

FIND A LAKE OF OIL.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY BY ALASKAN PROSPECTORS.

Tests Prove the Fluid to be of High Grade Coal, Too, of High Grade, Enough to Supply the World, Is in Close Proximity.

Fed by Many Springs.

What is said to be the greatest discovery ever made is reported from Alaska. Some gold prospectors several months ago ran across what seemed to be a lake of oil. The lake was fed by innumerable springs and the surrounding mountains were full of coal. They brought samples to Seattle and tests proved it to be of as high grade as any ever taken out of Pennsylvania wells. A company was formed and experts sent up. They have returned on the steamer *Topeka* and their report has more than borne out our first reports. It is said there is enough oil and coal in the discovery to supply the world. It is close to the ocean, in fact the experts say that the oil passes out into the salt water. It is said that the Standard Oil Company has already made an offer for the property. The owners have filed on 800,000 acres and are naturally very much excited over their prospects for fortune.

CREEDE ENDS HIS LIFE.

Millionaire Prospector and Mineowner Commit Suicide.

Nicholas C. Creede, the millionaire mine owner after whom the town of Creede, Colo., is named, committed suicide with morning at his home in Los Angeles, Cal., because his wife from whom he had separated, insisted upon renewing their marriage relations. On Jan. 4 last Creede and his wife separated and agreed to dissolve at once as far as possible without legal process, their marital bonds. Mrs. Creede accepted \$20,000 cash and surrendered all further claims upon her husband, at the same time voluntarily withdrawing from his premises. It was understood, after the necessary time had lapsed, Creede would institute legal proceedings and begin suit for absolute divorce. At that time it appeared that both husband and wife were well satisfied that they were not required to maintain intimate relations, and while Mrs. Creede considered that the amount of cash settled upon her was insignificant as compared with her husband's wealth, she left him and took up her home in Alabama. About three weeks ago Mrs. Creede returned to Los Angeles and proposed to her husband a reconciliation. This was much to Creede's distaste, and he endeavored to avoid his wife, but being unsuccessful, he determined to end his life. He took a large dose of morphine and went into the garden to die. He was discovered by a servant and medical aid was summoned, but he died two hours later.

PANIC IN A CHURCH.

Terrific Thunder-Storm Nearly Causes Dangerous Stampede.

A large congregation in the Methodist Church at Elmer, N. J., was panic-stricken by a terrific thunderstorm which passed over the village. Bishops McCabe and Foss, who were conducting the service, averted the danger of a stampede from the building by starting a hymn. The church was crowded to the doors when the storm struck it. Lightning flashed continuously. A tree in the parsonage yard adjoining the church was struck and a big dog owned by the pastor, Rev. Alfred Waggs, was stunned. This incident, which was witnessed through the windows by many people in the church, was responsible for the fears of the congregation. The coolness of the bishops was all that averted a dangerous rush for the doors.

Athletics of the Diamond.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the National Baseball League:

W. L.	W. L.
Boston 40	18 Philadelphia 32
Cincinnati 42	20 Brooklyn 30
Baltimore 42	21 Chicago 29
New York 38	24 Louisville 26
Cleveland 35	30 Washington 24
Pittsburgh 30	34 St. Louis 13
Milwaukee 45	28 Kansas City 53

The showing of the members of the Western League is summarized below:

W. L.	W. L.
St. Paul 50	25 Detroit 34
Indianapolis 45	23 G'd Rapids 24
Columbus 44	24 Minneapolis 24
Pittsburgh 35	30 Washington 24
Milwaukee 45	28 Kansas City 53

Plan a Big Pow-Wow.

The Indians of the Northwest are planning a big powwow. The scheme as now outlined includes any number of pony races, wrestling, jumping and other athletics, the whole to wind up with a sham battle and a mock buffalo hunt. Every Indian in the country will be invited, and the Indians will ask Uncle Sam to send troops and assist in the sham battle. The chiefs pledge themselves to preserve good order. The powwow is planned for July 4, 1888.

Bank of Spain in Bad Shape.

The statement of the Bank of Spain, which has been formally gazetted, has increased my adverse comment on the bank management. It shows a note circulation of 130,000,000 pesos in excess of the authorized issue.

Spent \$75,000 to Recover \$800.

The Barbara Yagle case of Oneonta, N. Y., which has been in litigation for several years, has been settled at a special term of the Supreme Court. The sum involved was \$800, and the costs of many trials was \$75,000.

While We Slept.

A letter received at Port Townsend, Wash., from Alaska brings particulars of the terrible death of three men—Blackstone, Bottcher and Mollique—who were frozen to death while endeavoring to carry mail from Sunriver City across the glacier to Prince William Sound.

Orangeans on Parade.

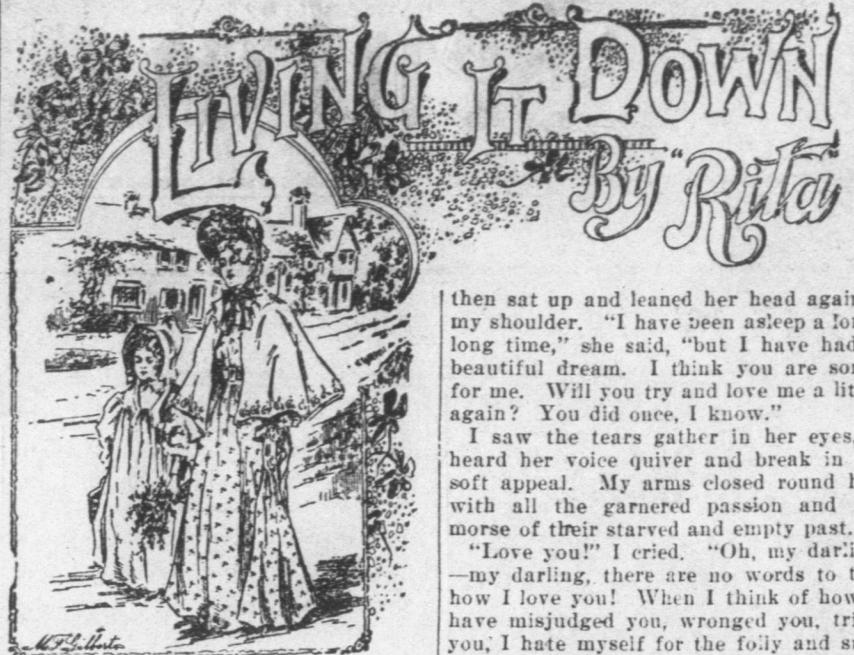
At Belfast, the usual celebrations in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne took place. Twenty thousand orangeans marched in procession and great crowds filled the streets.

Disciplined by a Mob.

A. M. Winebrenner, who was arrested Saturday at Beatrice, Neb., at the instance of his wife, on a charge of horse-whipping his stepdaughter, was taken from jail Sunday morning by a masked mob of over 100 citizens and treated to a coat of tar and feather.

Texas Bank Goes Under.

The Comptroller of the Currency has received information of the failure of the First National Bank of Mason, Texas. Frank W. Johnson was placed in charge. The bank has a capital of \$50,000, and at its last report its liabilities amounted to about \$30,000.



then sat up and leaned her head against my shoulder. "I have been asleep a long, long time," she said, "but I have had a beautiful dream. I think you are sorry for me. Will you try and love me a little again? You did once, I know."

I saw the tears gather in her eyes. I heard her voice quiver and break in its soft appeal. My arms closed round her with all the gathered passion and remorse of their starved and empty past.

"Love you!" I cried. "Oh, my darling—my darling, there are no words to tell how I love you! When I think of how I have misjudged you, wronged you, tried you, I hate myself for the folly and suspicion that have cost us both so much. I—I wonder you do not hate me, too!"

"Hate you!" she cried. "You—I—" Then her head nestled back on my shoulder; she trembled like a leaf. "I—I forgive," she whispered. "Have you read it?"

"Every word," I said.

"And was I very wicked?"

I could have laughed aloud in my triumph and my joy.

"Very," I said, "for not telling me at once what was in your heart. I thought it was *Yorke*."

Suddenly she drew herself away, and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh!" she moaned, "I remember now—I remember now. It has all come back."

"Murdered!" I cried aghast. "No, no, Joan, don't say that. It was an accident."

"Tell me all!" she cried wildly. "I can never know a happy moment till that mystery is cleared up. You followed me, did you not?"

"Yes," I said. "But I think I missed the way when I heard the shot that guided me back."

"When you heard the shot!" she cried, raising her ghostly face to mine. "You were not there at the time?"

"Certainly not," I answered.

"There is no one there," I said sternly. "Try to collect your thoughts. Do you know that death is near?"

"Yes," she said, and laughed a harsh, "wry laugh. "I know. There are strange things about. The room is full of them. They have been with me a long, long time. That is what they said—Death! I did not mind. Only, why does he stand there? I—I did not kill him. I tell you I did not kill him!"

"Hush!" I said soothingly. "If we were there tell me all about it. Did you go off in his hands?"

"He was desperate," she panted, "and so was I. I made him forget the pale, cold girl whose heart had never for one moment held him for the passion of my own. I told him I would follow him to the world's end—and I cursed me. Then I grew mad. I—I snatched at the gun. He seized it from me. We struggled—a second, and he fell face downwards on the ground. Then terror seized me. I—I could not stay there. I fled like a hunted thing. No one had seen me; no one saw me go."

So low, so broken, those last words, I scarce could hear them even in the silence of that quiet room.

But as they ceased I heard Joan's voice, so sweet and solemn, murmuring the prayer that in childhood and manhood, in age and trouble, in sickness and death, seems to spring naturally to all lips. She had entered the room unknown to me.

The woman listened. Her face grew calm, shadow swept over her eyes closed.

"She is at rest now," I said, and turned to my wife, and with gladness solemn and unspeakable, folded her to my heart.

"The last doubt is cleared away," I murmured passionately; "oh, thank heaven for that!" (The end.)

HE DROPPED HIS PIPE.

And the Loss Naturally Caused Him Some Annoyance.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It is the late afternoon of a cold February day, when, leaving Joan in her boudoir with Nettie Craft and Darby, I stroll out of the house, and, after thinking of what I am doing, take the path to the old summer house—the tragic scene of Yorke's death. I have not been there since that awful day when the body was discovered. I cannot tell what impulse prompts me to go there now, unless it is a hint dropped by Mrs. Birket that a rumor has been circulated saying that the place is haunted—that a shadowy figure has been seen coming out of the summer house in the dusk, that it stands there moaning and wringing its hands for a brief space, and then vanishes.

I was walking steadily on, when, as the light grew dim and shadowy, I fancied I saw something moving in the open space beyond. I stopped abruptly; my footstep had made no sound on the wet, soft moss, and, in the shadows of the trees, I could see without being seen.

As my eyes grew accustomed to the light I saw that something certainly was there—a figure crouching close to the ground and uttering from time to time a low, strange moan. I crept a little nearer, keeping well under the shadow of the trees. Then suddenly I sprang out into the open space and confronted the creature. At first I could not be quite sure what it was. A heap of rags, a grimed and wasted face, where the dark eyes flamed like lamps, a mass of wild, disheveled hair, black as night, hanging loose and disordered over the shoulders; this was the sight that greeted my eyes.

"What are you doing here?" I demand.

"I will never deceive you again," she said.

"When you know me as I am, you may act as you please. It is all there, I think; all except that time when my memory failed. Perhaps," she added sorrowfully, "you may hate me—or despise me. There may be things written down there that I never meant any one to know; but you are so good, I—I do not think you will be hard on me. I am sorry I did not trust you from the first."

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"And so am I, heaven knows!" I answered.

"I will give you all the day to read it," she went on presently. "Then to-night I will meet you in the garden—where I told you I would be your wife five years ago. Do you remember?"

"Yes," I answered gravely.

"I will be there at the garden," she said.

"Are you quite sure?" I asked.

"Do you think there is anything?" she asked faintly.

"You say you cannot remember?"

The color wavered in her cheek; her eyes met mine slowly, in questioning appeal.

"If you would read it for me," she said, and held the book toward me. I gave her hand a tremble. I took it and held it in my own.

"To wait!" she said slowly; "that is very hard. I know I ought to have told you long ago, only I think I was afraid. But I am not afraid now."

I drew her into the room and closed the door.

"Joan," I said quietly, "tell me the entire truth. Between us there should be nothing to conceal or to avoid. Is there nothing you remember?"

Her hands nervously clasped and unclasped the fastening of the book she held.

"It is all—here," she said faintly; "only—I have not dared to look since I recovered."

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"Get her washed and give her some decent clothing," I said; "I will speak to her after dinner."

The woman went meekly enough away, and I returned to Joan's boudoir.

Nettie and Alfie were there talking quietly together. I wondered as I looked upon them whether Joan's hopes would ever be realized—whether the time would come when Nettie would reward her young lover's devotion?

When dinner was over that evening I made some excuse to get away, leaving them together in Joan's favorite room.

I sent word that the woman was to be brought to my study, but a few moments afterward the footman returned, saying

she was so ill that they had been obliged to put her to bed.

"She talks all the time, sir," he went on. "It is a sort of raving. Mrs. Birket is with her now. She thinks a doctor should be sent for."

I went straight to the room. The old housekeeper met me at the door, then closed it after us. I saw she was trembling greatly.

"Sir Ralph," she whispered, "don't you know who it is?"

I glanced at the bed, but could recognize nothing familiar in that awful face, those wild eyes, and muttering lips.

"No," I said. "Do you?"

"Yes," she answered, in the same low key. "I recognized her at once, but I have said nothing to the other servants. She is Mrs. March. That white hair must have been a disguise."

I started.

"Mrs. March!" I cried.

My voice reached the wretched creature. She half rose in the bed and stared wildly at me.

"Who calls?" she said. "Is it Lady Ferrers?"

Then she burst into a peal of wild laughter. "Lady Ferrers—where is Lady Ferrers?"

"I wonder you do not hate me, too!"