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CHAPTER XVIII .- (Continued.) face from me, "you know I should never osity. consent to marry you, with the idea of

"Let us be frank with one another," I

marry my brother."

breath. Such an idea had never once occurred to me, though I knew she had him. been spending most of her time with the Careys at the Vale. Captain Carey to nected, Dr. Martin Dobree," he said; live in our house! I was struck dumb, ried to your father, Dr. Dobree and fancied that I had heard wrongly. is not revenge sweet to a jilted woman? -she had it now. I was as crestfallen, as she had. How could I blame her for preferring Captain Carey's love to my

poor affections?"
"Julia," I said, after a long silence, and speaking as calmly as I could, "do

you love Captain Carey?" "That is not a fair question to ask," answered Johanna. "We have not been treacherous to you. I scarcely know how it has all come about. But my brother has never asked Julia if she loves him; for we wished to see you first, and hear how you felt about Olivia. You say you shall never love again as you love her. Set Julia free, then, quite free, to accept my brother or reject him. Be generous,

yourself, Martin."
"I will," I said; "my dear Julia, you are as free as air from all obligation to me. You have been very good and very true to me. If Captain Carey is as good and true to you, as I believe he will be, you will be a very happy woman-happier than you would ever be with me.

"And you will not make yourself unhappy about it?" asked Julia, looking up. " I answered cheerfully; "I shall be a merry old bachelor, and visit you and Captain Carey, when we are all old Never mind me, Julia; I never was good enough for you. I shall be very glad to know that you are happy.'

Yet when I found myself in the street -for I made my escape as soon as I could get away from them-I felt as if everything worth living for were slipping away from me. My mother and Olivia were gone, and here was Julia forsaking me. I did not grudge her the new happiness. There was neither jealousy nor envy in my feelings towards my supplanter. But in some way I felt that I had lost a great deal since I entered their drawing room two hours ago.

CHAPTER XIX.

I did not go straight home to our dull, gloomy bachelor dwelling place, for I was not in the mood for an hour's soliloquy. I was passing by the house, chew ing the bitter cud of my reflections, an turned in to see if any messages were waiting there. The footman told me a person had been with an urgent request that a doctor would go as soon as pos sible to No. 19 Bellringer street. I did not know the street, or what sort of a locality it was in.

"What kind of a person called?" I ask

"A woman sire not a lady. On footpoorly dressed. She's been here before, and Dr. Lowry has visited the case "Very good," I said,

Upon inquiry I found that the place was two miles away; and as our old friend Simmons was still on the cabstand. I jumped into his cab, and bade him drive me as fast as he could, I wanted a sense of motion, and a change of scene. If I had been in Guernsey should have mounted Madam, and had another midnight ride round the island. This was a poor substitute for that; but the visit would serve to turn my thoughts from Julia.

We turned at last into a shabby street, recognizable even in the twilight of the scattered lamps as being a place for cheap lodging-houses. There was a light burning in the second-floor windows of No. 19; but all the rest of the front was in darkness. I paid Simmons and dismissed him, saying I would walk By the time I turned to knock at the door, it was opened quietly from within. A woman stood in the doorcandle she had brought with her was on the table behind her; neither was there light enough for her to distinguish

"Are you come from Dr. Lowry's?"

she asked. The voice sounded a familiar one, but I could not for the life of me recall whose it was.
"Yes," I answered, "but I do not know

the name of my patient here.'

I recollected her then as the person who had been in search of Olivia. She had failen back a few paces, and I could now see her face. It was doubtful, as If she hesitated to admit me. Was it possible I had come to attend Olivia's

ejaculated; "he is very ill to-night, but I M. D. It stated that the deceased, don't think he ought to see you-I don't Olivia Foster, had died on September

think he would. came here simply because my friend is written in a good handwriting, purport-out of town. If he wishes to see me 1 ing to be from a clergyman or minister, will see him, and do my best. It rests who had attended Olivia in her fatal illentirely with himself."

She left me in the dimly lighted hall. dingy, and miserable. At last I heard to the place where they were written. her step coming down the two flights of stairs, and I went to meet her.

| "He will see you,," she said, eying "Why, Martin," she said, averting her me herself with a steady gaze of curi-

your caring most for that girl. No, I band, partly from the intense aversion could never do that. If I believed you I felt instinctively toward him. He was would ever think of me as you used to lying back in an old, worn-out easy-chair, do before you saw her, well, I would with a woman's shawl thrown across keep true to you. But is there any hope his shoulders, for the night was chilly. His face had the first sickly hue and emaciation of the disease, and was probanswered; "tell me, is there any one else ably refined by it. It was a handsome, whom you would marry if I released you regular, well-cut face, narrow across from this promise, which was only given, the brows, with thin, firm lips, and eyes perhaps, to soothe my mother's last perfect in shape, but cold and glittering as steel. I knew afterward that he was "Yes," answered Johanna, whilst Julia fifteen years older than Olivia. Across hid her face in her hands, "she would his knees lay a shaggy, starved-looing cat, which he held fast, and entertained Captain Carey! I fairly gasped for himself by teasing and tormenting it. He scrutinized me as keenly as I did

marry! and to marry Julia! To go and "my half-sister, Kate Daltrey, is mar-

"Yes," I answered shortly. The sub-If Julia wished for revenge-and when ject was eminently disagreeable to me, and I had no wish to pursue it with him. "Ay! she will make him a happy man," as amazed, almost as miserable as she he continued mockingly; "you are not bad been. Yet I had no one to blame yourself married, I believe, Dr. Martin

I took no notice whatever of his re mark, but passed on to formal inquiries concerning his health. My close study of his malady helped me here. I could assist him to describe and localize his symptoms, and I soon found that the disease was in a very early stage.

"You have a better grip of it than Lowry," he said. "I feel as if I were

is dead, that you have not taken posses-

of her property?" "A shrewd question," he said jeering-'Why am I in these cursed poor odgings? Why am I as poor as Job when there are twenty thousand pounds of my wife's estate lying unclaimed? My sweet, angelic Olivia left no will, or none in my favor, you may be sure; and by her father's will, if she dies intestate or without children, his property goes to build almshouses, or some confounded nonsense, in Melbourne. All she bequeaths to me is this ring, which I gave to her on our wedding day, curse her!" He held out his hand, on the little finger of which shone a diamond, that might, as far as I knew, be the one I had once seen in Olivia's possession.

"Perhaps you do not know," he continued, "that it was on this very point the making of her will, or securing her property to me in some way, that my vife took offense and ran away from me. Carry was just a little too hard upon her, and I was away in Paris. But consider, I expected to be left penniless, just as you see me left, and Carry was determined to prevent it."

"Then you are sure of her death?" I

"So sure," he replied calmly, "that we were married the next day. Olivia's letter to me, as well as those papers, was like to see it?"

Mrs. Foster gave me a slip of paper, on which were written a few lines. The words looked faint, and grew fainter to my eyes as I read them. They were without doubt Olivia's writing. "I know that you are poor, and

send you all I can spare—the ring you once gave to me. I am even poorer than yourself, but I have just enough for my last necessities." There was no more to be said or done.

Conviction had been brought home to me.

I rose to take my leave, and Foster held out his hand to me, perhaps with a kindly intention. Olivia's ring was glittering on it, and I could not take it into mine. "Well, well!" he said, "I understand; I am sorry for you. Come again, Dr. Martin Dobree. If you know of any

remedy for my case, you are no true man if you do not try it." I went down the narrow staircase,



TEASING AND TORMENTING.

through me. Can you cure me?"

"I will do my best,," I answered. the best is generally good for nothing. ing the house-door, You see I care less about getting over it than my wife does. She is very anxious

for my recovery. "Your wife!" I repeated in utter surprise; "you are Richard Foster, I be-

"Certainly," he replied. "Does your wife know of your pres-

ent illness?" I inquired. "To be sure," he answered; "let me introduce you to Mrs. Richard Foster." The woman looked at me with flashing eyes and a mockkikng smile, while Mr. Foster indulged himself with extorting a long and plaintive mew from

the poor cat on his knees. "I cannot understand," I said. I did not know how to continue my speech, Though they might choose to pass as husband and wife among strangers, they could hardly expect to impose upon

"Ah! I see you do not," said Mr. Foster, with a visible sneer. "Olivia is

"Olivia dead!" I exclaimed.

"You were not aware of it?" he said. "I am afraid I have been too sudden. Kate tells us you were in love with my first wife, and sacrificed a most eligible match for her. Would it be too late to open fresh negotiations with your cous-You see I know all your family his-

"When did Olivia die?" I inquired, though my tongue felt dry and parched. and the room, with his fiendish face, was swimming giddily before my eyes.

ing to his wife.
"We heard she was dead on the first of October," she answered. "You mar-

"When was it, Carry?" he asked, turn-

ried me the next day."
"Ah, yes!" he said; "Olivia had been dead to me for more than twelve months. and the moment I was free I married her, Dr. Martin. It was quite legal." "But what proof have you?" I asked still incredulous, yet with a heart so heavy that it could hardly rouse itself

"Carry, you have those letters," said Richard Foster. "Here are the proofs," said Mrs. Fos-

She put into my hand an ordinary cer-"I don't know whatever to do!" she tificate of death, signed by J. Jones, the 27th, of acute inflammation of the "I am not anxious to attend him. I lungs. Accompanying this was a letter ness. He said that she had desired him 'Will you wait here a few minutes," to keep the place of her death and burlal she asked, "while I see what he will a secret, and to forward no more than the official certificate of the former event. This letter was signed E. Jones. The place was altogether sordid, and No clue was given by either document as "Are you not satisfied," asked Foster.

made of glass, and you could look closely followed by Mrs. Foster. Her face had lost its gaiety and boldness, and ooked womanly and care-worn, as she "So you all say," he muttered, "and laid her hand upon my arm before open-

"For heaven's sake, come again." she said, "if you can do anything for him. We have money left yet, and I am earning more every day. We can pay you well. Promise me you will come again.'

"I can promise nothing to-night," I answered. "You shall not go till you promise," she

said emphatically. "Well, then, I promise," I answered. and she unfastened the chain almost noiselessly, and opened the door into the

CHAPTER XX.

I reached home just as Jack was com ing in from his evening amusement. He let me in with his latch-key, giving m a cheery greeting; but as soon as we had entered the dining-room, and he saw my face, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! Martin, what has happened to you?" "Olivia is dead!" I answered.

His arm was about my neck in a me ment, for we were like boys together still, when we were alone. He knew all about Olivia, and he waited patiently till could put my tidings into words.

"It must be true," he said, though in doubtful tone; "the scoundrel would not have married again if he had not suffi-

"She must have died very soon after my mother," I answered, "and I never "It's strange!" he said. "I wonder she

never got anybody to write to you or Tardif. There was no way of accounting for that strange silence toward us. We sat talking in short, broken sentences; but we could come to no conclusion about it.

It was late when we parted, and I went

o bed, but not to sleep. Upon going downstairs in the morning I found that Jack was already off, having left a short note for me, saying he would visit my patients that day. I had scarcely begun breakfast when the servant an-nounced "a lady," and as the lady followed close upon his heels, I saw behind his shoulder the familiar face of Johanna, looking extremely grave. She was soon seated beside me, watching me with

something of the tender, wistful gaze of "Your friend, Dr. John Senior, called ipon us a short time since," she said, 'and told us this sad, sad news."

I nodded silently. "If we had only known it yesterday,, she continued, "you would never have heard what we then said. This makes so vast a difference. Julia could not have become your wife while there was another woman living whom you loved more. You understand her feeling?"

"Yes," I said; "Julia is right." "My brother and I have been talking "He would not rob you of any resumed. consolation or of any future happiness not for worlds. He relinquishes all claim "No," I replied; "how is it, if Olivia to or hope of Julia's affection-

"That would be unjust to Julia," I in-"She must not be sacrificed terrupted. to me any longer. I do not suppose I

shall ever marry-"You must marry, Martin," she interrupted in her turn, and speaking emphatically; "you are altogether unfitted for a bachelor's life. It is all very well for Dr. John Senior, who has never known a woman's companionship, and who can do without it. But it is misery to you-this cold, colorless life. No. Of all men I ever knew, you are the least fitted for a single life."
"Perhaps I am," I admitted, as I re-

called my longing for some sign of womanhood about our bachelor dwelling. (To be continued.)

NOAH'S ARK A MODERN SHIP.

Proof that the Shipbuilding Industry Flourished Before His Time.

Another popular notion has been upset. For centuries it has been supposed that Father Noah was the first shipbuilder of the world and that the ark in which he saved his family from drowning was the first vessel that "plowed the raging main." This supposition has been found to be erroneous. for there exist paintings of Egyptian gallons of water! You may be sure vessels immensely older than the date that he-he was an Englishman-told conclusive of her identity. Would you 2840 B. C., usually assigned to the ark, his unhappy wife that she had combeing, indeed, probably between seventy and eighty centuries old. Moreover, there are now in existence in Egypt boats which were built about the period the ark was constructed. These are, however, small craft, about thirty-three feet long, seven feet or eight feet wide, and two and a half feet to three feet deep. They were discovered six years ago by the eminent French Egyptologist, M. J. De Morgan, in brick vaults may, after the drive was over he began near Cairo and were probably funeral

They are constructed of three-inch acacia and sycamore planks, dovetailed together and fastened with trenails. They have floors but no ribs, and though nearly 5,000 years old they held together after their supports had been removed. These boats may be considered side by side with the better known, but much more modern, viking ship, which is now to be seen in a shed at Christiana. This craft was discovered in 1880 in a funeral mound, so that we owe both these existing examples of extremely ancient ships to the funeral customs of countries so dissimilar as Egypt and Norway.

Heron Nests in the Maine Woods. There are three known heron colonies in New England. One of them is on the plantation just to the north of Sebec Lake. On a point of land reaching out into the pond is a growth of tall silver birches, and there are at least 100 nests in the tops of these trees. The trees are tall, without limbs for forty feet or more from the ground. It is a well known fact that herons never build a nest in a tree with limbs much less than forty feet from the earth. The nests are constructed from small sticks, some up to an inch in diameter. The nest is at least two feet across, and the eggs are a trifle smaller than a hen's egg, and of a pale blue color. The old birds go long distances on their foraging trips, in some cases forty and fif-The birds of this about Moosehead Lake and around the ponds miles to the south all make their way to this particular colony at night. Standing on the point one can see the birds coming from all directions during Kentucky State Guard. the period in which they feed their young .- New York Tribune.

Java's Great Explosion Dr. Eugene Murray Aaron calls the eruption of the volcano Krakatua in Java "the greatest explosion of modern

times." He says: "It is quite safe to say, when we are asked the question as to which of all the mighty manifestations of God's power in this world thus far within the ken of science has been the most stupendous, the most all-overwhelming, that the terrific annihilation of Krakatua, in 1883, surpasses all else. A smoke that encircled the globe, a wave that traveled 7,500 miles, a sound heard 3,-000 miles afar and an air shock hurled thrice around the earth-what more can be sought as testimony to the pentup energies beneath our very feet?"

The Densest Population.

The greatest density of the population in the world is claimed for Bombay, and is only disputed by Agra. The population of Bombay amounts to 760 persons per acre in certain areas, and in these sections the street area only occupies one-fourth of the whole. If streets for any purpose, the density he come out?" would equal 3,040 persons per acre.

Clock for Theatrical Use.

To judicate the different numbers of a program a newly designed clock has a rotable dial plate, which can be perforated at the proper places to engage hooked rods which fall into the holes in the dial, and are pulled a short distance to make electrical connections with bells or indicators located in convenient places.

A New Gun.

A centrifugal gun, discharging 30,000 bullets a minute, has been invented by an English engineer. The bullets are poured into a case from a hopper, and guided into a disk three feet in diameter, revolving in the case at the rate of 15,000 revolutions a minute. They are discharged from the edge of the disk.

Man's Temperature. Man's ordinary temperature is 98.6

degrees when in good health; that of a snail 76 degrees, and of a chicken 111 We have remarked that soon after it

about the change this will make," she drink at the fountain of perpetual the wash. youth he dies.

The most successful nation is deter

HER HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

Rejoiced When the Horse Had Kicked the Bugry to Pieces

Some neighbors and friends of ours had a horse called Alcade, says Horace Vachell in his interesting description of California life; and thereupon he goes on to relate an incident in which the horse played an important part.

Alcade was a most respectable horse, but like all of us he had his failing; he would flick his tail over the reise. So one day my friend, when about to take his wife out for a drive, tied down Alcade's tail so tightly and securely that not a wiggle was left in it.

Now, it happened that only that morning my friend's wife had turned on the water-water, you must understand, is a very precious article on a ranch in Southern California-and, alas! she had neglected to turn it off. So the water had flowed away; leaving the family tank empty and cracking

beneath the ardent rays of the sun. Conceive, if you can, the wrath of a husband condemned by his wife's carelessness to pump many hundreds of mitted the unpardonable sin; and she, poor soul, appreciating the magnitude of her offense, held her peace-which is remarkable because she was a daughter of the West.

Perhaps the husband was sorry that he had spoken so harshly, and thought that a drive behind a fast trotter would establish happier relations between the two who should be one. Be that as it to unharness Alcade, his wife standing by and talking to him.

The traces were unhooked, the breeching-straps unbuckled, and then Alcade was commanded to leave the shafts; but Alcade, wise as Balaam's ass, never stirred, for he knew that his tail was still fast to the buggy. Thereupon my friend took the whip and applied it smartly to Alcade's hind quar-

Alcade, who had doubtless been nurs ing his wrongs all the afternoon, and who saw his opportunity, as the lawyers say, to show cause, retaliated by kicking the buggy into a heap of kindling-wood.

My friend's wife watched this performance with interest, and when it was over she turned to her husband

"My dear, after this I shall turn on the water and let it run as often and as long as I please."

CHILD ARMY CAPTAIN. Son of Gen. Lawton Held That Rank in

Philippines. The Kentucky State Guard numbers among its members the youngest indi- buy a

vidual that ever donned shoulder straps in the Unitlate Gen. H. W. Lawton, who, al-

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though only years old, is the bugler for the first battalion artillery,

At the age of 11 years this boy was on the firing line and under fire. He teeth. went to the Philippines with his father and served in various commands until his father's death in December, 1899. Soon after arriving he was assigned to the position of volunteer aide on his father's staff with the rank of captain. part in all the expeditions, and enduring the same hardships as the others of the command.

Before starting on that long northern expedition with his father to Luzon, the result of which meant so much, he served for some time as an aide to Gen. Fred Grant while the latter was and, in one respect, pathetic tale:stationed at Bacor. Of all the relics brought back from the Philippines. says the Philadelphia Inquirer, the most treasured by him are the official papers showing his assignment and promotions while serving in the volunteer army of the United States

Speculative Mathematics.

Two club-men were discussing the financial affairs of some of their acquaintances

"Now there's Brown. He's been the entire population massed in the speculating heavily in wheat, How has

"Away ahead." "And there's Williams. He has dabbled extensively in oats. Has he made anything?"

"He hasn't done as well as Brown has, But Thompson-you know Thompson?

"Yes, I know him." "Well, he's worth as much as Brown and Williams put together."

"There you're wrong. I know Thompson's circumstances exactly. He isn't worth a cent." "Just so. Brown is worth two hun-

dred thousand dollars, and Williams is two hundred thousand dollars' worse off than nothing. If you combine the wealth of the two it amount to nothing, the same as Thompson's. Have you forgotten mathematics?"

One of Their Characteristics. "Our minister is a splendid man. Ev

erything about him is so good." "Yes, I've noticed that, like many ministers, he even has a good appetite." -Philadelphia Bulletin.

Give any woman time, and she will Denver Post. complain of the condition in which her is announced that a man seems to clothes with real lace on came out of

> If a baby is well-spring of pleasure twins must be a deluge.

## The Change of Life

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and some

times painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dan-



gerous, nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are cry-ing out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It builds up the weakened nervous system, and enables a woman to pass

that grand change triumphantly. "I was a very sick woman, caused by Change of Life. I suffered with hot fluches, and fainting spells. I was afraid to go on the street, my head and back troubled me so. I was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-ble Compound." — Mrs. Jennie Noble. 5010 Keyser St., Germantown, Pa.

Poor Child." "You've got a little brother," said the nurse at breakfast. "He was born last night." 'Really," said Tommy, "And last

ght was Sunday. Poor kid!" "Why do you say that?"
"Cause his birthday won't do him any good. Sunday's a holiday, any-

how."-Philadelphia Press.

A Waste of Hospitality. Mrs. Hermitage (of Drearydale)-I believe I will invite the Gothams out from the city to spend Sunday with

us. Oscar. Hermitage (hopelessly) - What's the use, Mary? They don't want to suburban cottage .. - Boston Journal.

Accounting for It.

"It may be merely fancy," remarked States army or ed Mrs. Seldom-Holme, "but since my who has been un- husband commenced drinking the wader fire in battle, ter from that iron spring he has This person is seemed to be ten times as obstinate Capt. Manley as he used to be." Lawton, son of the late Gen. H. W. "Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Nexdoor, "the water is tinctured with pig

iron?"-Chicago Tribune

What Did She Do? Miss Prism-Don't let your dog bite

me, little boy. Little Boy-He won't bite, ma'am. Miss Prism-But he is showing his Little boy (with pride)-Certainly

he is, ma'am; and if you had as good teeth as he, you'd show 'em, too."-Tid-Bits.

Not So Bad. Mrs. Housekeep-Oh, Bridget, you He served faithfully and well, going haven't really broken that piece of through the entire campaign; taking Severes? Oh, my! That's the worst thing you could have broken in the whole house!

Bridget-Faith, Oi'm glad to hear it

wasn't the best, mum!-Philadelphia Press.

Thrown from His Cab and Killed. The following is a most interesting Mr. J. Pope, 42 Ferrar Road, Streat-

ham, England, said: Yes, poor chap, he is gone, deadbolted, thrown off his seat on his cab he was driving and killedpoor chap, and a good sort too, mate. was him, you see, who gave me that half bottle of St. Jacob's Oil that made a new man of me. 'Twas like this: me and Bowman were great friends. Some gentleman had given him a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil which had done him a lot of good; he only used half the bottle, and remembering that I had been a martyr to rheumatism and sciatica for years, that I had literally tried everything, had doctors, and all without benefit, I became discouraged, and looked upon it that there was no help for me. Well," said Pope, "You may not believe me, for it is a miracle, but before I had used the contents of the half bottle of St. Jacob's Oil which poor Bowman gave me, I was a well man. There it is, you see, after years of pain, after using remedies, oils, embrocations, horse liniments, and spent money on doctors without getting any better, I was completely cured in a few days. I bought another bottle, thinking the pain might come back, but it did not, so I gave the bottle away to a friend who had a lame back. I can't speak too highly of this wonderful painkiller.'

Autocrat of the Table

The head waiter at the Cliff House, Manitou, was given a smoker the other night and a fine gold watch. The distinguished official responded appropriately and with dignity to the presentation speech. He then lifted his hand in token that the audience was at an end. His guests departed and the great man was left alone .-

"Whise Coal."

"White coal is the striking name given by a French paper to the force generating electricity by harnessed mountain streams.