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VICTORY FOR MEXICO.

ARBITER'S AWARD IN THE OBERLANDER CLAIM.

Mrs. Messenger Loses—Without Warrant Mexican Officers Dragged Oberlander from United States Soil—End of a Long Suit—Elevators Burn.

A Surprising Decision.

Greatly to the surprise of administration officials in Washington, the award of the arbiter in the matter of the claims of Charles Oberlander and Barbara M. Messenger, citizens of the United States, against the Government of Mexico, is against the claimants. The only expense to which Mexico will be put will be to pay half of the cost of the proceedings, while the United States will not only have to defray its share of the expenses, but has lost what administration officials have considered the best claims on file in the Department of State. The award of the arbiter, which is final, has been filed in the Department of State and in the Department of Foreign Affairs of Mexico. The claims of Oberlander and Mrs. Messenger grew out of the alleged brutal treatment of the man and the inhuman treatment of the woman some years ago. Oberlander was a deputy sheriff of the county of San Diego, Cal. He went into Mexican territory to examine into a suit in progress just across the line and became involved in a dispute. He was knocked down and searched by Mexican police, who found in his pocket a warrant for the arrest of a Mexican who had committed an offense in California. Oberlander was at once taken to jail, but managed to escape and get to the house of Mr. Messenger, just across the boundary line in California. Mrs. Messenger was very much frightened when the Mexican officials entered her house and seized her guest. Despite her protestations, Oberlander was dragged out of the house. The matter was finally brought to the attention of the American minister in Mexico, who secured the release of Oberlander.

LARGER WHEAT ACREAGE.

Farmers Plant 11.4 Per Cent. More than in 1896.

The special crop report of the New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin says: "Final returns make the area of winter wheat 26,663,000 acres, as compared with 23,930,000 acres harvested last year, an increase of 11.4 per cent. In the more important wheat producing States north and west the increased acreage is: Ohio, 4 per cent; Michigan, 16; Indiana, 4; Illinois, 40; Missouri, 10; Kansas, 19; California, 4; Oregon, 10, and Washington, 5 per cent. Favorable weather during December improved the conditions of wheat. The present average is 87.8 per cent as against 84.1 per cent last month. According to the January returns there are 240,000,000 bushels of wheat held on farms, which is 41.3 per cent of last year's production. On the corresponding date last year there were held in the same position 190,000,000 bushels."

BIG ELEVATORS BURNED.

Ten Thousand Tons of Wheat Destroyed at Stockton, Cal.

Fire was discovered in warehouse No. 5 of the Farmers' Union and Milling Company at Stockton, Cal., and before the department could respond the flames were beyond control. The fire quickly spread to warehouse No. 6, and it was soon seen that neither warehouse could be saved. The lowest estimate of the amount of wheat destroyed is 10,000 tons, and many put it higher. There were besides considerable barley and rye. Much of the grain was the property of the Union, but by far the largest proportion was held in storage by farmers. The loss is placed at more than $500,000. The loss on the warehouses will be heavy, though both the buildings and grain were insured for a reasonably large share of their value. The fire started in the machinery of a grader and cleaner.

Kansas City Express Robbery.

The Port Arthur express of the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf road was robbed the other night within the city limits of Kansas City by two daring young men, who secured from $10,000 to $15,000. The men remained on the blind baggage car until the train reached the east bottoms. There they burst open the rear door of the express car and before Express Messenger E. N. Hyde could give the alarm one of them thrust a revolver under his nose and compelled him to remain quiet while they robbed the safe.

Santa Fe Collision.

While James Scott, a Santa Fe Railway engineer, slept in his engine cab near Kansas City, there was a collision. Chas. K. Landers, stockman of Brazilton, Kan., was killed, and M. L. Miars, stockman, Waverly, Kan.; A. C. Olin and John C. Myers, stockmen, Brazilton, Kan.; J. M. McAdow, liveryman, Ottawa, Kan., were injured.

Convict's Plan Failed.

At Minneapolis, Minn., John Moschik, a murderer, condemned to death, threw a handful of cigar ashes in the eyes of Special Watchman Peterson and tried to escape, but failed.

Burned to a Crisp.

Mrs. Jacob Brown of Fremont, Ohio, went into the cellar with a light. Natural gas exploded. She was burned to a crisp.

Value of Our Navy Yards.

The property value of the navy yards and various naval stations of the Government is in excess of $60,000,000.

Murdered in Their Own Home.

George Baker and his aged wife were murdered at their home near Fairbury, Neb. They had been shot from the outside through the north window with a shotgun, and so close was the murderer to the window that the powder had burned the framework. Quail shot was used.

Purchased by the Glass Trust.

The Pittsburg Car Company, a branch of the American glass combine, has purchased the plant and business of the F. A. Drew Glass Company of St. Louis, one of the largest plants in the country.

Hall Floor Gave Way.

At a home talent theater given in a hall at Cedar Point, Kan., the floor gave way, precipitating fifty people a distance of twenty feet. One man had a leg broken, another his ribs crushed and about thirty others were scratched and bruised. None was fatally hurt. No names are given.

Earnings of Western Roads.

The earnings of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad for the six months just closed show a total of $4,184,883, an increase of 17.11 per cent. over 1896. The total earnings of the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf are $3,454,321, an increase of 13.74 per cent.

BACKED BY A FLEET.

England Makes Objection to Corea's Dismissal of Mr. Brown.

The London Daily Graphic asserts "on authority" that the British squadron was definitely instructed to assemble off Chemulpo to support a strong British expostulation with Corea on the dismissal of McLeavy Brown, British superintendent of Corean customs, who, under the advice of the British consul, has twice returned the notice of dismissal served upon him. With regard to Port Arthur the Daily Graphic asserts that there is every reason to believe the Russians will adhere to their pledge to evacuate at the end of the winter, and there is therefore no ground for complaint on the part of England. Neither does the Government regard the occupation of Kiao-Chou as calling for action, because British interests are not threatened. According to the Daily Graphic both the foreign office and the admiralty agreed upon this point. A dispatch to the London Daily Mail from Shanghai says: "A British fleet of eight ships and four torpedo boats has arrived at Chemulpo, the port of Seoul. It is reported that there are two Japanese cruisers in the Yang-tse-Kiang river. Japan is working night and day preparing for war. It is believed that the British and Japanese fleets are in close touch."

BANNER GOLD STATE.

Colorado's Output of Yellow Metal This Year Ahead of California's.

The books of the United States branch mint in Denver, Colo., for the year 1897 are now closed. The deposits of gold are the largest ever received. The total will slightly exceed $12,200,000, and a conservative estimate made by the mint officials places the entire output of Colorado at $22,000,000 in round figures. Colorado will go far ahead of California, as it is said to be doubtful if California's output will touch the $18,000,000 mark. Last year Colorado's output was $16,500,000 and that of California was $17,000,000, while the total production of the country was $61,717,926. The great increase in the Colorado output this year will send the total for the United States up to the $70,000,000 mark.

Alaska to Have Better Laws.

The Senate and House Committees on Public Lands and on Territories are at work on legislation for Alaska, preparing the way for action by the two houses. The chief problem is to provide for a better government. Secretary Bliss recommended in his annual report that Alaska be made a regular organized territory. The sentiment of the committee is that the time is not yet ripe, that the population, practically dependent on the rich mining strikes, is a roving one, and that even towns having a large population today may be abandoned to-morrow. It is probable that there will be some enlargement of its present government as preferable to a general system of local legislation and territorial organization. The jurisdiction of Federal officials there may be extended and their number increased. This is to be a temporary bridging over of the problem until the transitory feature of the population is largely eliminated. As to the extension, in toto, of the general land laws, the sentiment now is that the Lacey bill, providing for this, is too sweeping. The homestead laws will be extended. Mineral and town site laws already are in force. A prime difficulty is the absence of surveys, and it is said that in all probability there are some portions of Alaska that never will be surveyed. This interferes with the operation of the public land law extension.

May Fight It Out in Court.

If Judge Wofferd adheres to his intention, that he has announced from the bench, the edifying spectacle of prize fights between belligerent attorneys may be one of the attractions of the criminal court in Kansas City in future. Opposing attorneys in this court lately have been using uncomplimentary language toward each other, and the other day, after a tilt of this nature between Prosecuting Attorney Lowe and Attorney McCoy, Judge Wofferd, after calling them to order, said: "Hereafter when lawyers talk about fighting in this court, I shall adjourn court and let them fight it out. If you fellows want to fight, I'll just adjourn court, and you can come in this room and fight it out, and I'll see that there's fair play. Now, if you are in earnest, come right along and let's have it over with." They did not accept the judge's offer, however, but apologized instead.

Britain Plans Finely.

Ambassador Hay has notified the State Department at Washington that Great Britain positively refuses to join in the suspension of pelagic sealing. Coincident with the rejection comes the announcement that Sir Julian Pauncefote has resumed reciprocity negotiations with Special Commissioner Hasson. Certain officials in Washington believe that on the linking of these two questions depends the final decision of Great Britain on both.

Dying Man Shot.

A lynching occurred at Kingstree, S. C. Christmas Eve Deputy Philip Poston went to Georgetown County to arrest Sam Turner, colored. Turner resisted and Poston shot him, inflicting a mortal wound, and was in turn shot dead. Turner lingered between life and death until he was conveyed to Kingstree in a wagon. When the wagon reached Kingstree a crowd of men put pistols against Turner's head and shot him to death.

Died for Her Husband.

While removing the debris from the burned Hotel Dacotah at Grand Forks, N. D., the remains of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Howe, who perished in the fire, were discovered. The crumbled bones of Mrs. Howe were lying near those of her husband, which establishes the theory that she lost her life while endeavoring to rescue him. Mr. Howe was a cripple. The bodies were shipped to Michigan for interment.

Boats and Crew Missing.

The bark Tidal Wave, which left Tacoma Dec. 18, with lumber for San Pedro, Cal., is now being towed into Port Townsend, Wash. All the bark's boats are missing, from which it is supposed that the officers and crew, fearing she was going to sink, put off and left her to her fate. As there has been very rough weather, it is feared the boats and their occupants have been lost.

Counterfeiter and Outfit Captured.

United States Marshal Ide and two deputies raided a shack on the big island in the Spokane river, Wash., and captured Ernest Willoughby on a charge of counterfeiting. His outfit, consisting of plaster of paris molds, ladle, lead and composition metal, and a large number of spurious nickels, dimes, quarters and half-dollars, was seized.

Skagit River Rises.

At Seattle, Wash., it is reported that recent rainstorms seriously interrupted railroad traffic, and a Chinook wind which is converting the snow in the mountains into water threatens considerable damage. The Skagit river is reported to have risen ten feet. Eleven bents of the Seattle and International trestle over the Stillaguamish have been washed away at Arlington.

Mexico Rubs Against Us.

The steamer Albion has arrived at San Diego, Cal. Her officers and passengers report that the Mexican gunboat Democrata landed an armed force on Clipperton Island and in spite of protests hauled down the United States flag and raised the Mexican colors in its place. Having taken formal possession of the island, the marines withdrew and notified the men who remained on the island not to allow anyone to take away guano under penalty of violating the Mexican laws. The island is about 800 miles off the Mexican coast, almost due west of Acapulco. It is about four miles in circumference. Two palm trees constitute the sole vegetation of the island, which is made the home of millions of sea fowl. Thousands of tons of the richest guano are to be found on the island. When the marines landed to take possession of the island in behalf of Mexico they were fully armed and prepared to do battle if resistance were offered.

VOLUME OF BUSINESS

Larger than in 1892—Strong Foreign Demand for Grain.

Dun's commercial report says: The volume of business through clearing-houses—for the week 14.2 per cent. larger than in 1892—has for the month been 0.3 per cent. larger than in that year, and in many industries and branches of business the later months of this year have surpassed all records. The iron industry has been greatly encouraged by increased demand during the last few weeks, and while the slight improvement in pig iron at Pittsburg has been maintained, notwithstanding the greatest output ever known, the new contracts for finished products have been unusual for the season. Minor metals have been rather weak. The cotton industry is halted by the question of wages, although a general reduction now seems probable. The manufacturers have been buying largely of material for worsted goods, and their purchases have stimulated buying by wool manufacturers, so that the wool markets are stronger, though without changes in quotations. After the great excitement at Chicago wheat still goes out of the country as largely as before—from Atlantic ports, 3,570,783 bushels, flour included, against 1,542,540 last year, and from Pacific ports, 1,712,625 bushels. In four weeks the Atlantic exports, flour included, have been 15,060,047 bushels, against 8,500,161 last year. Heavy western receipts are only reflecting temporary conditions in the Chicago market. Extraordinary exports of corn—14,404,905 bushels, against 9,444,853 bushels in the four weeks last year—show how sorely foreign markets are pushed by the increasing demand for breadstuffs. Wheat has declined five-eighths of a cent with the Chicago market and corn has meanwhile advanced three-fourths of a cent. The cotton movement continues remarkably heavy, and yet the slight advance last week is maintained. The movement to date, although more than 7,000,000 bales have come into sight, scarcely supports the largest current estimates. Failures for the week have been 395 in the United States, against 439 last year, and twenty-one in Canada, against thirty-nine last year.

SPAIN ACTS PROMPTLY.

Weyler Placed Under Arrest to Forestall Diplomatic Remonstrance.

Gen. Weyler was placed under arrest by the Government at Madrid for the memorial which he has addressed to the queen regent assailing President McKinley in connection with his message to Congress. This prompt action of the Spanish Government was taken to forestall any diplomatic remonstrance on the part of the United States. Editions of the three papers containing the address were also seized, and proceedings will immediately be instituted against the publishers.

England Looks for Aid.

The United States Government has been sounded by England for moral if not further support in the event of war in the east. That country desires to secure an actual alliance with the United States; if this is not possible, then the moral support spoken of. In the event of failure to secure either it would like guarantees of neutrality. The fear now agitating England is that the United States will help Russia in case of hostilities. Prominent Americans in London have been carefully questioned in this matter.

Standard Oil Trust Plans.

A member of the Standard Oil Company writes from New York that the coming season will see that big corporation operating extensively on the Pacific coast. Its oil field in Alaska will be developed and the output brought not only to the cities of the Pacific slope for distribution west of the Rocky Mountains, but also for shipment to South America and Australia.

A Rival to Standard Oil.

According to the London Star the Rothschilds of Paris and Vienna, in conjunction with the Russian petroleum refiners of Baku, are financing a company which proposes to supply Great Britain with high-flash Russian oil of 103 degrees to compete with the Standard Oil Company.

Conclusion of Panama Cases.

All the deputies and others who have been tried in Paris on the charge of participation in the Panama canal intrigues have been acquitted.

Akron Tailor Missing.

A. J. Ruth, a tailor, has been missing from Akron, O., three weeks. He had a large sum of money when he left home.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, $3.00 to $5.75; hogs, shipping grades, $3.00 to $3.75; sheep, fair to choice, $2.00 to $4.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 96c to 97c; corn, No. 2, 27c to 28c; oats, No. 2, 23c to 24c; rye, No. 2, 46c to 48c; butter, choice creamery, 20c to 22c; eggs, fresh, 20c to 22c; new potatoes, 50c to 65c per bushel.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, $3.00 to $5.75; hogs, choice light, $3.00 to $3.75; sheep, common to choice, $3.00 to $4.50; wheat, No. 2, 92c to 94c; corn, No. 2 white, 27c to 29c; oats, No. 2 white, 24c to 26c.

St. Louis—Cattle, $3.00 to $5.50; hogs, $3.00 to $3.75; sheep, $3.00 to $4.75; wheat, No. 2, 96c to 98c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 26c to 27c; oats, No. 2 white, 23c to 24c; rye, No. 2, 45c to 46c.

Cincinnati—Cattle, $2.50 to $5.25; hogs, $3.00 to $3.75; sheep, $2.50 to $4.75; wheat, No. 2, 94c to 95c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 29c to 31c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 24c to 25c; rye, No. 2, 46c to 48c.

Detroit—Cattle, $2.50 to $5.75; hogs, $3.00 to $3.75; sheep, $2.50 to $4.50; wheat, No. 2, 91c to 93c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 29c to 31c; oats, No. 2 white, 25c to 27c; rye, 47c to 49c.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 93c to 95c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 28c to 29c; oats, No. 2 white, 22c to 24c; rye, No. 2, 46c to 47c; clover seed, $3.15 to $3.25.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 87c to 89c; corn, No. 3, 27c to 29c; oats, No. 2 white, 25c to 26c; rye, No. 2, 47c to 49c; barley, No. 2, 38c to 43c; pork, mess, $7.50 to $8.00.

Buffalo—Cattle, $3.00 to $5.75; hogs, $3.00 to $4.00; sheep, $3.00 to $5.00; wheat, No. 2 red, 94c to 96c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 32c to 33c; oats, No. 2 white, 28c to 29c.

New York—Cattle, $3.00 to $5.50; hogs, $3.00 to $4.25; sheep, $3.00 to $5.00; wheat, No. 2 red, $1.00 to $1.02; corn, No. 2, 35c to 36c; oats, No. 2 white, 28c to 30c; butter, creamery, 15c to 23c; eggs, Western, 22c to 25c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lady Ewell was seated in the drawing room at Onslow Gardens that evening, with something like pleasure depicted on her pallid countenance. There had been a marked change in her appearance during the progress of the last few months, palpable even to those who had daily intercourse with her. Nothing so rapidly ages a woman and destroys her beauty as the use of anesthetics. They possess as destructive a power as stimulants, and sometimes a more fatal one. Lena was evidently attired with the greatest care. Her dress was perfect, and her golden tresses as attractive as ever. But though veloutine and other cosmetics had been liberally used on her beautifully formed features, they were powerless to hide the ravages which her unfortunate predilection had caused. Her eyes were glazed and heavy, and her eyelids puffed and swollen. The back of her hands, too, had the same appearance as though water had formed under the skin. Her complexion was very white—a dull, thick white, on which the rouge refused to remain, or in which it seemed to sink as soon as applied—a frequent occurrence when people are out of health. Added to this, her gait was frequently unsteady, or her sight seemed suddenly to fail her, and she would be forced to put out her hands and grasp the first article with which they came in contact, to save her from falling. On this occasion, however, she seemed more like herself, as her eyes and ears were constantly on the alert to know what went on below, and she found it impossible to rivet her attention on the novel she held in her hand.

"What is the matter, Lena?" inquired Lady Otto anxiously. "Do you expect anyone to-night?"

"Oh, no! It is nothing—nothing," she said, with ready deceit.

"You are looking very ill, my dear. I am really distressed by your appearance. I wish you would take Dr. Marshall's advice, and go to the seaside for a few days," continued her mother.

"Oh! don't worry, mamma," was the impatient rejoinder, "and please don't stare at me in that way. I can't see any difference in my looks, unless it is that I am rather pale. And everyone is pale in London during the season."

Lady Otto returned to her work with a sigh, and Lena resumed her attitude of expectation. The person she expected was Captain Dorsay. After a perfect siege of invitations and reproaches the fortress had capitulated, and he had consented to visit her. He had only done so, however, for his own peace of mind. Lady Ewell's correspondence and messengers had become a nuisance to him. He was afraid, moreover, lest her penchant should become patent to society, and reach the ears of her husband. Friends are always so obliging in repeating exactly the piece of intelligence that one wishes not to be told. And until this very evening when Lena sat in the drawing room in momentary expectation of his arrival, Captain Dorsay had had his own reasons for not wishing to break with Sir Wilfrid Ewell.

So he promised to pay her a visit. And he meant that visit to be anything but a pleasant one. He had made up his mind to tell Lady Ewell plainly that their intimacy must come to an end, and that he had no intention of giving up his friendship with her husband on her account, nor of hearing his own name spoken of in society in connection with hers. It would have been a very stormy and violent interview, had it taken place. But after meeting Rosie Ewell, Captain Dorsay decided not to go to Onslow Gardens. The man had some good traits in him, and one was that though he was very lax in indulging his fancies, he did not follow vice for its own sake.

So he wrote to Lady Ewell instead. As he had promised to leave England for a time, her morbid passion for him would not have an opportunity of venting itself, and his absence would obviate the necessity of telling her some unpalatable truths. So that his letter contained no allusion to anything more personal than his proposed departure. But it was none the more welcome to Lena on that account. She received it by the latest post, and when her patience was nearly exhausted by waiting for him. It contained but a few words—but they seared her vanity like a red-hot iron. Not one wish expressed to hear from her! Not one hint as to where he was going or to whom! Lena's hands dropped the sheet of note paper upon her lap as if they were powerless to hold it.

"Anything the matter, my dear?" said her mother, inquisitively.

She knew her daughter's moods by heart, and was certain that the letter was in some way connected with her unusual excitement, and that disappointment had been the result of it.

"Matter!" repeated Lena, snappishly. "What should be the matter? Cannot I receive a letter without making its contents patent to the world?"

"Certainly, my love, certainly. I thought perhaps it might be some communication from Sir Wilfrid."

"Sir Wilfrid troubles me with a great many communications, doesn't he?" said Lena, with a sneer.

"He would write oftener if he thought you cared to hear from him, my dear. I am sure of that. I think you are treating your husband very ill, Lena, and playing your cards very badly. He is very fond of you, and he gave you every possible liberty at Lambscote, and every possible indulgence."

"If you can't find anything newer to say than that, mamma, you'd better say nothing at all."

"But I wish to know for certain what you intend to do, Lena, for this state of things cannot go on forever."

"What can you have to complain of, mamma? Sir Wilfrid pays you very handsomely and regularly. I will say that for him."

"He is more generous than I wish him to be," replied Lady Otto. "It is not money I am thinking of, but your reputation. You have now been with me for eight months, and people are beginning to talk. They do not believe any longer in your stories about your health. They say that if you are ill, the proper place is by the side of your husband. And I intend—by the duke's advice—to write and tell Sir Wilfrid my whole mind on the subject to-morrow."

Lena rose haughtily from her seat, and said, apparently with the utmost indifference:

"Very well, mamma, do just as you please. It's all the same to me." And she passed upstairs to her own room.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Three hours later Lena and her maid were speeding down to Dover. The infatuated woman had decided that she must speak to Captain Dorsay before he left England, and no consideration of shame or propriety deterred her. She instinctively felt that he would put up at the best hotel in the town. Jack Dorsay never catered so well for anything as his own comfort and convenience, so, on arrival, she ordered her cabman to drive to the second best, where she ordered a meal, for the sake of appearances, for her servant and herself. When it was over she put on a thick veil and went out for a walk. She ordered the maid to await her return in the hotel. She had no intention of being either watched or followed. When Lena was clear of the premises she walked rapidly in the direction of the principal hotel, and asked if Captain Dorsay was staying there. Captain Dorsay, who had only arrived a few minutes before, and was in the smoking room enjoying a cigar, was astonished to hear that a lady wished to speak to him.

"A lady! Impossible! What's her name?"

"She didn't give any name, sir. I've shown her into a private room."

Jack Dorsay's first idea—a very wild one—was that Rosie's gratitude to him had developed itself in following him to Dover. He threw down his cigar and went quickly to the room indicated by the waiter. What was his disgust at recognizing in his mysterious vistor the woman he thought he had so successfully eluded.

"You here, Lady Ewell!" he exclaimed, with most uncomplimentary emphasis. "What on earth has brought you down to Dover?"

"You have, Jack," she answered, "you only. Oh! what made you write that cruel note? It has nearly driven me out of my senses."

"I think it must have driven you quite out of them, if it induced you to follow me here! Good heavens! Do you know the risk you are running? Suppose your mother or your husband got wind of such an escapade, you would ruin yourself for nothing. In heaven's name, Lena, let me entreat you to go back at once to town."

"And you would drive me forth again without a single word of kindness! You would leave England without even bidding me farewell! Oh, you are cruelly, cruelly changed!"

"I am changed, and you know it, and ought to rejoice at the improvement. You have reproached me bitterly for not keeping up my former intimacy with you. What! have you so little sense of honor as to wish me to make love to the wife while I take the hand of her husband!"

Lena laughed harshly.

"Honor! honor! For heaven's sake, Jack, call things by their right names. Say you don't love me any longer, that you are sick of me, or you have found some woman who pleases you better, but don't try to defend your own fickleness on the charge of honor."

"Perhaps you are right," said Dorsay quietly. "Perhaps between people like you and me the simple truth is the best. Well, then, Lena—ungallant as it may seem to say so—I am tired of you. Tired of your scheming, your duplicity, your heartlessness. And, whatever you may do or say, we two shall never again be to one another what we have been."

"I will not go home!" she exclaimed passionately. "I will go with you—only with you! What do I care for my family or society? Let them take care of themselves. Is my whole life to be wrecked and made miserable for the sake of a few long faces? I shall go with you."

"Then if you are deaf to any claims of morality or affection, Lena, I tell you plainly that you shall not go with me."

"Take me abroad with you, make me your wife when the storm has blown over, and I will place every penny I possess unconditionally in your hands. To a man of your proclivities I could give no greater proof of my attachment!"

"Make you my wife! Never! Not if I were free ten times over. But I am not free! Mary Dorsay still lives, and will live long after I have sunk into an unhallowed grave."

Lady Ewell trembled with agitation.

"Your wife still lives? Lady Beauchamp assured me she was dead."

"A mere report. She is madder than ever, and stronger than ever. The two always go together. But were she dead in truth, Lena, it would make no difference to you."

"You despise me, then?"

"I do despise you—heartily! Listen to me. There was a time when you saw that my whole soul was becoming absorbed—wrongly, I confess, but still absorbed—in the fresh, simple affection of an innocent, pure-minded child. Had you come to me then, as a friend, and warned me, privately, against the ruin that I might bring upon myself and her, I should have been stayed in my downward path, and I should have honored you for your interference. But you chose another method—one from which every honorable minded woman would have shrunk. In order to wound her feelings and gratify your revenge, you disgraced me in her eyes, and you trampled on yourself. You opened her mind to evil of which it had never dreamed and drove her—in horror—from the protection of her brother's home. Lena, I have never forgiven you that sin—and I never will."

"I did it from love of you," she faltered.

"You did it from love of revenge. You thought to bind me more closely to yourself, and you lost me altogether. And your Nemesis has come upon you. I am leaving England to-day, solely at the request of Rosie Ewell."

"It is all over, then," she said, in a voice choked with emotion, as she turned to the door. "Good-by, Jack, forever."

He let her go without further remonstrance, and went back to the smoking room, only thankful that the interview was over. A few hours later, he was safely landed on the other side of the Channel.

The same evening brought telegrams to Lady Otto St. Blase and Sir Wilfrid Ewell summoning them at once to Dover. But the utmost speed they could command only brought them to the bedside of a corpse. And whether Lady Ewell had taken an overdose of chloral by accident or design remained a mystery that day and ever afterward.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was more than twelve months since the events related in the last chapter had occurred.

The body of the beautiful Lady Ewell was lying at rest in the vault of her forefathers. Lady Otto St. Blase had taken up a permanent abode in Paris, and Captain Dorsay had never been heard of since the day of Lena's death.

June was once more shedding its wealth of scent and sound and color over the land, and Lambscote had attained its highest stage of beauty. The trees in the park were rich with verdure; the bees were humming through the limes and chestnuts on the lawn, and the beds of flowers shone like living gems. Amidst it all sat Rosie Ewell, a broad-brimmed hat upon her head, her work in her hand, and a look of complete contentment on her face. She had now been a year at Lambscote with her brother. She had brought him down there after the terrible illness that followed the shock of his wife's sudden death—a ghost of his former self—and had nursed him back to health and strength again. And now there seemed but little more needed to make her happy. She reveled in the sunshine and flowers. She adored the old hall and its park-like acres. And she thought—as she had always done—that Sir Wilfrid was the best and dearest and most lovable brother in the world. Sir Wilfrid came across the lawn to meet her. He was looking remarkably well and happy. The color had returned to his face, the light to his eye. He was but six-and-twenty, but he might have been eighteen. Rosie could not help commenting on his appearance.

"My dear Wilfrid, how bonny you look! Who would imagine you were the same miserable specter I traveled down to Lambscote with this time last year? One could almost count your bones then, and now you are positively growing fat."

A shade of pain passed over the baronet's brow.

"Don't allude to it, Rosie. I suffered more then than you can imagine—more than I had thought was possible."

"I think the fever helped rather than hindered you," she said cheerfully. "When you took that terrible chill getting out of your bed to go down to Dover, I thought, myself, it was all over with you, and I was in despair. But I believe you are really stronger and healthier, Wilfrid, now than you were before. How thankful we should be!"

"It is all due to your careful nursing, then, my dear little sister, and now comes your reward. Can't you guess from my face that I have some good news for you this morning?"

"I thought you seemed unusually merry."

"I feel so. I have just been going through the books with my bailiff, and I am once more free. The retrenchments of the last twelve months, in which you have so generously assisted me, have covered the deficiency caused by my gambling losses. Ah, Rosie, I shall never touch a card again!"

"I am so glad to hear you say so, Wilfrid."

"And dear old Lambscote shall be itself again," continued Wilfrid joyously, "and hold up its head in the county as it ought to do."

"Ah! something else is needed to make old Lambscote quite itself again," said Rosie, oracularly.

"Indeed! And what is that?"

"A mistress! You must marry again, Wilfrid. You know, it is a positive necessity."

"I suppose I must—some day," he answered carelessly.

But the observation seemed to have stirred up a thought in his breast which would not be put aside again. He fidgeted about the lawn for some minutes, talking irrelevantly of his mother, and the chestnut filly, and the good times that were coming for Lambscote. And then, all at once, as though he could keep the secret no longer, he threw himself down upon the grass by his sister's side.

"About the marriage business, Rosie," he said nervously, as he drew closer and put his head in her lap; "I should like to say a few words to you."

"All right, dear," she answered, with a kiss, and a caressing hand laid on his dark locks.

"I want to tell you a story—will you listen to me?"

"You know I will."

"It concerns an episode in my early life—a very dark episode, Rosie; and, except that during this past year you have been so much my friend and counselor, one that I should be ashamed to relate to you. You have always thought better of me than I deserved. You have believed me to be an honorable, generous man, incapable of a mean or unworthy action. You have judged me by your own standard. You will see now, when you have heard my story, that I am no better than a criminal."

"I don't believe it," said Rosie, stoutly.

"Years ago, my dear, when I was quite a lad—between nineteen and twenty—I was thrown in contact with a young girl, pure and innocent as yourself, but beneath me in birth and position. I fell in love with her, notwithstanding, and after a while I married her."

"What!" exclaimed Rosie, in her surprise. "You were married, Wilfrid—married before you met Lena?"

"Just so. But hear me to the end. The marriage was a secret one. I knew how angry my father would be if he heard of it, and I was afraid of his displeasure. So I married her under an assumed name, when we were both under age, and I had to take a false oath in order to do it."

"A false oath!—oh, that was terrible. But, Wilfrid, what was her name?"

"Never mind her name. We lived together as man and wife for two years, and then I came into the title and estate. Talking the matter of my marriage over with my solicitor, Mr. Parfitt, I discovered that I had never been married at all."

"How could that be, Wilfrid?"

"There were legal informalities in the ceremony, Rosie—too intricate to explain to you now—which rendered it null and void. To all intents and purposes, therefore, I found I was free."

"But you were not really free," interposed Rosie quickly. "Surely she was your wife, Wilfrid?"

"Ah, Rosie! that is the sad part of it. Did I not tell you that I am a criminal? Can you believe that your brother was so weak and so wicked as to rupture such a sacred tie? Yet I did do so."

"Oh! the poor girl! What did she say?"

"Don't ask me what she said. She opposed it with all the force of her strong love for me, but I refused to listen—and I deserted her! That is the secret of my life."

"Poor, dear boy!" said Rosie compassionately, stroking his head. "How you must have suffered!"

"Yes, I have suffered, but less than I deserved. You know the rest. I met Lena and married her, and my marriage proved most unfortunate. Now it is all over, and I am free again. What shall I do? Give me your advice, dear little sister, and I will be guided by it."

"Have you met—that poor girl—your first wife—again, Wilfrid?" asked Rosie softly.

"Yes. I have met her again with a child of mine in her arms—bearing her lot patiently, nobly, uncomplainingly; as a good friend, a good daughter, a devoted mother and a faithful wife! That is how I have met her again, Rosie."

"I have guessed it. I understand everything now. I know whom you mean," cried his sister suddenly; "it is my darling Jane! There is no woman but her in the world so noble and grand as you have described this woman to be. Oh, my dear sister!—my dearest friend! Is it possible that you have borne all this suffering and wrong for our sakes?"

"Don't cry. Rosie—your tears sear my heart like red-hot iron! She doesn't cry over it, God bless her! She has learned to take me at my full value, and to know how small a loss she has sustained."

"Wilfrid, does she love you still?"

"I do not know. I have not dared to ask. Give me your counsel in the matter."

"You ask for my advice, Wilfrid. Here it is: Go to her at once. Don't waste a day—an hour—a minute! Go to Jane and ask her, on your knees, to take you back to the shelter of her love again; and bring her here, as quickly as you can, to be my sister once more, and the blessing of your own life. Oh, Wilfrid! if you don't do this, and without delay, I will never call you by the name of brother more!"

He left her on the morrow, and it was not many weeks before he brought his second wife home to Lambscote, and installed her as the mistress of the Hall.

They live there still—as united and happy a family as is to be found on the broad, fair acres of England. There never was a more dignified nor gracious Lady Ewell than Jane Warner makes, and the county families have taken her on her own merits and forgotten to make any impertinent inquiries about her antecedents. Mrs. Ewell even has been heard to say that her dear son Sir Wilfrid could not possibly have formed a better choice, although the first revelations made to her concerning her new daughter-in-law threw her into violent hysterics.

Mrs. Warner lives at Lambscote with her daughter, and to Jane's delight and the general satisfaction, Sir Wilfrid engaged Miss Prosser, at a liberal salary, to accompany her old friend to her new house in the capacity of companion. So that the poor old mother is perfectly happy, roaming with Miss Prosser over the gardens and estate all day, and is as little troublesome to the household as a weak-witted person can be.

The cottage at Chelsea is pulled down, and a terrace of Elizabethan houses is being erected on its site. Jane felt a pang when she first heard the news, but now she is glad of it. She suffered too much under that roof to care to revisit it. She would rather know that it exists no more. (The end.)

CALLED BACK FROM DEATH.

A Remarkable Story Which Comes from California.

A strange story of life beyond the grave comes from Santa Monica, Cal. The facts are vouched for by many reliable witnesses.

William Graham, a young man who lived in a little cottage near Santa Monica, apparently died of consumption. He had been ill for months and in the presence of his weeping wife and a number of the neighbors he gasped out his life. An undertaker was called to prepare the body for the grave, while the widow was led from the room in an agony of grief. After twenty minutes the young woman tore herself from her friends and, rushing back to the death chamber, threw herself on the body. In agonized voice she called for her loved one to return, and the watchers in a moment saw a tremor run through Graham's body. Mrs. Graham also noticed it and began to rub her husband's face and limbs. Within an hour he recovered sufficiently to speak.

Practical ones say it was a case of suspended animation, and that the wife's movements started the circulation. But there were in the room people of wide experience who declare that the man was dead, and William Graham himself says that he went out of this life, and journeyed into another country, one that was far more beautiful than this. He describes a beautiful road lined with stately trees, whose verdure was brilliant and wonderful to see; strains of music were in the air, and along the pathway came his father to meet him. He tells of their greeting and conversation, and then of his being torn away, called back to his worn and aching body by the insistent calls of his wife.

"I cannot live anyway. Oh, why didn't you let me go!" he exclaimed, and now he is longing and waiting for the call that must come soon again.

Harsh Environment.

In Limousin there is a barren range of low hills which lies along the dividing line between the departments of Dordogne, Correze and Haute-Vienne, about half-way between Perigueux and Limoges, says Popular Science Monthly. The water-courses show the location of these uplands. They extend over an area about seventy-five miles long and half as wide, wherein average human misery is most profound. Dense ignorance prevails. There is more illiteracy than in any other part of France. The contrast in stature, even with the low average of all the surrounding region, is clearly marked by the dark tint. There are sporadic bits of equal diminutiveness elsewhere to the south and west, but none are so extended or so extreme.

Two-thirds of the men are below five feet three inches in height in some of the communes, and the women are three or more inches shorter even than this. One man in ten is below four feet eleven inches in stature. This is not due to race, for several racial types are equally stunted in this way within the same area. It is primarily due to generations of subjection to a harsh climate, to a soil which is worthless for agriculture, to a steady diet of boiled chestnuts and stagnant water, and to unsanitary dwellings in the deep, narrow and damp valleys.

Still further proof may be found to show that these people are not stunted by any hereditary influence, for it has been shown that children born here, but who migrate and grow up elsewhere, are normal in height; while those born elsewhere, but who are subject to this environment during the growing period of youth, are proportionately dwarfed.

No Use for Funerals.

Fox—Of course you are going to Biggin's funeral this afternoon?

Knox—Of course I am not. I have an aversion to attending funerals.

Fox—Yes, but Biggins was a friend of yours; you can certainly make an exception in his favor.

Knox—An exception in his favor? Why, man, I wouldn't go to my own funeral if I could help it.

A certificate of deposit reciting that it is "to be left six months," and adding, "No interest after maturity," is held, in Towle vs. Starz (Minn.) 36 L. R. A. 463, to be a time and not a demand certificate, and that to hold an indorser payment must be demanded at the end of six months on the last day of grace.

H. J. Jones, of Cincinnati, bought a violin a few years ago for $75, and gave it to his daughter. While it was being repaired recently he accidentally discovered that it was an instrument he himself had made in 1848 as an experiment,