

A CROWN OF FAITH

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

In about an hour Lionel Leigh entered the room. The young man had never exchanged words before. Lionel bowed. Arthur pointed to a seat.

"Mr. Leigh, I have been excessively annoyed that you should have been subject to distress on the night when some miscreant tried to murder me. I am sorry, in one sense, that you allowed yourself to be mixed up in an intimacy with my poor, half-brained brother Dick. I suppose he made himself agreeable?"

"Well, Mr. Calthorpe, your brother is too reckless, and loves trifles and pleasure too much, to be quite fascinating as a companion to me at all times. He is certainly amusing and dashing; but I pitied him. It seemed horrible to be the nephew of a nobleman, and the twin brother of an earl's heir, and to be banished from home, and living on his wits, at an inn, borrowing, and running into debt. I wished the earl to pardon him, and allow him a regular income, and insist on his keeping within bounds."

"He would never do it," said Arthur Calthorpe. "He told me himself that the hundred and fifty half-yearly payment always goes in a week; and he said he never paid his debts, either, if he could help it."

"He has told me the same," said Lionel gloomily.

"Well, then, I am sorry you allowed your name to be mixed up with poor Dick's. I thought you might have suffered some annoyance. I know Dick wouldn't care; he is off in Ireland now; and the next move he makes will be to France. He knows that I believe he would not think of braining me, and he understands that the earl will never forgive him—the earl never does forgive; so I send him three hundred a year. But you, Mr. Leigh—you are sure you have not been snubbed, in consequence?"

"Not at all, sir. I think, on the whole, the Abbotshold people are aware that I am not an assassin in disguise; and I have not lost my pupils at St. Martha's, even."

"Your sister is there, isn't she?"

"Yes," replied Lionel dryly.

"We Calthorpes are given to making love matches—Dick excepted. He is a cold-hearted savage in all affairs of the affections—would marry a broker's widow if she had seven thousand a year, if she were short, stout, red faced, and fifty; but for me, Mr. Leigh, I am sincere; I hope and pray that some day your sister may be Countess of Beryl. What family of Leighs do you belong to?"

"Mr. Calthorpe, my father was a Republican—what they call here a Radical. I know he was a scholar and a gentleman."

"But there is breed about her," said the young aristocrat, moving his foot restlessly. "Have you nothing which speaks of ancient family honors?"

"Oh, yes; Lella has a gold cross, with a portrait of our mother in the center."

"What would I give to see it? Bring it to me."

"But, sir, although you speak honorably—most honorably—there is the earl."

"He is seventy-nine. I would wait ten years for Miss Leigh."

"Then, Ella Watson?"

"Why, it was a lark—a bit of school-boy nonsense. Listen to me, and judge for yourself. I, with two college friends, Everson and Sir George Power, was fishing in the Highlands; and one week it rained, and rained, and rained, and we had nothing to amuse us, and we went into the town of Euravon, and ate short bread, in the baker's shop, which was also the postoffice, and made love, all three of us, to this long-faced girl, who stood behind the counter."

"Made love?" Lionel asked dubiously.

"Well, yes; talked all sorts of trash to her, all of us; and we invited her to supper at St. Swin's Inn; and she came; and this Ellen, having seen an envelope addressed to me, called herself Mrs. Arthur Calthorpe, and I said nothing against it. After that, she wrote me a letter, asked for two thousand for her father, who is an unmitigated scamp, and had the insolence to inform me that she was my legal wife, and that it was her intention to announce that fact to an admiring world. I was stupid enough to beg her silence, whereas an open contest would have been the best thing for me; but I feared the earl. I knew his obstinacy."

"And now, Mr. Calthorpe, what do you propose doing?"

"According to strict law, and this atrocious Scotch code, which has never been altered, I suppose that my madcap prank has placed me in this woman's power. Anyhow, there will be a lawsuit and trial. There is no doubt about that; but, meanwhile, I have made up my mind there is only one woman in the world whom I can ever love; and that woman is your sister, Mr. Leigh."

CHAPTER XII.

Lionel Leigh loved Ella Wycherly. Notwithstanding the strenuous effort made by Miss Worthington to banish him from Wycherly, it fell out that he was not forbidden to teach German to the colonel's daughter; and during the three months which followed the ball he had given his three weekly lessons.

He would tell her that, though tutor, and she heiress, he was still man, and she woman; that he had dared to love her boldly, if without hope. Half in rage, and half in triumphant pride, he had vowed that the confession should be made. She should learn of Chateau Moreauville, and the possible title and estates which had escaped him.

Sometimes it seemed to Lionel that he hated Ella Wycherly more than he loved her. Now he was asked for sympathy and help for another lover; but what a lover!—an earl's heir, a spoiled woman's darling. No; this pampered aristocrat could not love as he loved. At last he said:

"Mr. Calthorpe, you will change your mind. When you are free of Nellie Watson, you will not wish to marry a governess."

"But I declare it!" cried Arthur, flushing—"I declare it, sir, to you, her brother,

on my honor as a man and a gentleman! Can I say more?"

"No, Mr. Calthorpe; you are sincere. I will speak to my sister. But what about Nellie Watson?"

"You know, of course, she is out of prison, and all chance of discovering who it was that tried to murder me seems lost. It was certainly not Nellie, nor her father. It was proved beyond doubt that old Watson was in the postoffice at Euravon, in Scotland, on the night of the seventh. Nellie herself says she should know the man if she saw him; but refuses, with a smile, to describe him. There is something more in this affair, Mr. Leigh, than any of us dream of. Dick, my brother, is quite incapable of such a crime; it was not his figure which I saw flying away and leaping the palls before I fainted, after the blow. But let us talk of other things. Will you take that brooch and bracelet to your sister, with my devoted love? They are not diamonds or rubies, only gold, set with pearls and pale-pink topaz—a design I chose myself."

Soon after this Lionel was on his way to Wycherly Park; the case with the jewels was safely stowed away in his pocket. He strode through the woods where the February sunshine was streaming between the naked boughs. A turn in the path, and Lionel came upon Ella Wycherly—Ella, in green velvet, with a high crowned hat, and waving, black feather—Ella, with cheeks aglow, and eyes glittering, and red lips apart, not smiling.

"Mr. Leigh, have you heard the news?"

"It concerns you! You are about to be married, Miss Wycherly!"

"It is something infinitely less pleasant than that, and it concerns you, my good German master! It is an important thing now, since it so concerns that fashionable costume of my worthy instructor; for you are worthy—are you not, monsieur?—good and learned, wise and philosophical, fitted to become the instructor of erring, faulty youth—the guide, philosopher and friend of giddy pates, empty heads, dancing dolls, pouting babies, like myself!"

She sprang about as she spoke, executed a back step as if she were taking a dancing lesson, then stood suddenly still, and drew a long face—at least, a face as long as it was possible to manufacture out of her rosy, dimpled, piquant physiognomy.

"I am an unworthy specimen of young ladyhood, sir," she said, speaking in a nasal twang. "I shock your notions of propriety, Mr. Leigh. If I had my scent case I would offer it to you, for you possibly may faint, and that would be so awkward."

Lionel laughed, but his voice trembled nervously. He was desperately, madly in love with this fascinating, wild creature, and she was mocking him. He was amused, enchanted, tormented, all at the same time.

Whatever impelled Ella to tease her tutor so, it is difficult to imagine. Was it simply the outburst of high animal spirits, and the triumph of an exultant vanity? or was it a mask assumed to hide deeper feelings? or was it a genuine and cruel love of making a captive feel her power and smart under it?

The tide of passionate love which had been swept away for a few moments from Lionel's heart, by the cold blasts of Ella's sarcasm, rushed back again impetuously, and engulfed his whole being.

"Ella!" he said hoarsely—"Ella!"

She started; she turned pale; she drew herself up, cold and haughty as a statue.

"Listen! Steps! Somebody pulling aside the branches! Do not speak!"

And Ella glided away down a side path, leaving the tutor with his face blanched by contending emotions. He glanced uneasily about, not knowing where to go, or what to do. He dared not follow Ella.

Was she offended? Had her haughtiness taken offense? He walked on almost sullenly toward the Hall. Turning round a huge withered trunk of an oak, which obstructed the path, he encountered a tall, sinewy figure—a man in a gray suit, with a blue velvet cap pulled low over his forehead. His shaggy light eyebrows met in a puzzled frown. Suddenly he raised his deep-set eyes, and they flashed kindly recognition on the German tutor.

"Hello! Mr. Leigh. The top of the morning to you. I was looking for you. I have a proposal to make to you." Dr. Dundas came and linked his arm in that of Lionel. "Walk back with me. You are not in a hurry, are you?"

"Not very much; only the lesson Miss Wycherly—"

"Ah! well; she can wait. I have a proposal to make to you. Should you like to come and reside at Wycherly Hall?"

Lionel's heart gave a great bound, then thumped madly against his side. He was afraid that the doctor would notice his emotion.

"You take me by surprise," he said.

"Of course I do; but there is nothing to be alarmed at. The facts are simply these: Colonel Wycherly has no male heir, and there is a vast property attached to Wycherly—more than Miss Wycherly can have need of, and, under ordinary circumstances, she might become the prey of fortune hunters. That young lady is headstrong—very headstrong."

He paused a moment, and glanced very keenly at Lionel, with the deep-set, keen, sarcastic eyes.

"We will guard her from all suitors—no; but the colonel has come to the wise decision that ninety thousand a year is a preposterous fortune for a girl. Thus, she might marry a duke; but Mrs. Wycherly is a very peculiar person; and so, in fact, twenty thousand a year is to be Ella's portion, with her mother as guardian. Estates to the value of seventy thousand, including Wycherly, are to descend by will to one Graves Power, a seventh or eighth cousin of the colonel. We have had some trouble to rake this gentleman up; but he is found at length. He is coming to reside at Wycherly, with his mother's full consent, his mother being a widow."

"And he is to marry Miss Wycherly?"

"Indeed, no. He is a boy of nine, and

I wish you to be his tutor. The boy is delicate. He has been at a large public school, is industrious, and has overworked; and I want to give him twelve months' fishing, and shooting, and riding, under the care of an intelligent tutor, who won't let him carry his gun dangerously, nor swim, after a full meal, nor sit with his feet in the stream, and a blazing July sun on his head. I want you to teach him English and grammar and spelling and French and German, which have all been neglected at his great public school; and then he will be a young, merry companion for Ella. Poor child! she needs a romp sorely; and if you come, Mr. Leigh, the colonel will make it worth your while. Two hundred a year, a sitting room and bedroom to yourself; and when the boy goes to Eton, you can accompany him as private tutor. I have heard it hinted that you are anxious to distinguish yourself in literary circles. You will have ample time to pursue your studies. Now, will you accept the position?"

To Lionel it was as if the gates of an enchanted palace had opened wide, and he had been invited to enter.

Ella—Ella!—Ella! Would he listen daily to the music of her voice, and in time—who could say nay?—win her to something like pity, something like feeling, something like appreciation of his deep devotion—his intense love?

Then he remembered, with some pain, that Miss Wycherly had greeted him mockingly, that she had told him the news concerned him and his velvet coat was something infinitely less agreeable than her own marriage, that all the Wycherly world were talking of it. He looked on the ground. Then he said:

"Dr. Dundas, I shall be delighted to become an inmate of Wycherly. But, my other pupils?"

"Give them a fortnight's notice," said the doctor brusquely. "A fortnight is long enough."

"A month," pleaded Lionel. "It would take a month for Miss Pritchard to engage another professor."

"A month, then—a month. So you will come in March, and train this boy, and make him walk in the road he should walk in?"

"I will, Dr. Dundas."

"You will dine with us," pursued the doctor, "and spend the evening, if you like. But our evenings are usually dull; whilst for us elders, and silence or a conversation with the cat for poor Miss Wycherly." The good doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Old friendship with the colonel in India, years ago ties me here." He shook his head, and frowned. "Madam is a peculiarity, as you will find—a saint, a tyrant, all in one."

"A thorough woman of the world," said Lionel.

The laugh of the Scotch doctor rang loudly through the bare February wood.

"The world!" he echoed. "Oh, poor lady! How amusing are the comments of outsiders! No, young sir; the mistress of Wycherly is not a woman of the world."

"At least she is proud!"

"Proud; yes, as Lucifer. One might think she had fallen from some higher sphere, and disdained converse with mortals."

"They do not receive much company?" asked Lionel.

"Occasionally. There will be a dinner next month, and the boy here introduced to the county. Well, here I must leave you, for I have a message to the woodman. It is a bargain, then?"

"Yes, sir."

And so they parted.

(To be continued.)

He was willing.

In the morning mail the busy editor found the following letter written on a postal card: "Dear Sir: I have just graduated from a correspondence school of journalism. Would you like to have me write for your paper? J. Alexander McNutt."

Seizing his trusty pencil, the busy editor dashed off the following in reply: "Dear J. Alex: Certainly we would be pleased to have you write for our paper. Kindly address your letter to the circulation manager and inclose the regular subscription price."

Advice to a Young Man.

"What do you say to a young lady at a dance?" queried the youth who was about to attend his first ball.

"Oh," replied the society man, "talk to her about her beauty."

"But suppose she hasn't any?" said the youth.

"In that case," rejoined the s. m., "talk to her about the ugliness of the other girls present."

His Case.

"Do you really believe that living expenses have increased 20 per cent in the last five years?"

"Marryat—What! Why, they've increased 100 per cent at least."

Singleton—Nonsense!

"Marryat—Not at all. Five years ago there was only my wife and I, and now there's six of us in the family.—Philadelphia Press."

As the Years Go By.

The count had just filed his application for the hand of the multimillionaire's only daughter.

"Alas!" sighed the old man, "things have changed since I was young! Folks used to wait fifty years for their golden wedding, but now they demand it at the start."

Might Be Serious.

"Do your own dyeing!" read the physician's wife. "That's a funny way to begin an advertisement."

"Here, let me see that," cried the husband, in alarm. "Oh, it only refers to dyeing clothes. I was afraid it was some new scheme to do away with our profession."

He Knew.

"Does your little brother know how to walk, Abner?"

"Yeth. He knowth how; we all showed him, but he can't do it yet."

Sure Thing.

Green—What's the quickest way of acquiring shorthand?

Wise—Carousing a busy buzz-saw.

POWERS JURY DISAGREES.

Famous Kentucky Political Prisoner to Have Fifth Trial.

The jury trying Caleb Powers at Georgetown, Ky., on the charge of complicity in the murder of Governor Wilfrid Goebel, was dismissed by Judge Morris. The jury stood ten for acquittal and two for conviction. One of the jurors who held out for conviction was willing to come over to the acquittal side, but the remaining juror refused to change his decision.

The charge was complicity in the murder of Governor Goebel, 1899. Four trials have been held—1900, life im-



CALEB POWERS.

prisonment; 1902, life imprisonment; 1903, death penalty; 1908, no verdict.

Immediately following the discharge of the jury in the Powers case, after a disagreement had been reported, attorneys for the accused sent a telegram to Governor Wilson asking executive clemency. A petition was started in Georgetown asking the Governor to pardon Powers. Similar petitions will be circulated throughout the United States.

MARTIAL LAW AT MUNCIE.

Street Car Strike Necessitates Use of National Guard.

Because of the riots following the street car strike at Muncie, Ind., Governor Hanly issued a proclamation declaring that city to be under martial law. The proclamation says that Muncie and its immediate environs is in a state of riot and insurrection against the laws of the State, and suspends civil law. Quartermaster General Powell was sent to Muncie with troops, and carried the proclamation in person. With the proclamation was a letter to General McKee advising him of the step that had been taken and ordering him to take command of the city of Muncie and the surrounding district.

Soldiers were at once put on patrol duty, guarding the car lines. With their arrival the Union Traction Company announced it was ready to begin running all regular cars.

"Shoot to kill," was the order given to the troops when they were put on cars with strike-breakers.

In the troublous times since the strike started scores have been injured, some seriously, and considerable property damage has been done. Several cars were demolished and shot at by strike sympathizers. Governor Hanly has declared he will protect property and preserve peace, and also endeavor to get employees and company officials together in an effort to settle their differences, which arise over low wages and long hours.



Figures compiled by officials of the Southern Pacific show that in 1906 the Pacific lines of the system had 1,198 locomotives and 23,148 freight cars, an increase in motive power of 16 per cent and in freight cars of 20 per cent.

State Legislatures do not possess autocratic powers over the railroads within their borders, according to a decision of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, and though the constitutionality of their acts may not be directly challengeable, still they are subject to a review of the courts as to their reasonableness and justice.

That officials of railroads cannot be held responsible in any criminal sense for wrecks that may happen upon their lines, even though the cause may be traced directly to their failure to provide adequate safeguards, is the essence of the instructions given to the jury by Justice Kellogg at New York in ordering the acquittal of Vice President and General Manager Smith of the New York Central railroad. Mr. Smith had been on trial for manslaughter in connection with the wreck at Woodlawn on Feb. 16, in which twenty-three persons lost their lives. This case has attracted attention throughout the country as the first in which a serious attempt was made to hold a high official of a railroad responsible for the acts of subordinates.

A decision recently rendered by the Interstate commerce commission has an important bearing on the effort which electric traction lines have been making for some time to force the steam roads to give them recognition in the sale of through tickets and the routing of through freight.

In the expectation that industrial conditions will be much more favorable for the prosecution of large undertakings in which labor constitutes an essential part, the New York Central has decided to push to completion its terminal improvement and extension work with great vigor.

Indiana State News

WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.

Two Children Injured While Trying to Save Her Life.

By the explosion of a coal oil can in the kitchen, Mrs. Mark Hershberger, 40 years old, of Crawfordsville, was burned to death and two of her four children were seriously burned. Mrs. Hershberger was alone at the time of the explosion and was preparing dinner. It is believed she attempted to freshen the fire in the stove with oil. The explosion forced out the windows. Mrs. Hershberger, with her clothing in flames, ran out the back door and fell to the ground, where she died before assistance could reach her. Her daughter Mabel, aged 17 years, and her son Glenn, aged 14, were in the house at the time, and they suffered severe burns about their heads and hands—in an effort to save their mother's life. They were taken to the home of neighbors, where their injuries were dressed. Mark Hershberger, the husband, is foreman at the shale pit of the Poston Brick Company. He came from Veedersburg about twelve years ago, and a month ago moved into the new home which he erected. The house was not damaged, the fire being put out by the assistance of chemicals. Mrs. Hershberger was formerly Miss Myrtle Chesterton of Veedersburg.

Sees Black Hand Vengeance.

Philip Rock, an Italian merchant and banker in Bedford, fears for his life because of what he believes to be the Black Hand's work. Vague warnings for purposes of extortion have been followed by the burning of his store, the destruction of a car load of goods, and the murder of a fellow countryman.

Terre Haute Orphans' Home Burns.

St. Anne's Orphans' Home, a Roman Catholic institution on North Thirteenth street, Terre Haute, was totally destroyed by fire. One hundred orphans were in the building at the time the fire started, and a panic ensued among them, but all escaped without injury. The loss is about \$30,000.

Shows Increase of Suicide.

In his monthly health report City Health Officer D. W. McNamara of South Bend deplored the increase in the suicidal mania and the absence of an effective preventive remedy. He stated that the increase of the number of suicides in South Bend is alarming.

Eloper Back; Is Forgiven.

Joseph Chambers of Union Mills, who a year ago eloped with Mrs. Charles Quigg, has returned and has been forgiven by his wife. Quigg secured a divorce from his wife after she disappeared, but it is announced that they will be remarried in Chicago within a short time.

Convict Attorney of Fraud.

Charged with embezzling \$1,200 and a certificate of purchase for forty acres of land belonging to the Arbuckle-Ryan Harvester Company of Toledo, Attorney Jack Graves was found guilty in Warsaw and sentenced to thirty days in jail and fined \$100.

Farmer Hangs Self After Arrest.

Ben Trader, prominent farmer, committed suicide by hanging himself in a barn at Waldron. He was arrested for attempting assault on an 11-year-old girl.

Penitentiary for White Cappers.

David Fox and Jacob Kirk, charged with whitecapping William L. Vanest of South Bethany last June, were found guilty. They will serve a term at Michigan City of from two to fourteen years.

Ade Wants to Be Delegate.

George Ade, the humorist, announced in Indianapolis his candidacy for delegate from the Tenth district of Indiana to the Republican national convention. He will support Fairbanks.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

The first annual fruit show will be held at Purdue university, Jan. 13 to 18.

An option has been received on 800 acres of stone land near Bloomington. The stone will be shipped to Gary.

Mrs. Nancy D. Morris of Shelbyville, who is 76, rode on the first train over the Edinburg and Knightstown railway.

A negro of Richmond has patented a corn harvester covering thirty-eight points. It is said to be a great success.

The second dairy train which went out from Lafayette covered 500 miles on the Moon and 4,000 people heard the lectures.

A farmer near Owensville raised some freak corn. Each stalk had but one ear. It was grown from one grain of corn to a stalk.

Capt. Evan Sharp, one of the leaders of the successful plot by which 109 prisoners escaped from Libby prison at Richmond in the Civil War, died at the home of his sister, Mrs. William Haseltine, in Kokomo, aged 70.

Joseph Robson, 16, was accidentally killed by a bullet from a Flobert rifle in New Castle. He was with Freddie Scott and William Wallace. Scott was holding the rifle and it was accidentally discharged, the bullet hitting Robson.

A chicken thief broke into the henhouse of James B. Elmore near Evansville, carried off half a dozen chickens and tacked on the door a paper with the following verse: "Christmas time is drawing near; Thought I'd get my chickens here."

Emery Shaffer was killed and Andrew Lindsey, a saloonkeeper, was seriously shot in a duel in Lindsey's saloon at Harmony. The duel was the result of a dispute over the price of a drink.

Much of the money offered in payment for the recent issue of Hagerstown electric light bonds, was in bills that were damp and musty. This indicated that it had been buried for a long time. Local business men say that concealing money has grown since the failure of the Commercial Bank, in July, 1895. All of the issue of bonds was paid for by local people who were eager to get more.

SCALY ERUPTION ON BODY.

Doctors and Remedies Fruitless—Suffered 10 Years—Completely Cured by Cuticura.

"Small sores appeared on each of my lower limbs and shortly afterwards they became so sore that I could scarcely walk. The sores began to heal, but small scaly eruptions appeared. The itching was so severe that I would scratch the sores until the blood began to flow. After I suffered thus about ten years I made a renewed effort to effect a cure. The eruptions by this time had appeared on every part of my body except my face and hands. The best doctor in my native county and many remedies gave no relief. All this was fruitless. Finally my hair began to fall out and I was rapidly becoming bald. A few months after, having used almost everything else, I thought I would try Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap. After using three boxes I was completely cured, and my hair was restored, after fourteen years of suffering and an expenditure of at least \$50 or \$60 in vainly endeavoring to find a cure. B. Hiram Mattingly, Vermillion, S. Dak., Aug. 18, 1906."

The Usual Result.

A man alighted from a train and, after walking laboriously up the short flight of stairs which led to the waiting room, stopping a few times on the way to rest, he looked round for a place to sit down. His wan, thin face, heavy eyes and general appearance of weakness and dejection attracted attention, and a kind old gentleman accosted the stranger and asked if he could be of any assistance.

"No-o, thanks," the young man drawled out; "I'll get along if I take my time about it."

"Are you ill?"

"No-o, I'm not ill. But I feel as if I were completely done up."

"Been in an accident?"

"No-o, I'm just tired, that's all. Thanks; you may call a hansom for me, if you will. Don't believe I could ever walk out to the tramway. I don't mind if you carry my bag. I'm so tired."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing much; I'm just returning from my holidays. I'll be all right in a week or two."

REASON FOR WOMEN'S "NERVES."

In Very Many Cases It Is Weakened Kidneys.

Mrs. Frank Roseboom, 512 South Washington street, Moscow, Idaho, says:

Inherited kidney trouble grew steadily worse with me

until so nervous I could not sleep at night. I was dizzy and spots floated before my eyes. My back and hips ached and every cold settled on my kidneys and made me worse.

I have used many different medicines and was discouraged when I began with Sloan's Kidney Pills, but now the symptoms that alarmed me are gone.

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Larger Organization.

A few years ago appendicitis was the popular disease-fad. Victims of that malady used to meet and exchange experiences. Now the appendectomy club has been overshadowed by a large and more numerous cult—to wit: the victims of reckless chauffeurs. Almost every other person you meet nowadays can tell you how it feels to be run down by a touring car and impaled upon the crank hanger of a six cylinder. Appendicitis has given way to automobilitis.—Detroit Free Press.