an inmate of the Hall.

MRS, HARRINGTON'S DIAMOND NECKLACE,

IN TWO CHAPTERS.-CHAP L. Mrs. Harrington, of Harrington Hall,

man, into company with a romantic girl of a "Then, as who enjoyed the double privilege of being an heiress and a beauty. There was certainly no doubt about Gladys Harrington's claim to the latter title; she was tall, gracefully formed, elegant in all her moveents, and she had the most radiant complexion, and the largest and softest brown eyes it is possible to imagine. As to her wealth, that also was beyond dispute, Though the Harrington estates were entailed on her half brother, a boy of 10 years old, the young lady would inherit, on attaining her najority, a fortune of £40,000; for 'Squire Harrington had been not only a large landed proprieter, but the owner of extensive collieries in the north of England.

Left a widow soon after the birth of her on, Mrs. Harrington had lived a very retired life, devoting herself to the education her children. Society in Grass-shire had for some years busied itself in discussing the probabilities as to the second marriage of the rich and still young widow. But gage a tutor under 30 years old to educate armed neutrality between Mrs. Harrington the heir of all the Harringtons, instead of and myself—unless she dismisses me," he

the heir of all the Harringtons, instead of selecting some learned graybeard or solemn-faced M. A. on the wrong side of 59, popular opinion was all against her.

"I should think a woman with any knowledge of the world and of human nature would have foreseen the inevitable consequences of bringing such a man as Mr. Kaleh Couningham into daily association with an impulsive, unsophisticated girl like dear Gladys," remarked Mrs. Lamprey of St. Kilda's Grange. She was ey of St. Kilda's Grange. She was the happy mother of six marriageable but even a "detrimental" such as Mr. Ralph mingham would not have been an unaceptable suitor for the hand of any one of he Miss Lampreys, honest Squire Lamprey esides, eligible young men were scarce in read.

ort of woman to have the care of a girl like

Gladys. Mrs. Harrington is so-so unsym-

nathetic. Do you know, dear Mrs. Lam-

prey, that sometimes I feel quite-quite un-

those curious bright gray eyes of hers!

finished the rectore's with an affected little

hood talked, while events at Harrington Hall were slowly ripening to the climax

which everyone deciared to be inevitable. Gladys and her little brother's tutor saw a

great deal of each other, for the heiress had a taste for English literature, and Ralph

Now, when two young people of suitable age and of equal personal attractions dis-

ad day after day over volumes of beauti-

ful poetry; when the aforesaid young man has the delightful task of pointing out

favorite passages in his favorite poems to an

listener who has glorious eyes and a di-vinely responsive smile, it is not difficult to

guess that admiration will speedily blossom

demiciled at Harrington Hall two months, the calmuity predicted by the wiseheads of

Grass-shire occurred. One day, when Ralph

was initiating his charming pupil into the beauties of "Epipsychidion," a glance was

exchanged, a word or two was spoken, which changed the lives of both. Ralph,

who was an honorable young fellow, had not intended to reveal his passion; but at 26

one cannot be always on one's guard, and he had read something in Gladys' eyes which

had, so to speak, drawn those daring words

from his heart. Gladys, with the enthusi-

asm and carelessness of the future charac-

mother and declared her intention of marry

Mrs. Harrington, who, for some reason known only to herself, had taken a violent

dislike to the tutor, was, however, wise enough not to make a scene. She did not

order Mr. Cunningham out of the house, or send Miss Gladys off in disgrace to school.

She only darted one glance of contempt at the girl's glowing face, only folded her lips to-

gether in an expression that was not exactly pleasant, and then gravely said: "My dear

Gladys, you are just 18, and Mr. Ralph Cumungham is the only really agreeable

man you have ever met. Do you think you will admire him as much ten years

"I shall never, never care for any other man. I will marry him or be an old maid,"

"Very well, my dear; you cannot marry

ine Mr. Ralph Cumingham,

mee as you do now!"

Before Mr. Ralph Cunningham had been

appreciative and intensely sympathetic

omfortable when she looks at me with

And so the busyhodies of the neighbor-

I cannot remain here unless Mrs. Harring-

Grass-shire, should have known better, her friends told each other, than to throw a young, handsome, attractive, but penniless of wretchedness." "Then, darling, marry me at once,

"I cannot—at least not yet. When I am
21 I shall be my own mistress. Besides,"
she added with one of her brightest smiles,
"I should forfeit my fortune if I married you now-and-I want to give my money to

The simplicity of her manner was in such strange contrast to the wisdom which seemed almost worldly, that Ralph was fairly dumbfounded. Gladys, like most of her sex, was at once impulsive and timid, simple and cunning—a mass of contradictions, and yet most lovable in spite of them

"You dear little wise woman," cried Ralph, clasping her in his arms. "I will be guided entirely by you. If you bid me stay here, I will stay. If you command it, I will wear my chain, and go on teaching Freddy his Latin grammar for three mortal years."

"And bear mamma's frowns too? "So long as you smile, dearest, all other women in the world may frown and I shall

"That sounds almost like a quotation now popular attention was turned to her step-daughter, Gladys; therefore, when it was noised about in the county that Mrs. Harrington had been so improdent as to enmore serious tone, "there is to be a sort of

> finished gloomily.
>
> "She will not do that. Mamma is a very clever woman; she will not take any step which might drive me-to-to"-"Marringe?" suggested Ralph.

Gladys nodded, and then laughed with such evident enjoyment and glee, that Ralph was once more puzzled by the strange complexity of this mere child's character. And so matters went on at Harrington Hall for several weeks. Mrs. Harrington behaved with studied courtesy to the tutor, who, on unpourried daughters. Ill-untured people smiled, and whispered to each other that momentous words had never been spoken between Gladys and her step-mother. To all appearance, he was only Freddy's paid instructor, and Miss Harrington's hon-orary Professor of Literature. The reading a comparatively poor man, and his ings from the poets were continued; but master and pupil talked more than they

Sometimes, the curiously still, malicious "Yes, and dear Gladys is so—so very unconventional," added Mrs. Smalman, the rector's wife, to whom the remark recorded above was addressed. "Perhaps it is the result of her singular bringing-up. She has lived too much alone, poor dear, child; and

chart a u t li h t t t 1 indices le l

The young master of Harrington Hall was a delicate and docile child, and Ralph, who had all a strong man's tenderness for those weaker, mentally or physically, than himself, always treated his gentle little pupil with kindness that bordered on indulgence. And the boy had attached himself to Ralph with an affection so strong that his mother's jealousy had been aroused, and so fuel was added to the fire that had been lighted by Gladys' avowed preference for the penniless tutor.

"Promise that you will never leave me, Mr. Cunningham, said Freddy, suddenly looking up from his Latin grammar with a wistful look in his big brown eyes. "I couldn't bear to learn of anybody else; and mamma says I needn't go to school until I grow big and strong like other boys."

"What put that into your head, my boy?—I have no intention of leaving the Hall at present."

present."
"Oh, I don't know-only mamma said

"Oh, I don't know—only mamma said something that made me anxious," replied the child, flushing up; "and—and I had a horrid dream about you last night."

"Come, my boy; surely you don't believe in dreams, you know the stuff they're made of—too many sweets and too much cake," answered Ralph, trying to laugh.

But Freddy's little face was still grave, and frighted the statement of the statement of

But Freedry's little face was still grave, and a frightened expression came into his eyes. "I dreamt about mamma, too," he whispered, looking around with a scared look, painful to see. "I don't think mamma likes you, Mr. Cunningham," he added; "and—and sometimes her eyes frighten me—even when she kisses me and holds me so tight in her arms." in her arms."

in her arms."

"I don't wonder," thought the tutor as he remembered a certain cold, malicious glitter that sometimes lighted Mrs. Harrington's fine eyes. But aloud he bade Freddy attend to his lessons and think no more of such an unimportant thing as a nightmare dream.

Tutor and pupil worked on steadily until nearly midday, when both received a most unexpected summons from Mrs. Harrington's own maid, a tall, slender, and very ton's own of

quietly but elegantly dressed woman of about 35, who had long been in service at the Hall. the Hall.

"My mistress wishes to see you in the saloon, sir, and she bade me tell you to bring Master Harrington with you," she said in her usual low and respectful tones.

"Certainly," replied the tutor, rising with a smile—"Come, Freddy."

"The curtain is about to rise on the see-

ond act of the comedy," he said to himself as he took the child's hand and followed the maid to the saloon, a large and splen-did room, that served as an inner hall, and into which most of the rooms on the ground floor opened. There he found not only Mrs. Harrington and Gladys, but every man and woman who lived under the roof-

man and woman who lived under the roof-tree of Harrington Hall.

"I see that Madame contemplates a coup de theatre," he thought, rapidly exchanging glances with Gladys, who looked a trifle pale and anxious. "The scene is well ar-ranged; but I fear the 'great situation' she contemplates will not make the effect she

CHAPTER IL.

Mrs. Harrington's fine eyes had never looked more brilliant and more malicious than when they rested on the pale but composed countenance of the tutor as he quietly entered the saloon leading Freddy by the

"Excuse my somewhat abrupt summons, Mr. Cunningham," she said, speaking very courteously, though there was a ring of covert triumph in her clear tones that warned Ralph that she meant mischief. "But a circumstance has occurred which renders it imperative that I should speak collectively to every member of this house-

Ralph bowed, but made no reply, though he could not repress the slightly sarcastic smile which played upon his lips as he noted the judicial formality of her manner.

"This morning—indeed, not more than an hour ago, I found that, probably during the night, I have been robbed of a very valuable disease. Mr. maid Morris ble diamond necklace. My maid, Morris, and I at once made a careful examination of and I at once made a careful examination of the room where, as most of you know, I am in the habit of keeping my jewels. We found, much to our surprise, that the room had not been entered from the outside; the window was securely bolted, and there were no signs whatever of any evil minded person having effected an entrance in that other explanation to this extraordinary affair—namely, that my room was visited by some one from inside. Of course, it is just possible that the thief may have gain admittance to the house from some other part of the premises, and found his or her way to my spartments; you, Walters, will be better able to speak with authority on this point than I can. Will you tell us if you found any door or window open this

The old butler, who had served his mistress faithfully ever since her arrival at the Hall as a bride, 12 years ago, at once de-clared that he could solemnly swear that no signs of burglary had been visible when he went the rounds early that morning. A look of genuine concern was on his honest eye, and certainly the most suspicious wo-man on earth would have instantly acquit-

man on earth would have instantly acquitted him of having anything to do with the
disappearance of the necklace.

"Has anything else been missed? Is all
the plate intact?" queried Mrs. Harrington.

"There is nothing missing, ma'am. If
you will examine the strong room"—

"I am quite ready to take your word," in-

terrupted his mistress with a smile that strove to be kindly.

"My daughter tells me that she also has lost nothing," she continued. "Mr. Cunningham, can you say the same?" Her cold bright gray eyes were suddenly

"I have lost nothing," he answered "Then it seems that the thief was co ented with my necklace for spoil."

Here the servants looked at each other with dismay; it was clear to the meanest understanding that Mrs. Harrington sus-pected that some inmate of the Hall was the thief. There was a low buzz of whispers as their mistress ceased speaking; the cook and butler exchanged a few words and then

the latter spoke out.
"We are all agreed, ma'am, that the fairest thing to everybody would be that our boxes should be examined. No one has left the house this morning. If, as I fear you think, ma'am, the thief is here pres-

"I think nothing of the sort, Walters: I "I think nothing of the sort, Walters; I have only mentioned the facts of the case, which I certainly think go to prove that the thief gained admittance to my apartment by the door, and not by the window. At any rate, I intend to place the affair in the hands of a person more competent to decide on the matter than myself. Directly I made the discovery that I had been robbed, I dispatched my maid to the station to tellar. I dispatched my maid to the station to tele-graph to Leatherhampton for the inspector of police, who, I expect, will arrive in less than half an hour. In the meantime I de-

sire you will all remain in the saloon."

The servants again exchanged glances of consternation. Such an unprecedented oc-currence as this would furnish food for gossip in the servants' hall for many a year to come. Even the presence of their mis-tress and the uncomfortable chill that had suddenly fallen on the assemblage did not silence the hum of whispered talk among men servants and the maid servants, who waited with what patience they could com-

edy of the mysterious burglary.

The half hour expired at last. Mr. Cunningham had throughout maintained an attitude of polite indifference; Gladys had been studiously silent; and little. Freddy, who had only half understood the scene still clump to the turns's hand the scene, still clung to the tutor's hand with an expression of mingled wonder and terror in his big brown eyes. Mrs. Harring-ton had seated herself in one of the deep easy chairs scattered about the saloon, and made a pretence of glancing down the columns of a newspaper. Her face was pale and her lips firmly set; but the hand which held the newspaper shook slightly, thus be-traying the emotion she strove so hard to taken from my dressing-case by some one.
Oh, Ralph, it seems as if my stepmother is
to be punished for her cruelty to you! Just
think what a wicked thing—to go to your
room and hide her miserable diamonds in
your protressies and then to get up that

The arrival of the inspector of police was a relief to every one. Mrs. Harrington

disgrace you before the servants and every one, because she was determined to—to part briefly explained to him what had occurred and her reasons for supposing that the theft of the necklace had been accomplished by "But, dearest, this is not a time to pon

an inmate of the Hall.

"Such a suspicion is of course very painful to me," she finished; "but under the circumstances, Mr. Inspector, though I deeply regret the necessity, I think it better for the satisfaction of all concerned, that I should accept the offer made by my servants, and I requst you to search their boxes.—
You, Mr. Cunningham," she added suddenly, addressing herself to Ralph, "will, just for form's sake, undergo the same unpleasant ordeal."

"But, dearest, this is not a time to ponder Mrs. Harrington's misdeeds. The question is, who has taken the diamonds, and how are we to recover them?"

"Perhaps mamma has taken them herself. She would be quite capable of purloining my keys and"—

"Hush, hush, Gladys; don't be hard on her."

"You may forgive her, but I never can," cried the girl passionately. "Just think what your position would have been had

"You may forgive her, but I never can," cried the girl passionately. "Just think what your position would have been had you not found that tassel of heads!"
"You would have believed me innocent, "I'd would have believed me innocent, Gladys?"
"I? Oh Ralph, darling, of course I would! I would stake my life on your honor and truth. But think of the cold, stealthy

truth. But think of the cold, stealthy treachery of a woman who could creep into your room and deliberately plan a thing so wicked and so mean!"

"My dear girl, do try to be calm. That necklace must be found. Do you think any one could have overheard our conversation

one could have overheard our conversation this morning?"

"It is just possible; we were sitting on this very bench," said Gladys, looking round at the shrubs, growing thickly on three sides of the seat, which was placed in a sort of alcove of closely-cut laurels and yews.

"A path leading to the stables runs just at the back. Could any of the servants—But no; I don't believe any of them is capable of theft."

"I think we shall be forced to assume conversation was audible. Gladys, with a queer smile on her beautiful lips, sunk into the chair her step-mother had quitted, and turned her attention to the newspaper which had served that lady as a pretext for silence during the purgatorial half hour that had followed on her strange exordium.

Ralph seated himself at some distance from Gladys, and Freddy nestled at his side with a look of puzzled anxiety on his childish face. Once Gladys looked across to the tutor; the look said plainly: "This ordeal must be borne for my sake. I love you, and trust you; cannot you trust me?"

Ralph smiled an affirmative, and let his thoughts drift into a pleasanter channel than that of Mrs. Harrington's enmity, her plot to ruin him, and the strange upshot

ris, mamma's maid?"
"Hum! Do you know why she left?"
"She had a telegram from home summoning her to her father's siek-bed."
"Do you know anything of Morris' ante-

"Oh, Ralph, surely—surely you don't suspect her! Why, she has been years at the Hall, and my stepmother has the greatest confidence in her."
"Didn't Mrs. Harrington say this morning that Morris was the messenger she dispatched to the station to telegraph to Legsthermore for the investor." Leatherhampton for the inspector

"Yes; but"—
"Then, my dear Gladys, I think we have
a clew; but for the present we must keep
our suspicions to ourselves, and wait the
course of events. Meanwhile, I shall do a little detective work on my own aecount.'

During the next two or three days Mr. Inspector paid frequent visits to Harrington Hall; but no further evidence was elicited, Hall; but no further evidence was elicited, and the diamond necklace robbery still remained enveloped in mystery. Ralph's amateur detective work had, however, not been equally barren of result. On the morning following Glady's discovery of the real theft, he paid a visit to the station, and learned from the telegraph clerk that Mrs. Harrington's maid had dispatched two telegraps on the versions morning one. telegrams on the previous morning, one to London, the other to Leatherhampton. Ralph tried hard to get a sight of the tele-graph forms; but the man declared that to allow such a breach of official discipline would be as much as his place was worth.

On his return from the station Ralph confided to Gladys the result of his inquiries; and the two conspira-tors decided to follow up the clue thus obtained, and to place the affair in the hands of Mr. Jonas Lynx, a noted private detective in London. While the country police were leisurely deliberating country police were leisurely deliberating on what steps to take in regard to the Harrington Hall burglary, the experienced Mr. Lynx had discovered the whereabouts of Miss Julia Morris, had satisfied himself that the respectable Mr. Morris of Holloway was a purely mythical personage, and that the place where Miss Morris was living was the temporary headquarters of a gang of light-tingered gentry with whom she was closely connected—her brother being a distinguished member of the Fraternity of the Skeleton Keys and Crowbar. He also identified that elever young woman as one Sarah Brown,

Reys and Crowbar. He also identified that clever young woman as one Sarah Brown, who, 15 years before, had picked oakum in one of Her Majesty's jails for a term of 12 months. Three days later Ralph was informed that Miss Brown, alias Morris, had been arrested at Liverpool when about to go on board the screw steamer Hawk. The diamonds, however, were not in her possession, the stones having probably been unset within a few hours of their appropriation, and sent over to Amsterdam, where they were placed in the right hands for sale. At any rate, Mrs. Harrington's diamond necklace ceased to exist, and that amiable lady thus paid dearly enough for her treachery.

But the consequence of her malicious

deed did not end with the loss of the jewels. Not only was she compelled to appear in court and give evidence against her former maid, but she suffered untold agonies of mind lest Morris should divulge the fact that the diamonds had been stolen not from Mrs. but Miss Harrington's dressing case, and that further revelations might be made. Morris, however, perhaps in the hope of using her knowledge for the purpose of extorting blackmail from her late mistress when her term of penal servitude was over, discreetly held her tongue; and therefore discreetly held her tongue; and therefore only Mr. Lynx, Gladys and Ralph knew the whole story of the Harrington Hall burglary. Many of the details could only be surmises, but it seemed probable that Morris, in passing through the shrubbery on her way to the stables, had overheard the conversation between the lovers, and perceiving that even if she were found out, how unlikely it was her mistress would venture to prosecute her for the theft, had conceived the daring idea of abstracting the necklace from Miss Harrington's dressing case.

ing case.
Yet another retribution was in store for the unhappy Mrs. Harrington. Gladys sud-denly assumed a violently bellicose attitude toward her step-mother, and threatened to tell the true story of the robbery to her guardian, Lord Roseford—a gentleman who was universally respected in the county for his almost fastidious ideas of honor.

"You have shown no mercy to me; I will how none to you. Give your formed on.

"You have shown no mercy to me; I will show none to you. Give your formal consent to my marriage with Ralph, and I promise to keep your wicked secret. If you refuse, I will go straight to Lord Roseford and beg him to first some other home for me than Harrington Hall."

"You undutiful child, how dare you speak

daughter.

"It is your own fault. If you had not tried to ruin the man I love, I would have waited three years for him. Now, 4 mean to marry him in three weeks." What could the unhappy woman

What could the unhappy woman do? Gladys was thoroughly roused; she was quite capable of making an esclandre that would be the talk of Grass-shire for years. In the end Mrs. Harrington did what most women in her position would have done—gave in; and Gladys kept her word. Three weeks later the following advertisement appeared in the first column of the Times: "On the 17th of July, at Harrington, Ralph Cunningham, M. A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxon., to Gladys, only daughter of the late Giles Harrington of Harrington Hall, Grass-shire." Harrington Hall, Grass-shire

And Mrs. Lamprey said to Mrs. Smal-man: "What a dreadful mesalliance; but I Mrs. Harrington's imprudence in throwing that Mr. Cunningham with poor, dear headstrong Gladys!"—Densil Vane, in Chambers' Journal. always knew what would be the result of

farming possibilities in that country. Sketches of rural life. See to-morrow's big

Your best liver stimulant is Dr. D. Jayne's Small, Sugar Coated Sanative Pills. No nausea, and, in most cases, absolutely painless. At proper intervals, single pill doses are usually sufficient. Pitts. & Castle Shannon R. R.

FIREWORKS less than half price to close out. Open all day Fourth. Big bargains at Johnston's, 706 Smithfield street.

A MONUMENT RAISED

On the Island Where Columbus Landed Four Hundred Years Ago.

THE TRUE SAN SALVADOR FOUND In Watling's Island by a Newspaper Expedi-

tion From Chicago. MEMORIAL TO STAND FOR CENTURIES

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

CHICAGO, July 3 .- The Herald will pubish to-morrow morning a long article giving the results of the expedition which it sent out a month ago to find, and mark with a monument, the spot at which Christopher Columbus first landed on the shores of the New World, October 12, 1492. The expedition, of which Walter Wellman, Washington correspondent of the Herald, and Charles Lederer, the Herald artist, were the chief members, met with flattering success. At Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, Governor Shea gave the expedition a letter of authority, calling upon all local magistrates to give every assistance in their power.

The steamer Nassau, the largest steame in the Bahamas, was chartered for the cruise, and it left Nassau June 9, having on cruise, and it left Nassau June 9, having on board the members of the expedition, me-chanics and laborers and a large quantity of cement and a number of ornamental stones for use in construction of the proposed monument. The plan was to go first to Watling's Island, the land which has great-est evidence in its favor, and if it was found to meet all the requirements the monument will be creeted there.

The Claims of Five Islands.

Five islands have been suggested as the scene of the discovery—Cat Island, which for many years was marked San Salvador on the maps; Watling's, Samana, Mariguana and Turk's Island. All but two of these (Watling and Samana) have been virtually discarded by modern geographers and his-

The route of the expedition lay near the shores of Cat Island, and the Nassau was steamed along the coast, and an examination made of its features. This was sufficient to show beyond all doubt that Columbus could not have landed on Cat Island, as the island lacks every one of the features which Columbus can in his San Salvada on Cat Island. Columbus saw in his San Salvador, or first island, and described in his journal.

The journal or log-book of Columbus is the only historic evidence there is of the landing place, and any theory there is to the identity of the island entitled to the honor must correspond in all essential par-ticulars with the description given by Columbus himself. No such correspondence was found between Cat Island and the journal, nor does Samana, on careful investiga-tion, meet the requirements any better. Watling the True San Salvador.

At Wathing in the Irde San Salvador.

At Wathing's, however, a different story is to be told. The expedition arrived there June 11, and spent the next day examining the coast. From the first moment evidence that this was the true San Salvador appeared on every hand. None of the previous writers or investigators in the field has taken the precaution to do that which the Herald expedition did—visit the spot in person and apply the historic evidence, that of Columbus himself, to the physical feat-

of Columbus himself, to the physical features of the island.

In this way the Chicago explorers were able to find new and convincing proofs of the identity of Watting's Island with the San Salvador of the great discoverer. In fact, the evidence is so strong as to be indisputable, and sufficient to dispel all further doubt and mystery concerning the spot at which occurred the most tremendous

at which occurred the most tremendous event in history.

It is a remarkable fact, not hitherto known, that in so far as his description went, Columbus accurately described Watling's Island as it is to-day.

The Same Luxurious Garden To this day the trees and vegetation there-about are most luxurious; and it is easily conceivable that the gardens of which Columbus spoke 400 years ago were in this fertile spot. There was ample room on the headland for the six cabins of the aborigines which Columbus found there, and on the side of the headland were seen the renains of what appeared to have been a long time ago the entrance to caves. As the ab-origines were to some extent cave-dwellers it would not be surprising if ruins of the rude entrance to their huts still exist.

There is but little doubt that it was here Christopher Columbus landed, and setting up his banners took possession in the names of Ferdinand and Isabella. This names of Ferdinand and Isabella. This ceremony over, he and his companions probably ascended the hill, no more than 200 or 300 yards away, and there beheld much of the interior of the island. It is highly improbable that Columbus traveled far inland during his first day in San Salvador. He makes no mention of a ourney to the interior, and it is more than likely that all he saw was from near the

The Evidence Is Conclusive.

Even if Watling did not so closely igree with Columbus' description of his San Salvador, it would be taken as such, almost as a mathematical certainty, from a tracing backward of his course alone. But with both lines of evidence pointing unerringly to Watling, the conclusion is irresistible

the case closed. These and hundreds of other considera tions induced the Herald expedition to erect its monument on the northeastern shore of Watling's Island, on a headland overlooking the little sandy beach bay in which Columbus landed. More than a score of workmen were engaged night and day build-ing the monument and bringing forward materials and supplies. Fortunately an ample supply of coral limestone of beautiful colors and picturesque shapes was found on the headland.

headland.

The monument rises 16 feet from its foundations, and is built with plenty of cement and good workmanship, to stand for many centuries. Six feet from the ground in a prety grotto, built for the purpose, of stone which the feet of Columbus himself may have touched is a markle close nearly. may have touched, is a marble globe nearly two feet in diameter with the outline of the continents chipped upon the surface. A silver star marks the site of Chicago, and another star marks the true San Salvador of Columbus-Watling's Island.

The Monument and Inscri-Below the globe is a marble tablet which is carved:

> CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS First set foot upon the soil of THE NEW WORLD. Erected by THE CHICAGO HERALD. July 15, 1891.

The monument was dedicated at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of June 15 with short but appropriate ceremonies. An incident of the building of the monument was the placing within the foundation of portraits of the great editors of the United States, and, great editors of the United States, and, copies of a number of leading American newspapers, including THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, making the structure in a sense a newspaper offering to the memory of the great discoverer.

Watting's Island is 7 miles wide by 13 long. It has 770 inhabitants, only one of them a white man—local Magistrate Naira. The people are very near and ignorant

The people are very poor and ignorant. Leprosy prevails upon the island, and, despite the efforts of its magistrate to isolate the sufferers, is increasing at an alarming

EUROPE-All the Capitals covered by cial Cable Correspondents of THE DIS-

A CHEAP WESTERN RIDE

uri Pacific and Wabash Most th Alton's Cut. The Missouri Pacific and Wabash road yesterday put on sale round trip tickets,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

WE celebrate the nation's birthday in advance by ffering bargains that will make the week memorable in more ways than one Every reader of this ad is invited to take advantage of the grand ope unity to secure stylish summer goods of all kinds at prices heretofore unhear of . Among other things we were forfunate enough to secure 60 dozen chil-

dren's finest quality Milan Hats and Milan and Hair Combination Hats which will be offered at the REMARKABLE PRICE OF ONLY 62 CENTS! They come in choicest colors, and have always sold at \$1 84

AND ANOTHER BARGAIN-This is our offering of 500 pieces No. 22 Pure Silk Gauze Stripe Ribbon, double-faced, colors and black, at 16c a

FLOWERS AND PARASOLS!

You know what a tempting variety of Flowers we always have on display. Three special bargains are offered this week. Just think of it: 25c. 38c and 50c are the prices for the loveliest sprays.

All the latest novelties in Parasols are shown, and we propose selling them at a price tha will make a quick scattering. Here's how we'll do it: \$2 50 and \$3 Coaching Parasols, silk and satin, are now one dollar. Another lot at \$1 50, reduced from \$4. All \$5 and \$6 Parasols now \$3; Children's Parasols, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.

BOYS' AND LADIES' WAISTS.

100 dozen Boys' well-made Percale Waists, 25c, 38c. Fast Blue Waists, 50c. Flan

Boys' new Fauntleroy Blouse Waists, embroidered front and embroidered Sailor Col-lar, \$1 50, \$1 75, \$2 to \$2 50. 300 dozen Ladies' Waists just received. Percale Waists, 42c, 50c, 62c, 75c, 85c and up. White Lawn Waists, 45c, 50c, 75c, 98c and up. Fine Silk Waists, \$4, \$4 50, \$6 50.

NEW BELTS.

New Silk. Leather and Canvas Belts in immense variety at 18c, 25c, 38c, 50c and up. Our assortment of Fans, Silk Mitts, Gloves, Summer Corsets and Thin Underwear is mplete in the fullest sense, and our prices are BARGAIN PRICES.

ISSTORE CLOSED ON JULY 4.

1905enbaum&

510-518 MARKET STREET. I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters in my family for the past two years, and I think it is the best medicine I ever used. I had erysipelas very bad, and it has cured me; also cured my son of scrofula after all the doctors failed to cure him. B. B. B. has no equal in my estimation.

LOUIE S. WOODWARD,

Laurel Hill, Fayette Co., Ps. I was seriously troubled with some seventeen boils, and one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me. FRANK A. McPHERSON, Le Roy, N. Y.

I have taken the second bottle of Burdock's Blood Bitters, and it has cured which I suffered for six years. W. W. HAMILTON, Lock Haves, Pa. I have had a bad humor in my blood, which broke out in my skin, and the dectors did me no good. I tried everything for it, but got no relief. At last ed your Burdock Blood but two bottles, and I must say that I am cured. I am feeling like a new man.

STEPHEN E. JODREY,

good for ten days, for \$10 between St. Louis and Kansas City. City Passenger Agent Tristram, of the Wabash, said he expected

The little Alton is making a plucky ignit against the boycott of the big lines, and it is no exaggeration to say that every passenger agent in the country, outside of the heads of departments, would like to see them win. The hustlers feel that the roads are making a grand effort to curtail their privileges, and eventually to reduce

A FEATURE-John Russell Young, leader in the world of letters, will contribute to THE DISPATCH every Sunday. First

A PROMISED ADJUSTMENT.

Valley. Shippers Getting Better Rates Than Pittsburgers.

nake another effort to adjust the difference that exists between the iron rail and lake rates from the valleys and Pittsburg. By the present arrangement shippers here pay larger proportionate rate to certain lake points than the Mahoning and Shenango people, and a big kick has been raised. A oint meeting of Pittsburg and Youngstown but no adjustment was effected. It is promised, however, which is some satisfaction.

General Freight Agent Frank Dean, of the Lake Erie, speaking vesterday of the railroad business said: "We have a heavy coal traffic and are short of coal cars, but the coke shipments are slack. The record for the first week in July will not be as large as for the same time in June. number of ovens in operation have not been increased, and the output, of course, i so great as when work was resumed. pay little attention to the grain trade, but the crops will soon be ready to move, and then I look for the annual shortage of cars. We will notice it as soon as the Western lines make heavy draughts for box cars,"

COSMOPOLITAN-Murray draws a picture of Fifth avenue, New York, for THE DISPATCH to-morrow. It is truly cosmo-politan. Murray's Gotham Gossip every

A Ward With Two Aldermen.

The Eleventh ward, Allegheny, appear have two Aldermen. W. F. Richardson received his commission from Govern-Pattison a few days ago and has assumed charge of the ward business. Alderman Bupp, in whose stead Richardson was ap-pointed, denies he ever resigned, and pro-poses to do business as before. Several persons say they saw Bupp's resignation.

scribes St. Andrews-by-the-Sea for reade of THE DISPATCH to-morrow. A charr ription of a charming resort.

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REAL ESTATE SAVINGS BANK, LIM 401 Smithfield Street, Cor. Fourth Avenue Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$69,000. Deposits of \$1 and upward received and nterest allowed at 4 per cent.

STEAMERS AND EXCURSIONS

TO EUROPE-ALL THE FAVORITE steamers sailing this and next month apidly filling up. To secure good berths, y at once: tickets, drafts, foreign money, , at New York rates; passpor X, SCHAMBERG & CO., 527 Established 1866.

AMERICAN LINE,
Sailing every Wednesday from Philadelphia and Liverpool. Passenger accommodations for all classes unsurpassed. Tickets
sold to and from Great Brigain and Ireland,
Norway, Sweden, Denmark, etc.
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CUNARD LINE—NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, VIA QUEENSTOWN—From Pier 40, North river: Fast express mall service. Servia, July 4, 4 a. m.; Etruria, July 11, 830 a. m.; Aurania, July 18, 230 r. m.; Umbria, July 25, 8 a. m.; Servia, August 1, 2 r. m.; Bothnia, August 5, 6 a. m.; Etruria, August 7, 730 a. m.; August 8, 200 upward; will not carry steerage: according to location; intermediate, \$35. Steerage tickets to and from all parts of Europe at very low rates. For freight and passage apply to the company's office, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Vernon H. Brown & Co., J. J. McCORMICK, 639 and 401 Smithfield street, Pittsburg.

From White Star dock, foot of West Tenth street.

Second cabin on these steamers, salcon rates, \$30 and upward. Second cabin, \$40 and \$45. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Steerage from or to the old country, \$20. White Star drafts payable on demand in all the principal banks throughout Great Britain. Apply to JOHN J. McCORMICK, 639 and 401 Smithfield st. Pittsburg, or J. BRUCE ISMAY, General Agent, 25 Broadway, New York.

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via Londonderry, every Fortnight,
9th July, STATE OF NEBRASKA, 11:30 A. M.,
2nd July, STATE OF NEBRASKA, 11:30 A. M.,
6th Aug., STATE OF NEVADA, 10 A. M.,
6th Aug., STATE OF NEVADA, 10 A. M.,
CABIN, \$25 and upwards, Return, 85 and upwards, Steerage, 819.

Apply to J. J. McCORMICK, 539 Smithfield street,
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without my consent for three years. I should fail in my duty if I gave it under the present circumstances. I do not approve of Mr. Cunningham as a suitor for your hand. I believe him to be entirely unworthy your affection. When you are of age, you can please yourself, and bestow age, you can please yourself, and bestow yourself and your fortune on any adven-turer or fortune-hunter you please."
"Oh, mamma, how dare you imply that Ralph it a forture hunter!" Here a sudden burst of passionate weeping followed; and Mrs. Harrington, who hated scenes, calmly swept out of the room, leaving Gladys to broom ladignantly over her words. There, an hour later, Relph found her with flushed cheeks and eyes full of tears. He had very little difficulty in drawing from her all that and occurred. "Gladys," said Balph gravely, "I see but one course open to me. As a man of honor,

her stepmother is not altogether the right Gladys. He dreaded he knew not what. It was like living on the slopes of a volcano; any moment a torrent of lava might over-

> a cold shiver of apprehension stole over Ralph as he picked it up and placed it on the dressing table. That evening at dinner Mrs. Harrington had worn a black satin gown ornamented with precisely similar

"What could have been her motive in Cunningham was always ready to assist her in her studies. Together they read Kests and Shelley, Tennyson and Browning, and selections from Rossetti and Swinburne. cover that their tastes are identical: when a ng man of 26 and a charming girl of 18

disappointed."

For quite half an hour Ralph stood holding the tassel in his hand, ruminating on the extraordinary circumstance that had brought it into his possession; then suddenly be-thinking himself that as it was not yet 11 o'clock, he might get a letter or two written before going to bed, he went to the writing table where stood his desk and opened i

study still survived from his college days, There were half a dozen or so of his favorite volumes in his portmanteau; he determined to select one and road until he felt sleepy. But in turning over the contents of portmanteau he made a second discovery that startled him a good deal more than the His worst forebodings had been realized.
Sleep was out of the question for that night,
and Ralph spent the long hours until the
day dawned in meditation that was neither

At breakfast the next morning, both Mrs ciousness, and though Ralph watched the elder lady narrowly, he could detect no change in that handsome impassive face of

talk naturally during the progress of the meal, and once or twice he caught Gladys' eyes fixed inquiringly on him. He resolved to take her into his confidence, for he felt that it would be impossible to hide his secret from her; for the intuition of love had enabled her to find out that something

woman's wit," he thought with a smile as he followed Gladys into the garden after breakfast. "Wise mother, wiser daughter—to paraphrase the oftquoted Latin line."
Gladys' counsel seemed to dispel the cloud of anxiety and depression that had enveloped Raiph during the night. An hour later he passed into the study with a serene brow and devoted himself as usual to his

whelm the fair seeming of their lives. One night, on retiring to his own room, Ralph saw something on the carpet that startled him almost as much as the footprint on the seas and did Robinson Crusoe. It was only a tassel of jet and steel beads; but

coming to my room?" thought the tutor.
"That she has done me the honor of paying me a domiciliary visit is, to my mind, con-clusively proved by this small memento." Here he picked up the bunch of beads and

Having written his letters, he still felt disinclined for bed. Old habits of night former one—a discovery which brought out cold beads of perspiration on his forehead.

thought, for it opened up a prospect that Harrington and Gladys seemed as calm and self-possessed as usual; they greeted the toter with more than their customary gra-

turn it to Mrs. Harrington in the morning. I wonder what she would say?"

troubled the man she loved.
"Woman's wit may find a way to baffle

leisurely. "I may as well put this out of sight," he thought, smiling as he dropped the "memento" in the pen tray inside the desk. "It would be rather good fun to redesk. "It would be rather good fun to redesk.

hers. "What a grand actress the woman would have made!" he thought. "Not the quiver of an eyelash betrays her!"

It needed a strong effort on his part to

examined it meditatively. "I daresay she has ransacked my possessions; but the question is—why? Did she expect to find love letters from Gladys? If so, I fear she was

agreeable nor profitable, for he had found out the motive of the strange domiciliary visit on the part of Gladys' handsome step-mother. But the discovery brought him new food for

mand for the next act in this tragedy-com-

Promise that you will never leave me,

ant ordeal."

For an instant the tutor's self-possession was disturbed; the color rushed to his face, and he was about to make some protest against the indignity, when a warning glance from Gladys checked him. "Most certainly," he said, "when Mr. Inspector has searched the servants' rooms he is quite at liberty to ransack mine. I will remain here with Miss Harrington and the servants while the examination is in progress," he added.

Mrs. Harrington and the inspector left the saloon, and again the hum of whispered conversation was audible. Gladys, with a

thoughts drift into a pleasanter channel than that of Mrs. Harrington's enmity, her plot to ruin him, and the strange upshot

An hour passed; the whispers of the

An hour passed; the whispers of the servants were hushed; their curiosity was on tiptoe, for in the silence that had suddenly fallen on the saloon they caught the distant sound of the inspector's deep bass voice, and the rustle of Mrs. Harrington's silk dress descending the stairs. The search was over; what had been the result?

In another moment the lady and the inspector advanced to the table in the center of the saloon. Mrs. Harrington's eyes flashed full on Ralph's face, and for the moment the mask of courtesy she had hitherto worn in his presence was lifted; and hatred, rage and baffled malice looked out at him from under her level brows.

"Have you found your necklace, madam?"

"Have you found your necklace, madam?" said the tutor.

"I have not; the thief has probably hidden it too well," was her biting reply.

"On his or her person, perhaps," suggested Ralph, ironically. "Allow me to set an example, which no doubt others will be glad to follow. If you, Mr. Inspector, will come to my room, I will gladly submit to a personal search." said the tutor.

Mrs. Harrington was shamed at last. There was no mistaking the significance of the tutor's words. He had found out the abominable plot she had concocted, and he meant her to know that he had done so. "I cannot allow such an indignity to be put upon my son's tutor," she said, dropping her eyes.

"Mr. Inspector, you are witness that I have offered to submit to a personal search; Mrs. Harrington declines to avail herself of

The inspector, understanding that there was more in the affair than met the eye, bowed respectfully to the tutor, and then asked Mrs. Harrington if she desired him to prosecute any further inquiries.
"Certainly," she answered defiantly. "I have had a valuable article of jewelry stolen from me under most extraordinary circumstances. I wish no pains or expense spared; and I offer a reward of £100 for any

spared; and I offer a reward of £100 for any information that shall lead to the discovery and apprehension of the thief."

The inspector pulled out his pocket-book and instantly made a note of this; then turning to Mrs. Harrington, asked whether he had her permission to interrogate each member of the household in private.

"Meat certainly. I give you carte blanche." "Most certainly; I give you carte blanche in the matter," the lady replied. "But as the unfortunate affair has somewhat upset my nerves, I shall now retire to my own room. I leave the further conduct of the case to you with the greatest confidence."

With this gracious speech Mrs. Harrington left the saloon and remained invisible until dinner time. The intervening hours were spent by the inspector in crosshours were spent by the Inspector in cross-examining the servants, in a minute investi-gation of the premises, and in making copious notes in regard to every item of evidence he solicited. About 6 o'clock the worthy official took his departure; and every man, woman and child at Harrington Hall breathed more freely when relieved from the overwhalming mainsty of the less

from the overwhelming majesty of the law, individualized in that awe-inspiring peronage.
When Mrs. Harrington rang her bell to
summon the faithful Morris to assist at her evening tollet, that valued factorum ap-peared in tears and with an open telegram in her hand. She had just received the distressing intelligence that her father, a respectable publican, residing at Holloway lay dangerously ill. Would her kind mis tress allow her to go up to London by the last train? She, Morris, would break her heart if "anything happened" to her dear old father, and she, his only daughter, was not

here to receive his dying blessing.

all I want."

"Of course you may go. I am very sorry to hear of this trouble. When is the nex train?" said Mrs. Harrington sympathetic-"There is one at 7, ma'am. "There is one at , int am.
"Then go by that; you have half an hour to get to the station."
"But who is to dress your for dinner, ma'am?"

"Send Jane to me; she will be able to do

With profuse thanks and tears, Morri

left her mistress, packed a small bag of necessaries and was driven off to the station by a sympathizing groom, who had long cherished an admiring regard for the comely abigail, and was believed to entertain mat rimonial intentions on her behalf. Dinner that night was a disagreeable ordeal alike to Mrs. Harrington, Gladys ordeal alike to Mrs. Harrington, Gladys and Ralph. The first was slightly sulky and ashamed; the second, covertly indignant, and the third, though outwardly self-possessed, was bitterly aggrieved at the humiliating position in which Mrs. Harrington's treachery had placed him.

When dinner was over, Gladys pleaded a

her own room; and kalph strolled out into the garden to smoke a cigar, a sedative which he sorely needed. But he was not fated to enjoy his "weed" in peace, for he had scarcely established himself in his favorite nook in the shrubbery when he caught sight of a white gown through the trees, and in another moment Gladys, look-ing pale, scared, and agitated, seated herself at his side.

"What has alarmed you, darling?" he said, finging away his unfinished cigar and encircling her with his arm. The poor girl was breathless and palpitating, and her eyes were dilated with alarm.

"Oh Balak" she newted that

headache as an excuse for going straight to her own room; and Ralph strolled out into

necklace! "Has it been found?" queried Ralph sharply.

"No; it is gone—really and truly gone, this time. When you brought it to me this morning and explained my stepmother's wicked plot to disgrace you, I was tempted to fling the miserable thing into the lake there. But I remembered how she valued it; it was one of my father's wedding presents to her, and is worth two or three sharply. it; it was one of my father's wedding presents to her, and is worth two or three thousand pounds, I believe; so I hid itaway in my dressing case, as I told you I would. But just now, when I went to look if it was safe, I found that it was gone."

"You locked your dressing-case, of course. Has the lock been tampered

"I think not; but you know how careless
I am about keys and things. When
I changed my frock at luncheon
time; I probably left the keys in the
pocket. At any rate the necklace has been

your portmanteau, and then to get up that wretched comedy in the saloon, hoping to

"Oh, Ralph!" she panted, "that horrid

to me so!" moaned Mrs. Harrington, quail-ing before the flashing eyes of her step-

INSTRUCTIVE—Fannie B. Ward writes from Chile to THE DISPATCH about the

Will run trains every hour on July 4 to pic nic Council 133, Jr. O. U. A. M.

his road would make the rate to meet the Alton's cut.
The little Alton is making a plucky figh

The Local Freight Committee will soon

RECUPEBATION - Octave Thanet

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