KNIGHTS IN SESSION.

Installation of the Officers of the State Grand Lodge.

HONORS FOR A PITTSBURG MAN.

Etanding Committees Appointed for the Ensuing Year.

PRIZE DRILL IN SCHENLEY PARK

To economize time it was deemed expedient by the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias to hold the session and the competitive drill at the same time yesterday. A committee representing the lodge was appointed to attend the drill at Schenley Park, while the other representatives remained in town and attended to business.

The morning session opened at 9 o'clock. The report of the Advisory Committee of the Relief Fund relative to changing its control from the Grand Lodge to subordinate lodges was presented and caused a great deal of debate. After an extensive discus sion the report was laid on the table, to be considered at the next Grand Lodge meeting. It was not expected that any definite action would be taken upon this, as the delegates were not advised by their respective lodges how to vote on the matter. The report of the Committee on Elections was completed, confirming the elections of the deputies throughout the State. The subject of the installation of officers was then taken up, and the time for the ceremonies fixed for 3 o'clock in the afternoon's session.

Bountles for New Lodges Suggested. A proposition was presented that the Grand Lodge should pay a fee or bounty for the organization of new lodges, the fee being paid to the promoters. After a hot debate this was laid upon the table.

At the afternoon session the new officers were installed. The first on the list was J. J. Davis, Grand Chancellor. The obligation being admin istered, the Chancellor, in a very brilliant speech, after referring to the honor conferred upon him, depicted the great industries of the city of Pittsburg. He closed by extending a greeting "from the Knights of Pittsburg to the Knights of Pennsylvania; from hearts as warm as our furnaces and as true as the steel rails which bind together the localities which they rep-resent." At the conclusion of this address the Chancellor named the standing committees for the ensuing year as follows: mittees for the ensuing year as follows:
Finance and Mileage-Charles N. Robhins, No. B: Daniel W. Bussinger, No. 38;
Timothy McCarthy, No. 61: George Birkeninner, No. 54: M. W. Myers, No. 182:
Law-Thou as E. Merchant, No. 341; W. H.
Fakins, No. 30: Albion Foulds, No. 64: Samuel M. Pyfer, No. 183: J. C. Gerhardt, No. 454.
Appeals—Austin Long, No. 215; Samuel
Goodwin, No. 21: Robert Carey, No. 312;
James A. Gear, No. 187; Charles O. Rake, No.
112

Printing-O. P. Selheimer, No. 34; W. F. Wareham, No. 17; Harry Williams, No. 18. Credentials-Thomas J. Haring, No. 9; Henry E. Davis, No. 12; Charles E. Elliott,

No 15.
Advisory Board Relief Fund-Charles Sunul, No. 166; Ed H. Wagner, No. 238; Wm. A. Mullen, No. 22.
At this point Representative John Fielding, of Division 243, Allegheny, stepped forward and in a neat speech presented the retiring Grand Chancellor, George Buckman; George Hawkes, Grand Keeper of Records and Seal, and Julius Mountney, Grand Master of the Exchequer, with a portrait of himself. trait of himself.

Presentation to the New Chancellor. Grand Prelate R. H. Jackson, of Allegrand Presente R. H. Jackson, of Alle-gheny, who will in two years occupy the Grand Chancellor's chair, again giving Al-legheny county that honor, advanced toward Grand Chancellor Davis, tollowed by a handsome leather library chair, which he presented to him in one of his clever speeches.

Then followed the installation of the other

officers: Vice Chancellor, John M. Stratton, of Philadelphia; Grand Prelate, R. H. Jackson, of Pittsburg; Grand Master at Arms, C. G. Freed, of Philadelphia; Grand Inner Guard, H. N. Dunnell, of Scranton, and Grand Outer Guard, Christopher Deem.

of Reading.

The discussion of the instructions to be given the Supreme Lodge representatives for their action upon certain proposed amendments to the constitution which will be acted upon at the Supreme Lodge meeting at Kansas City next week, took up the remainder of the time until 4 o'clock, when the meeting adjourned to enjoy a sail on the river on the City of Pittsburg which was

awaiting them. Julius Monutney, Grand Master of the Exchequer, will have all that he can do to-day. He will have the work of disbursto-day. He will have the work of disburs ing \$9,000 in small sums to delegates for their mileage and paying other small bills contracted by the convention. Mr. Monut-ney who is manager of the Philadelphia Academy of Music and a prominent busi-

ness man of that city, with Wilbur H.
Meyers, are the oldest Knights of Pythias in
Pennsylvania. They instituted the first
lodge ever formed in this State at Philadelphia in 1870, and have been active members

ever since. The following delegates were excused vesterday on account of sickness or urgent business and left for home last night; W. F. Weihmiller, Thomas K. Newell, William H. Rudolph, B. G. Rinehart, Edward Payson, William R. Arbach and John A.

A Prize Drill in the Park. There was a considerable delay in starting the competitive drill at Schenley Park in the morning, as through some hitch in the arrangements the judges did not arrive at the grounds for over an hour or more after the time had passed for the movements to begin. The three Judges, General P. N. Guthrie, Colonel Norman M. Smith and Major Joseph F. Denniston were patiently awaiting in the City Treasurer's office from

swaiting in the City Treasurer's office from 8 o'clock until siter 10 the coming of the committee which was to escort them to the park. There was some misunderstanding, but the men came at last and arrived at the park about 11 o'clock.

The drill was under the supervision of Brigadier General Bentley, of the Knights of Pythias, and as soon as he arranged the preliminary matters, the judges took their place on the stand along with a committee of 15 representing the grand lodge. The tactics used were unknown to the judges, and although based upon the regular army code, the orders were quite confusing. code, the orders were quite confusing.
General Guthrie had a copy of the drill
programme placed in his hand the night before and carefully studied it.

Ninety-One Movements in 45 Minutes. The maneuvers are divided into five parts consisting of inspection, 10 movements schools of the Knights and section, 20 move schools of the Knights and section, 20 movements; school of the division, 20 movements; 20 display movements, and sword exercise, 21, making a total of 91 movemovements to be accomplished in 45 minutes, the time allowed for each company. Each drilling company must consist of 29 men, divided into 24 Knights, a guard and sentinel and three line officers.

The first division to present itself for drill was the Altoona Division No. 26, with Captain W. C. Westfall in command. The other officers were Lieutenants Roberts and Kelly, Guard Hoar and Sentinel Kauffmann. This division captured the prize at Harrisburg last year and made an excellent showing yesterday. They went through the regular code of tactics and threw in a few extra movements, occupying just 40 minutes.

minutes.

The next company was the New Castle Division, No. 36, Horace G. Miller, Captain; W. R. Jones and W. S. Rice, lieutenaots; R. B. Morris, guard, and C. W. Fulkerson, sentinel. This company's evolutions were applauded frequently.

The Enterprise Division from the Eighth Regiment, of Massillon, Ohio, was the last on the field. Captain C. W. Cameron commanded, assisted by Lieutenants H. Spuler and L. S. Buttermore, Guard William F. and L. S. Buttermore, Guard William F. Brend and Sentinel H. V. Kramer. This company did not expect to get any honors but entered the contest just for the sport They wanted to take a trip and thought Kansas City too far so chose Pittsburg. One half of their men had been drilled but six times and they did not think they could make a showing. They did very well, how-ever, and were applauded frequently.

Decision of the Judges. The drill concluded at 1:30 and th Judges, after returning to City Hall, made the following decision: "We, the military judges appointed to decide the contest of competing divisions K. of P., make the fol lowing decision, the maximum being 10: Al-toons division, 8; Enterprise, of Massillon,

O., 6½; New Castle, 6.

The decision of the judges will give the Altoona division \$300. The Massillon which, although being outside of the State, was admitted to the competition on account of being the only outside competing com-pany, will receive \$200, and the New Castle division \$100.

Regarding the prizes offered by the com-mittee for the displays in the parade Wednesday, the winners will be decided by the Grand Lodge Reception Committee, and be distributed the first Saturday in Septem-ber in the Select Council Chamber, City Hall, this city.

KNIGHTS ON THE RIVER.

They Visit Homestead and Then Sail Down to the Dam.

The steamer City of Pittsburg was char tered yesterday by the Knights of Pythias for an excursion to entertain the visiting Knights. After the meeting of the Grand Lodge had adjourned the members were met by the Iroquois which escorted them to the Monongahela wharf, where the steamer was lying with everything ready to start. About 1,000 visiting Knights embarked on the boat on which was an orchestra and brass band to furnish music for the occasion. The boat first made for Homestead. Several brothers thought it would be policy to doff their badges as they neared the little town by the river for fear the men up there might take them for

Pinkertons and open fire upon them. From Homestead the Knights were taken down the river to the Davis Island dam and then returned to Pittsburg. Refreshments of all kinds were served on board, and everybody seemed to have a good time.

SUITS AGAINST RAILROADS.

C. J. Maichler Wants \$2,000 for Being Put Off a Train After He Had Paid His Fare -The Pleasant Valley Asked for \$35,000 -Court News.

C. J. Maichler yesterdsy entered suit against the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad Company for \$2,000 damages. He states that on August 15 he bought a round-trip ticket, good from Me-Donald to Birmingham and return. On his way back to McDonald the return coupon was lifted by the conductor. Afterward the conductor again demanded fare, and denied that Maichler had given him any ticket. He would not believe the protestations of Maichler, and finally stopped the train and put him off between Willow Grove and McDonald. For the humiliation and illtreatment he received Maichler wants

TANGLED UP IN A LIVE WIRE.

John McIntyre and His Son Asked the Pleasant Valley for \$35,000.

John McIntyre yesterday entered suit in behalf of himself and his 19-year-old son Thomas, against the Federal Street and Pleasant Valley Passenger Railway Com-pany, for damages for injuries to the son. On July 19, it is stated, a trolly wire was down on Charles street, Allegheny. Jacob Peters, a boy, became entangled in it and McIntyre went to his assistance. He was shocked and both hands and his face were horribly burned by coming in contact with the wire. The son asks \$25,000 and his father \$10,000 damages.

Foreclosing a Large Mortgage. Notice of foreclosure of a mortgage was issued yesterday by the executors of the late William Thaw to Samuel Watson. The mortgage was for \$130,000, on which it is claimed \$102,753 61 is still due. It is on an interest owned by Watson in a tract of land in the Tenth ward, Allegheny, containing 163 acres, and is a purchase money mortgare. It was made in August, 1888, and fell due April 1, 1892.

Judgment on Promissory Notes. Attorney C. C. Dickey yesterday recorded judgment in behalf of the American Tube and Iron Company against P. H. Hite for \$34,791 77. The judgment was taken for want of a sufficient affidavit of defeuse in a suit brought against Hite to recover that amount, claimed to be due on six promissory notes dated in March and April, 1886, and

Honest Advice. Indigestion and liver inactivity, throat and lung troubles, tired and sleepy feelings are often cured by the simplest remedy. Klein's Silver Age or Duquesne rye whisky will do it. They tone up the system, help digestion and renerally impart life and vigor. They sell for \$1.50 and \$1.25 per quart respectively. For sale by dealers and druggists general y. Headquarters Max Klein, \$2 Federal street, Allenheny, Pa. Send for a complete catalogue—mailed gratis.

A Noble Fleet.

The four steamers of the Providence and Stonington Steamship Company, now plying the waters of Long Island Sound, are well described as marvels of marine mechanism and magnificence as they are unrivaled in elegance, and present such superior and perfect service that it is impossible to surpass them. The famous Connecticut and Massachusetts are running on the Providence, and the new steel steamers Maine and New Hampshire on the Stonington line between New York and Providence, and the new steel steamers Maine and New Hampshire on the Stonington line between New York and Stonington. The manage, ment of this popular steamship company are receiving plaudits on every side for the manner they have been conducting their line this season. They have earned the laurel for good, honest, faithful endeavors for the comfort, convenience and safety of passengers. That their efforts are appreciated is shown by their largely increased passenger travel during the present season. The four steamers of the Providence and

CHEAP excursion to Conneaut Lake via the Pittsburg and Western Railway. pecial train will leave the Pittsburg and Western depot, Allegheny, at 7:30 a. M., city time, Sunday, August 21, and run through to Conneaut Lake without change of cars or stops for passengers after leaving Sharps burg; arrive at 12 o'clock. Returning, leave the lake at 5 o'clock. Fare for the round stingles.

Why Not to You?

You certainly want good boarders and roomers. How to secure them? A few small addets in THE DISPATCH cent-a-word advertising columns have sent them to others. Why not to you?

Dr Wiff's Little Early Bisers. No griping no pain, no nausea: easy pill to take.

Cain's comfortably fitting shoes. 503 Mar ket street. WF

ANCIENT WINCHESTER

A Peep at the Old Seat of British, Norman and Saxon Royalty.

SOME QUAINT CITY PICTURES

And Eural Pest in the Valley Where Isaak Walton Angled.

A CATHEDRAL NEARLY 1,000 YEARS OLD

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WINCHESTER, ENGLAND, Aug. &-Per haps the best place for a time to muse upor the ancient city of Winchester and its historic surroundings is the summit of St. Giles hill, which, within the borough bounds, rises high above the roofs of the city, almost within a stone's throw of the east window of its mighty cathedral.

Cushioned in its velvety beds of scented clover, you feel the gentle breeze coming softly over the Hampshire down. It sends a myriad wisps of teathery clouds across the blue vault above. These checker the valley and city foliage and roofs with changeful arabesques of sunshine and shadow. In and out of these your fancy plays hide and seek with the annals, legends and wraths of Winchester's long ago.

Round about this lovely Hampshire valley threaded by the gleaming Itchen, beloved haunt of Isaak Walton, is a wondrous wreath of story dim and legend old. Over to the north is Slichester, an exhaustless mine of Roman remains, within whose walls the Usurper Constantine was invested with the purple, and legend has it that King Arthur there received his grown. Near it is Basing, site of one of the lordliest castles of early England. A little nearer Winchester still is Odiham, birthplace of the famous old grammarian, William Lilly. To the northeast, at Andover, Anlaf the Dane promised King Ethelred never to recom-mence hostilities against the English. Just below this is Danebury Hill with its famous Roman encampment. Just west of you is the sleepy hamlet of King Sambourn where John of Gaunt had his old-time palace. At the same distance, to the east, near Alresthe same distance, to the east, near Aires-ford are the great Tichborne estatea. And nearby to the south is Romsey, with its quaintest old abbey church in England and the New Forest depths, where the arrow from Tyrrel's bow pierced the heart of ruffian Rufus, England's second Norman

The Oldest City in Great Britain. Old annalists will tell you that Winchester is perhaps the oldest city in Britain.
They point to St. Catharine's Hill, over
there just at the southern edge of the city,
still plainly disclosing the fortified camp of Vespasian, who conquered the place from Belgæ, whence its Roman name, Venta Bel-

Far, far beyond these they have seen with clear historic eyes. They will tell you in all seriousness that Winchester was founded 892 years before the Christian era. That would be 139 years before the consistence and would be 139 years before the founding of Rome, or a matter of 2,784 years ago! A king of ancient Britain, Sudor Rous Hudibrass, is said to have been the royal founder; and it was his son, Bladud, who built and enriched with the indistinguishable fires of Minerva the fine old Somersetshire city of

Some things about royal Winchester's antiquity and history are easy enough to know with exactitude, and they mellow the thought perspective of the rare old town charmingly, invest every gray old stone of the place with wonderful associative interest, and give to every tone of the huge old Cathedral bells the thrilling voice of a

richly-storied past,
Julius Casar visited the city B. C. 54, and the Emperor Vespasian a few years later occupied it and built walls, vestiges of which remain. For the next 500 years Winchester was celebrated for its magnificent embroideries for the Imperial Court, examples of which remain. Eabert, the first King of all England, was crowned here and established a sect of empire with sub-kings. under him, out of which came the English monarchical and nobility systems of to-day. Fuil of Historic Memories.

The first English guild of merchants was established here in 856. The wise laws of Alfred were made here, the first great survey of the kingdom was completed here, and in the scriptorium of the very cathedral you will now find in Winchester, in 896, was done that wonderful specimen of Win-chester illumination known as the "Golden Book of Edgar." The first standard measures ever possessed by England were measures ever possessed of Language of Ching ordered and made here under edict of King Edgar, and you will find these identical measures in the Winchester Museum at the Over there in that turreted structure

which now frowns above the western gate of High street, or rather in the great hall of its oldest portion, lived William the

Conqueror and all the Angevin kings From it Rufus set forth one August day in 1,100 on that famous hunting expedi-tion to New Forest, from which his body was brought back in Peasant Purkiss' cart to be buried within the cathedral where it now lies. The great tower fell upon the spot in 1,107, and that was the judgment, so the times said, for burying the royal ruffian

within consecrated ground.

Henry I. of Scotland and Matilda were married here. Cour de Lion was royally received here after his sore captivity. Henry III. was born in the castle and all the Edwards held court here. Henry V. received the French embassadors here and in Winchester Henry VI. planned Eaton College after Wykenam's School which, still one of the most interesting of British col-leges, stands here to-day just as it then stood against the southern edge of the vel-vety Cathedral close. Here Mary received Philip and their unfortunate nuptials were concluded; while the great structure now standing beside the castle and used as the Royal Barracks, was built by Charles II., though he never lived to see it completed, as a sumptuous residence for himself and "pretty Nell" Gwynne. And so on and on

the grim old story runs. You are in the center of Winchester in High street. You suddenly recall the curious fact that in all but one of these old cathedral towns you have found a High street. It mattered not whether it were high or low. High street it had been ever since there had been an English tongue. All about are half-timbered houses, projecting story over story into the market place; and you wonder how long from sheer age they will tumble, red roofs first, over into the clean, cool space below. Quaint shops are pinched in between staid old mansions. Bandboxes of inns speck the gray facades All Aged and Dronying. Bandboxes of inns speck the gray facades with gilt and color. Worn steps, scrubbed mercilessly and washed with white lead into tiny vestibules gay with gleaming brass knockers and rare old colored glass.

Just there, to the right, is a wynd or clear grayer more weetler of sables over

Just there, to the right, is a wynd or close, grayer, more a mediey of gables, over-hanging roofs and protruding windows than the narrow street where you are standing. It is mossy old Minster street. You saunter into its shadows. At its southern end is an inviting vista of foliage and light. You will find more gray heads here than in any other equal distance in England. Gray old more and gray old women silently at musing other equal distance in England. Gray old men and gray old women silently sit musing over gray old wares in their gray old shops.

It is all so startlingly suggestive of age and decay that you hasten on. Suddenly one side of the shadowy passageway stops short, and there before you is one of the sweetest sights in England. It is the great cathedral close, surrounded by ivy-hung invariant contents of the same of fourteenth century houses, its area threader and silvered by the vagrant Itchen stream, masses of lime rising here and there above, and the cathedral of royal Winchester, showing in patches and bits, just hinting of its grand proportions, through the rists of luxuriant lime tree leaves.

A Cathedral Nearly 1,000 Years Old. Antiquity shrouds the beginning Christianity at Winchester. The cathedral existed under Vortigern and Uther Pendragon. In nearly every particular as you will find it to-day, this cathedral has stood since 980, or upward of 1,000 years; while the earlier cathedral church on the site of the present structure was founded and endowed 1,358 years ago. Winchester having been royal Winchester hundreds of years before London was more than a marshy fishing village, the colossal exterior and royal interior, as well as the vast number and architectural splendor of its royal and ecclesiastic sepulchures and monuments, are at once accounted for.

On entering this cathedral and taking a position under the great west window, you find nave, choir and vault simply a majestic study in mellowed and subdued gray. The tremendous proportions of the columns— they are 12 feet in diameter, the distance between them or the intercolumniation being only about two diameters of the columns-are so great that there is not a break in their line on either side, save midway along the southern tier where stands Bishop Wykeham's noble chantry and tomb, through the entire length of nave and choir, the greatest of any cathedral in

The nave columns and vault and the choir seem to focus in one far, high, trem-ulous film of light in the upper visible portion of the east window, above the marble altar screen. The space is so vast, the pro-portions so perfect, the old Norman work so splendid in its massive simplicity, even where modified by transition and early English work, the admission of light so equable, that even the dark oaken choir screen sinks into place and depth of color only in lower fitting shadow, even serving to strengthen the effect of the marvelous mellowed rose.

Clearly the distinguishing features of

Winchester Cathedral are structural vast-ness, massiveness, simplicity and repose. Strongest marked in features of detail are over-ornamentation of the Lady Chapel, particularly in the windows; the bold and side aisles, supporting the upper walls; the rich open battlement surmounting these walls; the unusual chamber or tribune the western extremity of the north aisle;

the shortness, vastness and solidity of the great tower; and the location of the latter immediately over the choir, instead of over the space approaching it, as in most other cathedrala

Rich, Massive and Simple.

The cathedral is the richest in chantries and chapels of any I have ever seen. Their great number and marvelous richness of ornsmentation are accentuated from the massiveness and simplicity of their struct ural surroundings. Historically no sacred edifice in England can boast such wealth of treasure, if it may be so regarded, in the mortuary remains of ancient kings and prelates. The tomb of William Rufus is in the center of the choir. Upon the top of the center of the choir. Upon the top of the huge sanctuary screens are six mortuary chests. In one lies the bones of Kynegils and Adulphus. In another rest Kings Egbert and Kenulph. A third holds the bones of Rufus, Canute, Queen Emma, who trod the nine heated ploughshares unscathed, and of Bishops Wina and Alwyn. A fourth is a "promiscuous" collection of what was left of the remains of kings, princes and prelates after the serilegious barbarism of the year 1642. In a fifth reposes King Edmund and in the sixth lies Edred, "who admirably governed the country of the Britons." Hosts more there are of later greatness and glory. But amid all these splendid chantries, cenotaphs and tombs there is just one spot in Winchester Cathedral where I love to sit and muse and Cathedral where I love to sit and muse and dream. That is in Prior Silkstede's chapel. There the southern sunlight, filtering through the tiny colored panes of the ancient windows, seems to leave a glow and blessing upon the slab that covers the grave of gentle Isaac Walton.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Two Companies Chartered. At Harrisburg yesterday charters were granted to the Iron Economy Roofing Company, of this city, capital stock \$100,000, and the People's Mutual Savings Fund Loan Association, of Mt. Pleasant, capital stock \$1,000,000.



A Childlike Confidence-in the efficacy of Carlsbad Sprudel Salts is universal throughout the world. Nature's remedy for Constipation, Gout, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, Diabetes, Fatty Degeneration and all Liver Troubles.

Our rich Americans visit Carlsbad. The crowned heads of Europe have been visiting this historic spot, when in search of health, for the past 500 vears.

You can now get the same treatment at any drug store, in the shape of Carlsbad Sprudel Salts or the Carlsbad Water. Not a nauseating remedy.

Men and women of sedentary habits will find life a pleasure after taking this treatment. The genuine have the signature of

WARDEN & OXNARD, Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole MANUFACTURERS, Agents, New York," on every bottle.

PITTSBURG, PA.

NEW ADVETISEMENTS.

Last Month of Summer.

LAST CHANCE

FOR SUMMER BARGAINS

Will Soon Be Reached.

REDUCED PRICES

ON EVERYTHING.

Entire stock of Summer

Furniture, Lawn and Porch

Rockers must go. Price is the

lever. Come and see what

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OIL WELL SUPPLIES.

After 19 Years of Trial,

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FAMILY SAFEGUARD OIL,

NEVER VARIES IN QUALITY.

Cannot Be Exploded.

It is the very highest grade of refined petrolenm, from which in the process of manufacture, every impurity has been eliminated.

Elaine is free from benzine and parafine; it will never chill in the coldest temperature known on this continent.

In color, Elaine is spring-water white, and its "fire test" is so high as to make it as absolutely safe as any illuminant known.

Having no disagreeable odor, Elaine is a pleasant oil for family use.

Can Be Burned in Any Petroleum Lamp.

A POSITIVE PROTECTION FROM LAMP

MAKES THE SAFEST AND BEST LIGHT

KNOWN.

ELAINE! The Family OIL.

From 1873 to 1892.

Elaine Cannot Be Improved Upon.

100 Million Gallons ELAINE Sold in 18 Years

we offer in this line.

E'D rather take \$5 to \$10 less for our Made-to-Measure Suits than to carry them to next year. You'll find \$20 and \$25 Suits better value than ever. Same can be said of the \$5, \$6 and \$7 Trousers—several dollars reduced.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

ANDERSON BLOCK.

WITH IRON WILL.

Concluded From Yesterday. CHAPTER II.

Weeks passed away. It was a bleak, gusty night. I had settled at Wakeringhad, in fact, become the village doctor, if a practitioner without patients may claim the title. I was seated in my arm chair, smoking an after-dinner pipe, but in no very cheerful frame of mind. I had caught a chill, having been constantly on the river, in spite of adverse weather, the last few weeks, and as I sat in my study in a feverish and depressed condition, all sorts of dark thoughts filtered through my brain. In the midst of my somber broodings the sound of wheels on the high road caught my ear. Presently there was a pause at the gate. I rose quickly and looked out. It was Colonel Hethersett's carriage. A strong inclination seized me to go out and answer the gate bell. But I had the prudence, though conscious of a quickened pulse, to restrain my ardor. I threw myself back in my chair, took up a book and merely glanced around abstractedly when my man came in and handed me a note. I broke the seal without haste-for my servant's eye was still upon

me-and read as follows: Come at once. SybiL HETHERSETT. I found her standing on the hearthrug before the fire. She was alone. She came forward when the door was closed behind me, with evident agitation. Her hand trembled as I took it in mine. She looked searchingly into my face. "You are ill. He told me you were. How thoughtless of me to have sent for you! You ought never to have ventured out on a night like this. I

might have come to you. I was ill. I felt that the fever had increased, as well it might, since I had quitted my fireside. But I did my best to hide it. She took my hot hand in hers and led me to the sofs beside the hearth. I think I should have fallen but for her aid. I sank down, and again asked her, "What has hap-

But although, as I could see, there was great anxiety to speak with me expressed in her face, she took no heed of my question until she had placed some ten on a little ta-ble beside me and had handed me the cup.

"And now," said Sybil, "I will answer your question. My father assured me that he should return in good time this evening. It is past 8 o'clock; the last train went by r ago. If he had come by it, he must have reached home before now. It is scarcely 20 minutes' walk from Wakering

fields to Wakering Hall. "Did not the carriage go to meet him?"
"No. He was not sure by which train he

should come. And he gave strict orders-and you know what that means—that the carriage should not be sent. He has an odd preference for walking home at night."

I was seriously alarmed, but made a strenuous effort to hide my growing suspicion from her. "Have you," said I, without any show ofeagerness, "any special rea-

son for being anxious." "You know," she answered, with her eyes now earnestly raised to mine," you know that a danger threatens him; you know that what had happened ten vears ago—when your skill and devotion saved his life—may happen again. He never speaks to me of this. I dare not speak to him. But I am convinced as if my father had spoken—that Kenrick still overshadows his life."

"Kenrick?" said I, unable to suppress my surprise. "That man's name, then, Miss Hethersett, is known to you?" She answered in a quiet tone: "I was at Cawnpore, and in the house, when my father gave way to his passion. I recollect every detail of the affair. I was 9 years old at the time. And when three years later," she added, "that dreadful attempt was made on his life, everything was plain to me. I was at school in France; and when I was told about it—and told what a mysterious affair it was—I said nothing. It was no mystery to me. I knew who had struck the blow; I

knew it as certainly as if I had witnesse the scene.'

and as I looked into her face I thought I recognized something of her father's undaunted nature reflected there.

I now rose, though still showing no sign of haste; for I would not needlessly alarm her; though the feeling was growing strong within me that I might be losing precious moments. She now left her chair, and coming quickly to my side, placed her hand upon my arm. "Stay a moment longer," she said. "I have something to tell you something about this man." Again she paused, expecting no reply. But it was only momentarily. She went on in a quicker tone. "My father's face tells me everything; nothing escapes me, I believe that passes through his mind. And his face now tells me that no power can prevent a meeting; it tells me that the day is not far distant." Her look and voice expressed the confidence she felt in every word she now spoke. "It is inevitable," she resumed. "I read in his face that no one—neither you nor I—can turn my father from his purpose. Not that he has moved a finger, during these ten years, to find the man. He would never do have reached home before now. It is that. But Kenrick is creeping near, with scarcely 20 minutes' walk from Wakering station."

"Would he walk?" I could not help thinking of the lonely road that led by the

at least, that he would never step out of his way to avoid a meeting."

Her words confirmed my worst sus-

men must sooner or later come. I could no longer hide my impatience to take my leave and go in search of Sybil's father. Sybil moved toward the window, raised the curtain and looked out. "A few nights ago," she said, almost in a whisper, as though there were fears of being overheard, "I passed this limekiln in the carriage with my father. I saw a man standing there with the light upon him. I could not see his face, but I read in my father's face who

I did not stay a minute longer now. I told her that I would return within the hour, if all that I proposed to do could be done in an hour's time. I went out into

It was not unil I was well on the road leading to the limekiln that I thoroughly realized how ill I was. While scated in the drawing room at Wakering Hall sympathizing with Sybil in her distress, I was less mindful of myself. But when the cold wind swept gustily about mq and beat against my hot cheeks, I began to shiver from head to foot, though sensible all the

time of a burning fever within me. I was approaching the limekiln fire. The I was approaching the limekilu fire. The light was thrown across the road with a stronger glare, as it appeared to me, than on the night upon which I first passed this way. I stopped for a moment; I tried to collect my thoughts; I tried to put away the swarm of odd fancies that crowded upon me threatening to conquer my better judgment. If anything in my manner or speech should rouse Kenrich's suscipion. for I had should rouse Kenrich's suscipion. should rouse Kenrick's suspicion—for I had thoughts of confronting this man—if a look of dread escaped me, as I feared it might, the object I had in view might be de-

I crept toward the limekiln fire, keeping out of the path of light until the heat scorched my face. I then knelt down, and leaning cautiously forward, looked about me, while shading my eyes with my hand from the intense glare. The great furnace door stood wide open. The kiln being built up in the low hillside, the higher hills in the dark background above looked darker. the dark background above looked darker, with the blue transparent flames appearing and disappearing at the aperture or chimney, with the grim unearthliness of chimney, with the grim unearthliness of a witches' bonfire. Down below in the quarried space in front of the farnace sat Kenrick. I was bending down quite near him, so near that by stretching out my hand I could have touched his arm. He was smoking a short clay pipe, resting his elbows on his knees, and looking intently into the dull quivering glow. What could he see to gaze at so fixedly in that red-hot, gigantic pile of wood and coals? There was a weird, hunted look in his face—a look that brought a new terror to my thoughts.

There was only one thing to be done. Wakering station could be reached in a few minutes; there was a short cut across the fields. I at once determined to go there

and telegraph to a friend in London and await his reply—a friend who knew Colonel Hethersett, and the most likely man to fur-nish news of him if still in town.

I found the telegraph clerk busy at the wires. When I had written out my message and handed it to him, I expressed my intention to wait for an answer. He looked at me through his little square window with at helf-glance of recognition. "Won't you step inside, sir?" said he. "There ain't much of a fire," he added, apologetically; "but the waiting room is locked up, and it's cold and windy enough out there to cut one to pieces. You'll find the door on your right."

Tick-tick-tick. He was busy again working at the wires.

I sat down by the fire in the telegraph office and tried to take a more hopeful view of the situation. I began to imagine that the answer was on its way and that the lengthy pauses which now took place expressed a suspended power of volition—that the telegraph clerk was too terror-stricken to complete the message on account of its tragic signification. I became intensely excited. I watched the clerk with a fewerish case of continuous that he with a feverish sense of certitude that by studying his face I could interpret these lectric sounds. I was on the point of asking him to confirm or dissipate my impressions when he begen to write, with a de-liberation that almost drove me mad, upon a telegraph form. This paper he at last handed to me. The words ran as follows: "Hethersett left London in dogcart at 9."

I glanced at the clock; it was on the stroke of 10. It would take little more than an hour for an expert driver like Colonel Hethersett to reach Wakering Hall. Once more I started across the fields. The way was dark, so dark that to attempt running was out of the question, for there was a deep ditch on either side of the narrow path. And as I walked along, tapping my stick in front of me, like a blind man, I kept my eyes open, my ears, too, for the possible sound of Colone! Hethersett's dogoart along the high road. More than once I stopped to listen and to look out ahead for the slightest glimpse of gig-lamps

in the distance. Stay! What light is that? And surely I can distinguish the sound of wheels upon the road. It must be the dogcart; no one but Colonel Hethersett would drive at that reckless pace along a country high road on so dark a night, with no light for miles, on so dark a night, with no lights for miles, except the ghoat of one at the crossroads on Wakering Green. Yes; I can see the lamps plainly now, and they look like great blinking orbs flashing out and in, as the trap spins along, passing by trees and hedges and other objects that are frequently black screens between us. And there is still a broad field to cross before I can reach the highway; and before I can ever run over the ground the dogcart will have passed the stile that leads out upon the

I shout in a loud, distracted voice, "Stop!" I have attracted his attention; he

brings the trap to a standstill. But I now begin bitterly to repent having raised my voice. For I see the reflected light of the limekiln fire right ahead in the night; and I know that my shouting will have reached Kenrick's sharp ear. He will see the dog-cart; for Colonel Hethersett is stopping at the limekiln. They will meet face to face. I have no distinct recollection of how, I have no distinct recollection of how, either running, walking or stumbling, I gained the highway. But I did gain it, and in an amazingly short space of time; for as I sank down exhausted at the stile, which nearly faced the limekiln, I saw Colonel Hethersett pulling in rein just within the path of light that always streamed across the road; at the same moment I saw Ken-rick start up from the ground within reach of the dogeart, raise his arms and straighten his back, as if nerving himself for a spring. "Hold my horse," said the Colonel, in a firm voice, as he flung the reins across the animal's back. "Don't stand staring there.

My name is Hethersett-"
"Is it?" interrupted the man. "Do you think I don't know you?' "I'll not dispute it. Hold my horse." "Do what?" said Kenrick; and, glancing savagely about him, he selected a stone the size of his great fist, and hurled it at Col

onel Hethersett. The stone, flying within an inch of the Colonel's head, dropped into the hedge below. From the point where I had sunk down against the stile the whole scene was visible to me in the light of the limekiln fire. The iron door was wide open, as I had seen it an hour ago, and the heat and glare struck upon Kenrick's threatening figure as though stimulating his awakened passion. Colonel Hethersett had risen from his seat in the trap and was stepping down. From first to last his eyes were fixed upon the man's face. No movement escaped him. "Why did you cry out?" said the Colonel,

"When?" "A moment ago. You cried out 'stop." "Never!" Kenrick answered sullenly.
"No? And yet the voice came from this quarter," said the Colonel. "You heard it, didn't you?"

"What if I did?" I could see both their faces distinctly now. I could see that Kenrick was quivering with suppressed rage and fear. But Colonel Hethersett's look was cool and determined.

"Kenrick," said the Colonel in a quick

tone, "the time has come for a settlement between us. It is now 13 years -- Ah! you have not forgotten; I know that. For twice since then you have made an attempt on my life; in Smithfield ten years ago and Kenrick made no reply; but I could see that the Colonel's dauntless manner, his stern voice and penetrating look, were be-ginning to assert their influence over the

you learned it now! When I drew up here a minute ago and asked you to hold my horse you rejused. I am going to give you one chance more," he added. "You say you didn't call out to me to stop. Some one did; and I am going to satisfy myself instantly on this point. I am going to make a search along the road. You've a lantern, suppose? Lend it to me." Still no reply; no movement on Ken-rick's part.

"Have you a lantern or not?" "Yes, one or two, I recket

"Lend me one," repeated Colonel Heth-Kenrick hesitated still, but it was only for a moment. There was something in Colonel Hethersett's whole attitude that appeared to bring the man suddenly to a better sense of the situation. He crossed over to the hut, went in and slammed the door angrily behind him. The Colonel paced blowly up and down, always within the light of the fire, always with his look directed toward the hut. Presently the little round window brightened, as if returning his glance, and a moment after-ward Kenrick came out lantern in hand.

"Thank you," said the Colonel. "And now, Kenrick," he added, "look after the He took the lantern and turned away; and for the first time since this meeting be-tween them Colonel Hethersett relaxed his watch upon the man. He stepped across
the road, and soon caught sight of me lying
helpless by the stile. He lifted me tenderly in his strong arms as he would have
done a child. "Sherwin, my dear boy!
Why, how came you here?"

I can recollect seeing Kenrick leading the horse toward the spot. I have a dim recollection of being in the dogcart with one of Colonel Hethersett's arms clasping me securely, and I have a dimmer recollection still of the limekiln fire suddenly going out, as though an extinguisher had been put upon it. I remember no more.

And then there came a semi-consciousness of distracting dreams that recurred a thousand times during a night that never had an end. It fell dimly upon my senses that I was lying within the limekiln fire with heaps of redhot coal on every side threatening to consume me, and all the while Ken-rick was looking at me with stolid eyes as he smoked his pipe and tacitly refused to drag me out. At other times the telegraph wires at Wakering Junction were passing through me, with the central station in my head, which became overcrowded with mes-

These feverish "imaginings" and a hundred others at last passed away, and less startled ones fell into their place. Once more I found myself in the heart of a cer-Kenrick made no reply; but I could see that the Colonel's dauntless manner, his stern voice and penetrating look, were beginning to assert their influence over the man.

"Now, listen to me. You brought upon yourself the punishment I gave you," said the Colonel, "by disobeying my order. If you did not learn a lesson then, it is time!

ter. The eyes were filled with tears, and the cheeks were pallid and thin,

senses. "Hush! I will go and tell my "No. Tell me! Am I awake or dreaming?" I lifted my heavy evelids like one coming out of a deep sleep and stared perlexedly about me.

"He brought you here..." "No. It will be three weeks to-morrow."

I could not speak. A mist seemed to be gathering between her face and mine. She held a cup to my lips. I drank a refreshing draught and then sank back upon my pil-lows in a dreamless sleep. When I awoke it was night. The window-

curtains were closely drawn, and I heard wind whispering in the park outside. There was no light in the room except from the ire. In an armehair drawn up in front of the hearth sat Colonel Hethersett.

Knowing this man's character as I did
now, his manliness and tender nature, I
felt that to express in words my sense of
gratitude would be to lower myself in his

esteem. It had been my privilege ten years ago to save his life. He had now saved It seemed to me as though I was walking It seemed to me as though I was walking into a new life—a new world—as I lay here contentedly watching the changing lights and shadows upon the walls and listening to the red-hot cinders falling with a soft metallic ring. And if I was reminded of the limeklin fire and the terrors it had roused in my mind there was no sense of dread awakened now. For I read in Colonel Little was no sense of dread awakened now. Hethersett's face as he sat pondering there as Sibyl had doubtless read, too-that all

fear of danger might be dismissed from our Happening to pass the limekiln one night a month or two after my recovery, I noticed a strange watchman standing there. "Where is Kenrick?" said I.

"Overseer at the hall."
"On Colonel Hethersett's property?"

I was not surprised at this news; for, al-though the Colonel managed everyone with an iron will, I never knew a more generous master. And Kenrick proved an excellent servant. So long as they lived, he and the Colonel never exchanged another angry

The autumn again came round. One sultry afternoon—an afternoon never to be forgotten—I was walking with Sybil in forgotten—I was walking with Sybli in Wakering Park and by the river side.

"Is it only a year?" she was saying, as she stopped; and bending forward, she peered into the stream.

"A year to-day."
She made no reply.

"Sybli," I went on, "I know you love me. But tell me so here, where we first

met?"
Still gazing down into the stream, she
whispered it. Then she added: "And I
thought that afternoon, only a year ago,
that I should never see you again."—Cham-