphire ring of antique design. The ring was stolen from me. I want it back."

Dunstan rattled this off as if he were making a summary of a case at law.

"Really, my dear fellow, aren't you a twiffo hasty? Sit down and calm yourself."

"Well, I haven't anything more to say. I must have that ring today, regardless of cost," said Dunstan, who remained standing.

"You see—aw—the fact of it is, Dunstan, I gave the ring—aw—to—aw—Miss Marlowe. Awfully embarrassing thing, you know, to ask her for it. You couldn't wait a few days? I might—aw—precipitate a quahl. It's not a desperate case between us, you know. Then she would give it back. We might arrange a plot like the story writers do. You could flirt with her, and I would be angry. Bah Jove! you know, I think that's an ideah."

"I won't talk of it. I shall have to ask you to have it at my rooms by three o'clock this afternoon or I shall be compelled to go to Miss Marlowe and tell her where you purchased it."

"Weally," Gibson attempted to say, in a sarcastic tone.

"I suggest that you tell her it was bought of an unfortunate count, a waiter in the Waldorf, who stole it."

"Ya as. That's a good ideah. Thanks awfully. I know so many of these unfortunate counts, you know," said the befuddled young worshiper of rank and title, again trying his tongue at sarcasm.

"I never thought—aw—that Dunstan was such a prig. The ideah of him making such demands."

What method Gibson used to secure the ring is a matter of conjecture, but of this I am sure, he did not care to have Miss Marlowe know that her engagement emblem was purchased at a pawnbroker's; for, promptly at three o'clock, a messenger arrived at Dunstan's rooms, bearing a neat envelope which contained the much sought-for sapphire ring.

Two hours later a carriage stopped in front of Mrs. Jackson's door. Mr. Arthur Dunstan alighted and handed out a young woman. There was an anxious look upon her face.

"Mrs. Jackson," demanded Dunstan, holding the ring between his fingers, "you recognize this?"

"Yes, sir; I found it among your washing and sold it."

"Yes, that's all right. I believe you," Miss Santley said. "I was

foolish to doubt, but, Arthur, you used to think a great deal of Miss Marlowe, and she is a very pretty girl, you know."

Arthur slipped the sapphire ring upon her finger, and with it another—a diamond of modern design. Then he sealed the gift with something else.

It is needless to say that at the next ball, where both Miss Santley and Miss Marlowe were present, the former approached the latter and said, in her politest tones:

"I have my ring now, dear, if you wish to compare your own with it."

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

Apply a letter or card to:

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
NEW YORK OFFICE, 611, 613, 615, 617 East 9th St., New York.
WASHINGTON OFFICE, P. O. BOX 428, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PENSIONS PROCURED FOR

OLDERS, WIDOWS, CHILDREN, PARENTS.

Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war with Mexico, and for the widows of the Indian wars of 1822 to 1842, and their widows, now entitled. Old and rejected claims a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates. Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee until successful.

JOHN F. STRATTON'S
CELEBRATED
GUITARS,



Importers of and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
611, 613, 615, 617 East 9th St., New York.

**\$100.00
Given Away
Every Month**

to the person submitting the most meritorious invention during the preceding month.

WE SECURE PATENTS FOR INVENTORS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that :

It's the Simple, Trivial Inventions That Yield Fortunes

—such as De Long's Hook and Eye, "Saw that Lamp," "Safety Pin," "Pigeon Clever," "Air Brake," etc.

Almost every one conceives a bright idea at some time or other. Why not put it in practical use? YOUR talents may lie in this direction. May make your fortune. Why not try? :

Write for further information and mention this paper.

THE PRESS CLAIMS CO.
Philip W. Aviret, Gen. Mgr.,
618 F Street, Northwest,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The responsibility of this company may be judged by the fact that its stock is held by over one thousand of the leading inventors in the United States.

JOHN F. STRATTON'S
CELEBRATED




MANDOLINS,

Importers of and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
611, 613, 615, 617 East 9th St., New York.

ONLY TEN CENTS EXTRA. To every person sending us the amount of one yearly subscription to The HERALD together with ten cents extra, we will send free a copy of The World Almanac for 1895. Single copies may be ordered at this office for 25 cents.

THE
WORLD ALMANAC
AND ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR 1895



The Best Reference Book Printed.
A Volume of over 500 pages
It Treats 1,400 topics

Endorsed by STATESMEN,
EDUCATORS and
STUDENTS everywhere.

Has Reached Such a State of Perfection That it is a Veritable Encyclopedia of Facts, Statistics and Events Brought Down to January First, 1895.

THE 1895 volume is a whole library in itself. One can hardly think of a question it cannot answer. It tells all about party platforms, election statistics, the new tariff, religions of the earth, population everywhere, state and government statistics, occupations of men, foreign matters, literature, science and education. It is . . .

AMERICA'S STANDARD YEAR BOOK.

PRICE, postpaid by mail, - 25 CENTS.
Address THE WORLD, New York City.

NERVE SEEDS - WEAK MEN

This Famous Remedy cures quickly, permanently all nervous diseases, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Loss of Vitality, Nightly Emotions, evil dreams, impotency and wasting diseases caused by youthful errors or excesses. Contains no opiates. Is a nerve tonic and blood builder. Makes the pale and puny strong and plump. Easily carried in vest pocket. \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. By mail, prepaid, with a written guarantee or money refunded. Write us, free medical book, sealed plain wrapper, with testimonials and general statement. No charge for consultations. Remedy of purest quality. Sold by all druggists. **NERVE SEEDS**, Hanson, Temple, Chicago.

For sale in Barre, Ore., by H. M. HORTON, Druggist.