## AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

BY FREDERICK PALMER. From New York Weekly

CHAPTER II.

please Gene," thought Gibson. "It's anything, but I'll step in and see the proprietor."

Ten minutes later Gibson emerg ed 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 was no opportunity of escaping atwith 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 said: reflected upon the genuineness of his devotion.

He blurted out when he came in happened tonight." to the room where she was sitting:

guilty of a yery absent-minded When he did he was the most cresttrick. You see that I left your fallen man in the city. The few ing my clothes."

I know you are absent-minded."

She was a picture of radiance, beauty and graciousness as she from his bed like a rocket. stood before him in evening dress little failings.

"Only do be careful not to lose it thing else I possess."

with Miss Santley. During a luil in the darcing the two young women came together. There was an exchange of greetings and two for terday?" mal bows.

"Oh, Miss Santley, I have been searching for you all evening," chir. I'll call a policeman," cried Dun- know," said the befuddled young :uped Miss Marlowe. "I want to stan. compare this ring with your own. I think they are just alike."

inspection. Miss Sautley flushed to the roots

"I haven't mine tonight," she said, hastily, lookisg for a way of sold it, or there will be one less know that her engagement emblem escape.

"I thought you always wore it?" earth." "I do But-but-I am having

of pride showed itself upon her

pretty lips. "Mr. Dunstan," Miss Santley said, coldly, when she met him a biting his lip angrily. "I am some fingers, "you recognize this?" moment later, "I am not feeling thing of a lawyer myself. It dewell. I wish to go home."

Dunstan was greatly alarmed, back or not what I shall do."

helplessly.

"That's just the kind of a ring to among the cushions in silence and Gibson's address. endeavoring to suppress it.

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

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

"Thank you."

That put an end to the conversa had invited Miss Santley, and there tion during the remainder of the drive. When they reached the tendance or of eluding a meeting 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, at law. thank you, Mr. Dunstan."

As they parted at the door sine

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

She closed the door before Arthur | stan, who remained standing "I've just discovered that I was could realize what it all meant. were filled with travels through a "I will forgive you this time if a wild, nnexplored country in you will promise not to do it again. search of a recreant ring. On cipitate a quahl. It's not a des awakenining from a short and rest-

have a wife who could forgive his it into the bundle that I sent to the Bah Jove! you know, I think that's may be ordered at this office for 25 cents. washerwoman."

When Dunstan was dressed, dear. I value it more than any- which probably took the space of about two minutes, he was clad in by three o'clock this afternoon or I Arthur winced when she added his full dress trousers, a light vest, shall be compelled to go to Miss and his smoking jacket. He threw Miss Merlowe was at the Mortons' his overcoat on over these, and ball. The knots of gossipers re- made a double quick charge for marked that young Gibsen had be- Mrs. Jackson's laundry. He found come very attentive to her of late, the little woman picking over her say, in a sarcastic tone and also that Mr. Dunstan was morning's custom and watching her

> "Mrs. Jackson, did you find a ring in the package I sent you yes. it.'

"No, sir, I didn't."

Mrs. Jackson had a wholesome trying his tongue at sarcasm. fear sf policemen. She had stolen "I never thought-aw-that Dun-She held up a sapphire setting of the ring, of course. Goldstein, the stan was such a prig. The ideah old fashioned design for her rival's pawnbroker, had bought it of her of him making such demands."

of her hair. Then she turned pale, shall have it back!"

and trudged along with Dunstan to rooms, bearing a neat envelope Miss Santley hurried on into the Goldstein's. That worthy gentle which contained the much sought-Mossiping throng, nothing being man admitted having bought and for sapphire ring. perceptible to her save the buzz of sold the ring, but of course he did Two henrs later a carriage stop the many mingled voices ringing not know the purchaser. Of course ped in front of Mrs. Jackson's door. in her ears. Miss Marlowe followed he did not know that the ring had Mr. Arthur Dunstan alighted and responsible.

"Oh, I don't know about that, "Mrs 'Jackson," demanded Dun-Mr. Pawnbroker," said Dunstan, stan, holding the ring between his dends upon whether I get the ring washing and sold it."

waiting he sat and looked at her chased it after all. Yes, upon re- girl, you know."

a very common sort of place to buy thur grew more embarrassed. He grate, devoting himself listlessly, thing else. did not know exactly what was the by turns, to three occupationsproper thing to do. His heart was munching toast, drinking coffee, the next ball, where both Miss aching for her, she appeared to be and reading the New York Herald. Santley and Miss Marlowe were so ill, and seemed to be so bravely On this particular morning he was present, the former approached the quite contented with himself and latter and said, in her politest tones: every one else. When Dunstan came running in upon the quiet of his apartments, his sudden appearand upset Gibson's coffee upon his dressing-gown, and completely unbalanced his mental equilibrium.

> "Gibson you bought a ring yes terday 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

> "Really, my dear fellah, aren't you a twifie hasty? Sit down and calm yourself."

"Well. I haven't anything more to say. I must have that ring today, regardless of cost." said Dun-

"You see-aw-the fact of it is, Dunstan, I gave the wing-aw-to -aw-Miss Marlows. Awfully emring on the table when I was chang- hours of sleep that he got that night bawwassing thing. you know, to awsk her for it. You couldn't wait a few days? I might-aw-pwepewate case between us, you know less nap next morning, he sprang Then she would give it bahek. We might awwange a plot like the an ideah."

> "I won't talk of it. I shall have! to ask you to have it at my rooms Marlowe and tell her where you purchased it."

"Weally," Gibson attempted to

"I suggest that you tell her it was bought of an unfortunate count, 1 a waiter in the Waldorf, who stole

"Ya as. That's a good ideah Thanks awfully. I know so many 'Yes, you did. Own up, now, or of these unfortunate counts, you worshiper of rank and title, again

What method Gibson used to se-"I'll get it for you, sir. You cure the ring is a matter of conjec ture, but of this I am sure, he did "Come and show me where you not care to have Miss Marlowe washerwoman on the face of the was purchased at a pawnbroker's; for, promptly at three o'clock, a Mrs. Jackson put on her things messenger arrived at Dunstan's

her with her eyes, and a little smile been stolen, and he was in no way handed out a young woman. There was an anxious look upon her face.

"Yes, sir; I found is among your

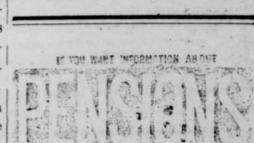
"Yes, that's all right I believe He saw that the color had quite Just at this point Mr. Goldstein's you," Miss Santley said. "I was

left her face, and she appeared to memory was suddenly refreshed. foolish to doubt, but, Arthur, you be very ill. The carriage was or- He didn't know; possibly he re- used to think a great deal of Miss dered at once, and while they were membered the young man who pur- Marlowe, and she is a very pretty

flection, it was Mr. Gibson. When Arthur slipped the sapphire ring On the way home she lay back he thought further, he knew Mr. upon her finger, and with it another-a diamend of modern design gazed out at the falling snow. Ar- Gibson was sitting before his Then he sealed the gift with some-

It is needless to say that at the

"I have my ridg now, dear, if y u wish to compare your own with it.



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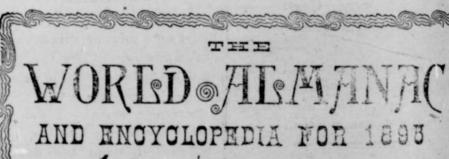
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