

HEARTSEASE.

Is there place beneath the moon
Quite from care and grief immune?
Tell me, where doth heartsease grow?
I should dearly love to know—
This herb that poets say
Drives all sadness far away.
He who its sweet juices sips
Laughter dwells upon his lips.
To all sorrow, grief and woe
Heartsease is the deadly foe.
Some allege that such herbs be
In a place called Arcady.
Lying somewhere toward the east,
Metes and bounds there's not the least.
Sign or mark in all the books
So he'll find where'er that looks.
Thither traveling in vain quest
Many souls have thought to rest.
Twice ten thousand maids and men
Faring far have come again,
Saying that nowhere there lies
Such a place beneath the skies.
One I knew, a youth full fair,
All his manners debonaire,
Who for heartsease far and wide
Traversed plain and mountain side.
He returning came at length
Striped of all his youth and strength.
Now that face once summer-bright
Cheerless looked as winter's night.
This report he gave to me:
"There's no place called Arcady."
Heartsease can nowhere be found;
I have searched the world around.
If it can, I'm sure that I
Will not find it till I die.
Now, maybe if he had stayed
Close beneath his native shade
And had never willed to roam
Heartsease had been found at home.
—Chicago Record.

A CLEW BY WIRE

Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST.
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CHAPTER XIII.

A groom was sent to Twineburgh for a doctor. This was contrary to Mr. Morley's wish. He insisted that a doctor was not necessary, and it was only to appease the anxiety of his daughter that he finally consented to see a medical man.

But all the daughter's entreaties could not move him to go to bed. He lay down on the couch in the library, and Florence sat beside him, holding one of his hands. I left them thus together and went outside.

Before I left the man's voice had resumed much of its usual vigor. For one who had seemed to be as near collapse as he, strength returned very rapidly.

Notwithstanding my pity for Florence, there was great pride and joy in my heart. The sweetest girl in the world was mine. All troubles, mysteries, the heart-sickness of the past year, seemed petty and trivial beside this thought. Mr. Morley had given his consent to our marriage; indeed, it was an absolute command.

The scene under the trees came back to me, and I could not repress a shudder as I thought of the father's horrible premonitions and the overwhelming effect produced by them.

I walked about the grounds or reclined on one of the many seats scattered around, determined to await the doctor's arrival. My mind would constantly revert to the secret trouble which was so evident and powerful a factor in Mr. Morley's life; and what it was that could so affect a gentleman of his standing and wealth furnished me matter for speculation. The great motive and influence in the father's life, I knew, was his love for his only child. Therefore it seemed that the hidden trouble must arise from some sorrow or danger which threatened Florence. The thought caused me considerable uneasiness.

I had not realized how morbidly sensitive the robbery had made me, until now. All the unfathomable events and incidents which had occurred during the two days I had been here seemed in some indefinable way connected with the affair, or the result of it.

The doctor arrived much sooner than I had expected. Indeed, the idea of giving medical advice to a great man like Mr. Morley was incentive strong enough to cause a country physician to kill his horse in the endeavor to reach the patient as quickly as possible.

After quite a time spent over Mr. Morley, the doctor stepped out on the porch, and, drawing on his gloves, delayed his departure to answer a few questions which Florence, who had followed, put to him. It was impossible for the worthy physician to conceal wholly his sense of importance, although he tried to appear as though it was by no means an unusual thing to be found administering potions to millionaires.

Florence anxiously listened to his words of advice, and then withdrew. I had some hope of speaking to her, but she only bestowed on me a sad, sweet smile, which told of her love for me as well as her anxiety for the father, and with that I had to be content.

As the doctor was returning immediately to Twineburgh, I proposed to accompany him. He expressed his pleasure in having a companion, and I climbed into the carriage beside him.

I was anxious to tell Sonntag of the murderous attack upon me. On the way, finding the worthy doctor willing to answer questions, I was soon possessed of his opinion of my lawyer and agent. This opinion was a very high one.

Sonntag seemed to have the elements of popularity in him. But there was something about the old fellow I did not understand; there seemed to be a great unknown depth to him beyond the mere fact that he was a country lawyer and my agent. Nevertheless, I felt that he was to be trusted. I felt safe in his hands. My own opinion being so heartily corroborated by the doctor made me all the more satisfied.

But my trust and confidence in the old lawyer soon received a shock.

When we arrived at Sonntag's office I sprang from the buggy, and, after thanking the doctor, walked up to the door. Sonntag was walking back and forth with his hands behind him, ear-

nestly conversing with some one inside. There was also a rear door to the lawyer's office. A man was standing near this door, and when I entered the office he quickly stepped out; not so quickly, however, but that I caught a glimpse of his face. It was Hunter, or Skinner, as you please.

The thought of the treachery he had been guilty of toward her in whose pay he was came to me and inflamed me with sudden and uncontrollable anger. Uttering an expletive, under the spur of a strong impulse, I made a spring for him. Out through the door I followed him, and down through the yard. He had too much the start, however, and was over a high board fence at the bottom of the yard before I could come up to him.

I retraced my steps to the lawyer's office. The old fellow was standing in the door and seemed to have been highly diverted by witnessing the chase, judging by his face.

"The rascal! the villain!" I exclaimed, pushing past the lawyer into the office and sinking down, panting for breath. "If ever I get my hand on him, I'll wring his neck!"

Sonntag closed the door and then turned toward me. "What have you against him?" he asked.

I recounted the shooting incident, to which Sonntag listened with a whimsical expression. "H'm! And he shot at you when you called him Skinner, eh?" he remarked, when I had finished. "Must be something in his former life; but then—well, it's strange, certainly. Why, I always address him as Skinner, and he never attempted to shoot me; indeed, he never seemed to notice."

"Then it is evident his attempt to shoot me was not for my calling him by his right name. See here, Mr. Sonntag," I continued, earnestly, "do you suppose he is in any way concerned in the cellar affair?"

"Who, Skinner? Good gracious, no! that is, I can't say, but I think not."

"What were you talking to him about?" I asked, eying the old fellow with some impatience, for the more I conversed with him the less I could understand him.

"Oh, about a matter of freight," my agent replied, indifferently.

"It was trivial, then?"

"Yes, yes, of no importance whatever."

"Mr. Sonntag, it is from no wish to know the subject of your conversation with that wretch of a Skinner that I ask the question. But I happened to see you just before I entered the office, and I am a trifle curious to know if you usually speak as earnestly on unimportant topics as you evidently did to him."

The lawyer regarded me a moment. He seemed to be debating some question in his mind.

"Was I earnest?" he finally inquired. "Everything about me seems to be mysterious!" I exclaimed, piqued to impatience at his wholly dodging my question. "There's one mystery that will be cleared up soon, however," I added, decidedly.

"Yes? And that is—"

"The cellar mystery."

Sonntag again cautioned me against being too precipitate.

"Then give me some good reason for your caution!" I exclaimed. "It's getting monotonous following people's advice without having a reason for so doing. I'll do so no more. I have half a notion to get out of the place. Ever since my arrival, petty trivial circumstances have harassed me and kept me in an irritable mood."

"Well, maybe it would be best for you to visit some of your friends in town," Sonntag said, reflectively, "if only for a few days."

"No, sir. I have no friends, and your seeming desire to have me away makes me the more determined to stay. But a course of supineness is done with. Now I'll take the reins, and see what's to be made out of the driving."

"Just as you please about that, of course, Mr. Conway. But I do beg of you, and it is for your own interests I speak, delay the attempt to enter the cellar until to-morrow."

"Why? I curtly asked.

"You'll know in the morning," my lawyer replied, with a smile.

"I may be dead by that time," I replied. "Certainly if I must be the target for every assassin's bullet, my coffin might as well be ordered now." Saying which, I took my own pistol from my pocket. "You see that? Well, it means that after this I'll be as handy with a pistol as others are."

Mr. Sonntag eyed me rather suspiciously, as though not at all certain but that I would level the weapon at him.

"Those things are dangerous, Mr. Conway, and are liable to go off without warning," he remarked, dryly, after I had returned the pistol to my pocket.

"Yes, I know that. And if there should be occasion for it to go off in my hand, you may be sure it will be for the purpose of hitting something. I believe my peace is threatened, if not my life. How do I know but what that cellar under my room has been used, maybe is being used, for some criminal purpose? If that is true, my arrival in Nelsonville and taking up my abode right in the midst of hidden crime would naturally prevent any continuance of operations, and endanger the secret. I believe that attempts are being made to cause me to leave; if mysterious demonstrations cannot accomplish it by frightening me, then the purpose is to remove me by death."

"There may be something in what you say," Sonntag remarked, after a moment's thought. "But promise me you will not attempt to shoot the station agent," he added, with deep earnestness.

"What? Make no defense against his cowardly attacks?" I exclaimed, in amazement at my lawyer's request.

"He will not repeat it, you may be sure. At least promise to defer retaliation until to-morrow."

"And get shot in the meantime!"

"No. I said it would not happen again."

"Just let me get my hands on him. I'll choke the life out of him," was the only reply I made.

"Oh, yes; that's all right. Choke him all you want to, but please, Mr. Conway, no shooting. I don't mind telling you that any headstrong course on your part may upset a few well-laid plans for your own good, which give promise now of fruitful results. Wait until to-morrow. You shall know all then, I promise you."

It is impossible to convey by words the seriousness of my lawyer's manner in making these remarks.

When I was conversing with Mr. Sonntag there was something about him which compelled me to feel trust and confidence, notwithstanding his many sayings bearing on some secret purpose which he was so careful not to reveal.

"Well, I give up trying to make you out," I said, after considering his words and being impressed by them. "You certainly are the most inexplicable specimen of a country lawyer. Who are you, anyhow?"

"Your lawyer and agent, and, Mr. Conway, let me add, in sincerity, your friend."

Somehow I could not but believe him at the time. His words carried conviction.

"Pardon me for seeming impertinent," Sonntag said, as he accompanied me to the door, "but have you seen Miss Morley since your arrival?"

"Yes."

"And everything is all right?"

"Yes."

"You intend marrying her?"

"I have her father's consent."

"Ah! I congratulate you."

Sonntag extended his hand and smiled. But the smile died away immediately, and the expression which followed strangely disturbed me. Was it sorrow? For what? Or was it pity? Surely not pity for me!

I went from the office resolved to follow my lawyer's advice just this once. To-morrow was not far distant, and I would know all then. Wondering very much what this all would prove to be, I started on my five-mile walk homeward.

Fortunately, I encountered Sarah, who had driven to Twineburgh to do some trading, and who was just climbing into her wagon as I came up.

"Hello, Sarah," I called, as she was about to take up the lines. "Will you give me a lift?"

She looked around in surprise, then expressed her pleasure at seeing me again as I climbed up beside her.

As we were crossing the track at Sidington, I was considerably surprised to



Was it really the face of Horace Jackson?

see the station agent at work on the platform handling some freight. The fellow really seemed to be ubiquitous. I had encountered him in Nelsonville, in Sonntag's office, and now again at the station attending to his duties.

His back was toward us and he did not notice the wagon and its occupants.

Sarah pulled up the team at my request and I climbed down from the wagon. I was curious to note again what effect my presence would have on the fellow. When I had moved some distance from the team (for I did not propose to endanger Sarah's life in case he took it into his head to fire at me again), placing my hand on my revolver as it rested in my pocket, I called to him:

"Hello, there! I say, you, Skinner!"

The fellow dropped the truck handles and turned quickly. Then he fled swiftly along the platform toward the door of the station house, through which he bolted.

But I was not watching him. His flight and the manner of it was perceived simply because his form was in the line of vision.

It was upon the bow-window in the telegraph office that my gaze was fixed. For, at my hail, a face had appeared at that window, and then was quickly withdrawn.

Did my sight deceive me, or was it really the face of Horace Jackson?

Following a natural impulse, I sprang upon the platform and went to the door. It was locked. Then I tried the door leading into the ladies' waiting-room, but that was also locked. I walked around the place a few times and peered into each window, but no one was to be seen.

It was no surprise that the fellow Skinner should wish to avoid me, but if the other face I had seen belonged to Jackson, why should he desire to hide from me?

Probably Jackson, having heard that I was residing at Nelsonville, and knowing that I must therefore have met Florence Morley and have been informed by her of his contemptible manner of trying to win her, thought it best not to meet me.

If he wished to avoid me he was at liberty to do so. It was a trivial circumstance, at any rate, and so I left the platform and climbed back upon the wagon.

"What for he run so?" inquired Sarah, as she drove on.

"Oh, I have a little account to settle

with him, and he is afraid of me. I suppose," I replied.

"Der was another man too—in de vinder," she continued.

"You saw him, then. Yes, I thought there was. But I couldn't find either of them, and the doors were all locked."

Sarah was much puzzled at the occurrence, and made numerous remarks and asked many questions in the endeavor to obtain more light; but I did not gratify her curiosity and answered only in monosyllables.

My mind was in even a greater whirl of perplexity than my old nurse's.

Why had Skinner tried to shoot me, and why, after thus showing some powerful animosity toward me, should he now appear such a craven that he fled, evidently in great fear, from my presence? What was the fellow's real intent and purpose in engaging himself to Florence as a detective? Was he really a detective?

Jackson had recommended him to Florence. What bond existed between Jackson and Skinner? And, moreover, who was Sonntag? These three men seemed somehow strangely connected with my life, but how and to what end?

"Sarah, do you know anything about Mr. Sonntag?" I finally asked.

"Ach, yes. He is your lawyer, ain't he?"

"Yes, yes. But do you know anything about him? He has not been in Twineburgh very long, has he?"

"No. About six months. He is a very nice man, and a good von, too," Sarah replied, convincingly.

"That seems to be the general opinion regarding him. Do you know anything about the station agent?"

"I don't know nothing about him."

"He came here about the same time that Sonntag did, I believe."

"Yes, I guess so."

"Sarah," I began, again, after a pause, "can your husband be relied upon to face danger?"

"Danger?"

"Yes. Don't be alarmed; I don't know of any; but supposing some sudden danger arose before him, would he have the courage to meet it?"

"Yes, if I was with him," was Sarah's reply.

"When are you with him?"

"Yes. I don't know, if he was alone, but he fight de devil if I am py him."

I could not restrain a burst of laughter at the idea of the great powerful farmer being courageous only in his wife's presence. Sarah joined heartily in my merriment, and remarked that her husband could be relied upon to do just what she desired.

"Well, then, can you and Jake come over to Nelsonville to-morrow morning early and help me dig a way into the cellar?" I asked, again becoming serious.

"Sure we can," Sarah replied, excitedly.

"And bring a crowbar along, and a sledge-hammer, if you have them. If we cannot cut the thick beams in the floor of my room, we may be able to dig through the foundation wall. This is the last night I will spend in the old house with the mystery of the cellar remaining unsolved, if there is any mystery at all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PLAYED BY SECOND VIOLIN.

Impromptu Serenade Delights the People of a Lake Front Home.

On the North side, in the shadow of one of the fine residences close to the lake front, a couple of Italians were standing, one of them with a violin in his hands and the other holding a harp. They were playing one of the popular waltz tunes of the day, and as the windows of the house were opened to the summer night the strains of the music floated in to where the occupants were seated. While the waltz was still in the midst of its swing, a tall man, in a long cloak enveloping him, and a silk hat on his head, came around the corner. He paused for a moment, and then going over to where the Italians were standing, he produced one dollar and said to the men: "Let me play them a serenade. I play second violin downtown."

In his hands the tall man carried a violin case. It was only a minute's work for him to get his violin out, and he laid it to his cheek and began to play. His long right arm, with a wonderfully swift, smooth sweep, coursed up and down the strings with the flying bow, and the music leaped from the magic shell and flew away into the night. Higher and higher the echoes rose, the heavy chords of the G string mingling with the shrill wailings of the high notes, and the very air around and about the player seemed charged with melody.

In the house the people at first spoke questioningly, and then sat mute, fearing to lose a note of the marvelous flow of melody. The music ceased, the people rushed to the front door and down the steps. But the tall violinist had hurriedly thrust his fiddle into its case and was striding around the corner before they could catch a glimpse of his face. They gave the two Italians a liberal remembrance before they left, and days after they learned the name, the famous name, of their midnight serenade. And they will not forget at all—not in all time—the music they heard that night from the second violin.—Chicago Chronicle.

More Than He Could Stand.
"Jorkins broke his engagement with Miss Loveleigh."

"Was he justified?"

"Yes, he found out that her mother was one of these women who never travel without taking a bird cage along."—Chicago Record.

Both Were Ignorant.

"Gobang's wife does not know what he suspects about her."

"No. And he does not suspect what she knows about him."—N. Y. Truth.

No Wonder.

"They had a quarrel."

"About what?"

"He guessed her age."—Town Topics

Bad Eruptions

Sores Broke Out and Discharged But Hood's Cured.

"My son had eruptions and sores on his face which continued to grow worse in spite of medicines. The sores discharged a great deal. A friend whose child had been cured of a similar trouble by Hood's Sarsaparilla advised me to try it. I began giving the boy this medicine and he was soon getting better. He kept on taking it until he was entirely cured and he has never been bothered with eruptions since." Mrs. Eva Dolbearre, Horton, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine. \$1.50 for \$5 Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c

NEEDED HIM IN THE HOUSE.

The Cool Retort of a Witty Girl to Her Complacent Fiancee Sets Him to Thinking.

Among weddings slated for the near future is that of a clever young lawyer who has just won for his bride a charming girl whose heart he had long laid siege. The lawyer is not without a certain amount of good opinion regarding himself, and particularly prides himself on being rather a favorite among girls of his acquaintance. Nearly a year ago he first sought the hand of the bride to be, but she demurred. A few months later he met with a second refusal, but determined to make one more effort. By this time the young woman had come to regard him with a good deal of esteem. This feeling grew in warmth, and so, when, a week or so ago, he once more urged his suit, she said the word which made him the happiest man in town.

"And you will be mine?" he asked.

"Yes."

"It seems too good to be true. When shall the wedding take place?"

"I—I don't know."

"There is no use in putting it off."

"No," she answered. "I think not."

The young lawyer named a day preposterously close at hand, and after some hesitation his charmer agreed.

"I knew that you would realize that you would be happier with me than without me," he suggested, with just a hint of triumph in his tone.

Perhaps the girl concluded that this was as good a time as any to take him down a peg or two, for she replied very coolly:

"Yes, I do realize it now. You see, papa is out of town on business a good deal, so that mamma, aunt and I are often quite alone. I have thought it all over and have come to the conclusion that it would be ever so much safer to have a man in the house all the time."

The accepted lover gasped in astonishment for a moment, but then, seeing a twinkle in his adored one's eye, forgave her on the spot. On the way home, however, he vowed that his future wife would be a dangerous customer in repartee.—Chicago Chronicle.

Ironical Life.

If manners make the man that explains some men's undone condition.

If a man is ruled by his feelings he is apt to travel in a zigzag course.

If riches didn't have wings there would be fewer flyers in the stock market.

If a man could only see himself as others see him he wouldn't say a word about it.

If a man thinks life isn't worth living he can very easily find a way to give it up.

If the saloons were open on election day it might be possible to poll a full vote.

If Eve hadn't been forbidden to eat that apple the chances are it wouldn't have happened.—Chicago Evening News.

At the Reception.

Mrs. Sharpe—Excuse me, Mrs. Upby; but your—your—

Mrs. Upby (who has on one of her husband's neckties)—Oh, what is it? Is anything wrong with me?

"Yes; I believe your—your belt has got up around your neck."—Judge.

The Bicycle Did It.

Miss Countrycousin—What are all those badges that woman wears?

Mrs. Wheeler—Each one represents a century.

"Gracious! She doesn't look to be forty!"—Jewellers Weekly.

A Cure.

Author—I am troubled with insomnia. I lie awake at night hour after hour thinking about my literary work.

His Friend—How very foolish of you! Why don't you get up and read portions of it?—Boston Traveler.

A Round of Pleasure.

Belle—How would you like to enjoy a century of bliss?

Bettie—Oh, I have, you know. Will and I enjoyed one last summer, on his tandem.

—Yonkers Statesman.

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