## FROM THE RANKS

Continued from Page 10.

hey happened to be right around the nan. The Saturday evening train from he city is always crowded with people from the river towns who have been up o market or the matinees, and even the anoker was filled with standing men intil they got some 80 miles down. Laren wanted to light a fresh cigar and ffered one to each of his friends. Then t was found they had no matches, and me of them, who had been drinking a little and felt jovial, turned to the dark tranger and asked him for a light, and he man, without speaking, handed out little silver matchbox. It was just hen that the conductor came along, and Larsen saw his ticket. It was a "round rip" to Lakeville. He was evidently joing there for a visit, and therefore, ald Larsen, he didn't get off at Sablon station, which was six miles above.

But Armitage knew better. It was wident that he had quietly slipped out in the platform of the car after the regalar passengers had got out of the way and let himself off into the darkness on the side opposite the station. Thence be had an open, unimpeded walk of a lew hundred yards-until he reached the common, and then, when overtaken by the hotel omnibus, he could jump aboard and ride. There was only one road, only one way over to the hotel, and he sould not miss it. There was no doubt now that, whoever he was, the night visitor had come down on the evening train from the city, and his return ticket would indicate that he meant to go back the way he came. It was half past 10 when that train arrived. It was nearly midnight when the man appeared at the cottage window. It was after 2 when Armitage gave up the search and went to bed. It was possible for the man to have walked to Lakeville, six miles bouth, and reached the station there he abundant time to take the up train which passed Sablon, without stopping, a little before daybreak. If he took that train, and if he was Jerrold, he would have been in the city before 7 and could have been at Fort Sibley before or by 8 p'elock. But Chester's dispatch showed clearly that at 8:30-the hour for signing the company morning report-Mr. Jerrold was not at his post. Was he still in the neighborhood and waiting for the noon train? If so, could be be confronted on the cars and accused of his crime? He looked at his watch. It was nearly 11, and he must push on to colonel, then hasten back to the station. He sorang to his feet and was just about to mount when a vision of white and scarlet came suddenly into view. There, within 30 feet of him, making her dainty way through the shrubbery from the direction of the church, sunshine and shadow alternately flitting across her levely face and form, Alice Renwick stepped forth into the pathway, and shading her eyes with her hand gazed along the leafy lane toward the road, as though expectant of another's coming. Then, attracted by the beauty of the goldenrod, she bent and busied herself with gathering in the yellow sprays. Armitage, with one foot in the stirrup, stood stock still, half in surprise, half stunned by a sudden and painful thought. Could it be that she was there in hopes of meeting-any one?

He retook his foot from the stirrup. and relaxing the rein still stood gazing at her over his horse's back. That placid quadruped, whose years had been spent in these pleasant byways and were too · many to warrant an exhibition of coltish surprise, promptly lowered his head and resumed his occupation of grass nibbling, making a little crunching noise which Miss Renwick might have heard, but apparently did not. She was singing very softly to herself:

> "Dalsy, tell my fortune, pray. He loves me not-he loves me."

And still Armitago stood and gazed, while she, absorbed in her pleasant task, still pulled and plucked at the goldenrod. In all his life no "vision of fair women" had been to him so fair and sacred and exquisite as this. Down to the tip of her arched and slender foot, peeping from beneath the broidered hom of her snowy skirt, she stood the lady born and bred, and his eyes looked on and worshiped her - worshiped, yet questioned, Why came she here? Absorbed, he released his hold on the rein. and Dobbin, nothing loath, reached with his long, lean neck for farther herbage and stepped in among the trees. Still stood his negligent master, fascinated in his study of the lovely, graceful girl. Again she raised her head and looked northward along the winding, shaded wood path. A few yards away were other great clusters of the wild flowers she loved, more sun kissed goldenrod, and, with a little murmur of delight, gathering her dainty skirts in one hand, sho flitted up the pathway like an unconscious humming bird garnering the sweets from every blossom. A little farther on the pathway bent among the trees, and she would be hidden from his sight, but still he stood and studied her every movement, drank in the soft, cooing melody of her voice as she sang, and then there came a sweet, solemn strain from the brown, sunlit walls just visible through the trees, and reverent voices and the resonant chords of the organ thrilled through the listening woods the glorious anthem of the church militant

At the first notes she lifted up her queenly head and stood, listering and appreciative. Then he saw her rounded throat swelling like a bird's, and the rich, full tones of her voice rang out through the welcoming sunshine, and the fluttering wrens, and red breasted robins, and rival song queens, the brown winged thrushes-oven the impudent shricking jays-seemed to hush and liston. Dobbin, fairly astonished, lifted scarlet sash and neck ribbons gleamed in such vivid contrast to the foliage about her. A wondering little "cottontail" rabbit, shy and wild as a hawk, came darting through the bushes into the sunshiny patchwork on the path, and then, uptilted and with quivering ears and nostrils and wide staring eyes, stood paralyzed with helpless amaze, ignoring the tall man in gray as did the singer herself. Richer, rounder, fuller grow the melody as, abandoning herself to the impulse of the sacred hour, she joined with all her girlish heart in the words of praise and thanksgiving in the glad and triumphant chorus of the To Doum. From beginning to end she sang, now ringing and exultant, now soft and plaintive, following the solemn words of the ritual—sweet and solemn words of the ritual—sweet and

low and suppliant in the petition, "We therefore pray thee help thy servants whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood," confident and exulting in the declaration, "Thou art the king of glory, O Christ!" and then rich with fearless trust and faith in the thrilling climax. "Let me never be confounded." Armitage listened as one in a trance. From the depth of her heart the girl had joined her glorious voice to the chorus of praise and adoration, and now that all was stilled once more her head had fallen forward on her bosom; her hands, laden with goldenrod, were joined together. It seemed as though

she were lost in prayer. And this was the girl, this the pure, God worshiping, God fearing woman, who for one black instant he had dared to fancy had come here expectant of a meeting with the man whose aim had been frustrated but the night before! He could have thrown himself at her feet and implored her pardon. He did step forth, and then, hat in hand, baring his proud Saxon head as his forefathers



would have uncovered to their monarch. he waited until she lifted up her eyes and saw him and knew by the look in his frank face that he had stood by, a mute listener to her unstudied devotions. A lovely fiush rose to her very temples, and her eyes drooped their pallid lids until the long lashes swept the crimson of her cheeks.

"Have you been here, captain? I never saw you," was her fluttering question.

"I rode in here on my way back from the station, not caring to meet all the the hotel before that hour, report to the good people going to church. I felt like

"I, too, am a recreant today. It is the first time I have missed service in a long while. Mamma felt too unstrung to come, and I had giver up the idea, but both she and Aunt Grace arged me. I was too late for the omnibus and walked up, and then I would not go in because service was begun, and I wanted to be home again before noon. I cannot bear to be late at church or to leave it until everything is over, but I can't be away from mother so long today. Shall we walk that way now?"

"In a minute. I must find my horse, nord

though I see nothing extraordinary in | out on the train, for the evening dress the adventure. We read of poor hungry tramps overywhere, and they rarely do harm.

"I wonder a little at your venturing here in the wood paths after what occurred last night."

"Why, Captain Armitage, no one would harm me here, so close to the church. Indeed I never thought of such a thing until you mentioned it. Did you discover mything about the

anan?h "Nothing definite, but I must be at the station again to meet the up train and have to see the colonel meantime. Let me find Dobbin, or whatever they sall this venerable relie I'm riding, and then I'll escert you home,"

But Dobbin had strayed deeper into the wood. It was some minutes before the captain could find and catch him. The rich melody of shered music was again thrilling through the perfumed woods, the glad sunshine was pouring its warfath and blessing over all the earth, glinting on bluff and brake and palisaded cliff, the birds were all singing their rivaling psaltery, and nature seemed pouring forth its homage to the Creator and Preserver of all on this his hely day, when Frank Armitage once more reached the bowered lane where. fairest, sweetest sight of all, his lady stood waiting him. She turned to him as she heard the hoof beat on the turf and smiled.

"Can we wait and hear that hymn through?"

"Aye, sing it." She looked suddenly in his face. Something in the very tone in which he spoke startled her-something deeper, more fervent, than she had ever heard before-and the expression in the steady, deep blue eyes was another rovelation. Alice Renwick had a woman's intuition, and yet she had not known this man a day. The color again mounted to her temples, and her eyes fell after one quick glance.

"I heard you joining in the Te Deum," he urged. "Sing once more. I love it. There, they are just beginning again. Do you know the words?" She nodded, then raised her head, and her glad young voice caroled through the listening-woods:

"Hely, hely, Roly! All Heaven's triumpleant choir shall sing.
When the rangementations fall
At the feorated of their King.
Then shall saints and acraphim.
Hearts and voices, swell one nymn
Around the throne with fail accord.
Hely, hely, hely Lord!"

There was silence when the ransic ceased. She had turned her face toward the church, and as the melody died up his hollow eyed head and looked away in one prolonged, triumphant amazedly at the white songstress whose chord she still stood in reverent attitude, as though listening for the words of benediction. He, too, was silent, but his eyes were fixed on her. He was 85, she not 20. He had lived his soldier life wifeless; but, like other soldiers, his heart had had its rule, and aches in the days gone by. Years before he had thought life a black void when the girl he funcied while yet he wore the academic gray calmly told him she preferred another. Nor had the intervening years been devoid of, their occasional yearn-ings for a main of his pwar in the lisola-

girl whose presence made that sunlit lane a heaven. Were he to live a thousand years, no scene on earth could rival in his eyes the love haunted woodland pathway wherein, like forest queen, she stood, the sunshine and leafy shadows dancing over her graceful form, the goldenrod enhancing her dark and glowing beauty, the sacred influences of the day throwing their mystic charm about her as though angels guarded and shielded her from harm. His life had reached its climax. His fate was sealed. His heart and soul were centered in one sweet girl, and all in one brief hour in the woodland lane at Sablen.

She could not fail to see the deep emotion in his eyes as at last she turned to break the silence.

"Shall we go?" she said simply. "It is time, but I wish we could remain."

"You do not go to church very often at Sibley, do you?"

"I have not heretofore, but you would teach me to worship." "You have taught me," he muttered below his breath as he extended a hand to assist her down the sloping bank toward the avenue. She looked up quickly once more, pleased, yet shy, and shifted her great bunch of goldenrod so that she could lay her hand in his and lean upon its steady strength down the incline. and so, hand in hand, with old Dobbin ambling placidly behind, they passed out from the shaded pathway to the glow and radiance of the sunlit road.

CHAPTER XII.

"Colonel Maynard, I admit everything you say as to the weight of the evidence," said Frank Armitage 20 minutes later, "but it is my faithunderstand me, my faith, I say-that she is utterly innocent. As for that damnable letter, I do not believe it was ever written to her. It is some other woman."

"What other is there, or was there?" was the colonel's simple reply.

"That is what I mean to find out, Will you have my baggage sent after me tonight? I am going at once to the station, and thence to Sibley. I will write you from there. If the midnight visitor should prove to have been Jerrold, he can be made to explain. I have always held him to be a conceited fop, but never either crack brained or devoid of principle. There is no time for explanation now. Goodby and keep a good lookout. That fellow may be here Leod?" again. "

And in an hour more Armitage was skimming along the winding river side en route to Sibley. He had searched the train from pilot to rear platform, and no man who in the faintest degree resembled Mr. Jerrold was on board. He had wired to Chester that he would reach the fort that evening, but would not resume duty for a few days. He made another search through the train as they neared the city, and still there was none who in stature or appearance corresponded with the descriptions given of the sinewy visitor.

Late in the afternoon Chester received him as he alighted from the train at the little station under the cliff. It was a beautiful day, and numbers of people He is in here somewhere. Tell me how | were driving or riding out to the fort, | ter. the colonel is feeling and Mrs. May- and the high bridge over the gorge was "Both very nervous and worried, of hoofs. Many others, too, had come parade always attracted a swarm of viscouple of men, was on hand to keep vigilant eyes on the arrivals and to persuade certain proscribed parties to reenter the cars and go on, should they attempt to revisit the post, and the faces of these were lighted up as they saw their old adjutant, but none others of the garrison appeared.

"Let us wait a moment and get these people out of the way," said Armitage. 'I want to talk with you. Is Jerrold

"Yes. He came in just 10 minutes after I telegraphed to you, was present at inspection, and if it had not been for your disputch this morning I should not have known he had remained out of quarters. He appeared to resent my having been to his quarters. Calls it spying, I presume."

What permission had he to be gwnv211

"I gave him leave to visit town on personal business yesterday afternoon. He merely asked to be away a few hours to most friends in town, and Mr. Hall tock tattoo roll call for him. As I do not require any other officer to report the time of his return, I did not exact it of him, but of course no man can be away after midnight without special permission, and he was gone all night. What is it, Armitage? Has be followed her down thera?"

"Somebody was there last night and capsized the colonel pretty much as he did you the night of the ladder episode," said Armitage coolly.

"By heaven, and I let him go!" "How do you know 'twas he?"

"Who else could it be, Armitage?" "That's what the colonel asks, but it isn't clear to me yet awhile." "I wish it were less clear to me, " said

Chester gloomily. "The worst is that head and gazed silently, reverently the story is spreading like a pestilence all over the pest. The women have got hold of it, and there is all manner of talk. I shouldn't be surprised if Mrs. Hoyt had to be taken violently ill. She has written to invite Miss Renwick to visit her, as it is certain that Colonel and Mrs. Maynard cannot come, and Heyt came to me in a horror of amaze window the other night. I would tell him nothing, and he says the ladies declare they won't go to the german if she does. Heavens! I'm thankful you are come. The thing has been driving me wild these last 12 hours. I wanted to go away myself. Is she coming up

"No, she isn't, but let me say this, Chester-that whenever she is ready to return I shall be ready to escort ber." Chester looked at his friend in amaze-

ment and without speaking. "Yes, I see you are astonished, but you may as well understand the situation. I have heard all the colonel could tell and have even seen the letter, and since she left here a mysterious stranger

thing about it." "Armitage, are you in love?" "Chester, I am in my sound senses. Now come and show me the ladder and curtain one moment, took a brief glance where you found it and tell me the at the garments, raised the hem of a whole story over again. I think it grows skirt to his lips and turned quickly interesting. One moment. Has he that one behind it, a spare bedroom evident-

last few days everybody is fighting shy of him. He thinks it is my doing and looks black and sulky at me, but is too proud or too meeh afraid of consequences to ask the reason of the cold shoulders and averted looks. Gray has taken seven days' leave and gone off with that little girl of his to place her with relatives in the east. He has heard the stories, and it is presumed that some of the women have told her. She was down sick here a day or two."

"Well, now for the window and the ladder. I want to see the outside through your eyes, and then I will view the interior with my own. The colonel bids me do so."

Together they slowly climbed the long stairway leading up the face of the cliff. Chester stopped for a breathing spell more than once.

"You're all out of condition, man," said the younger captain, pausing impatiently. "What has undone you?"

"This trouble and nothing else. By gad, it has unstrung the whole garrison, I believe. You never saw our people fall off so in their shooting. Of conrse we expected Jerrold to go to pieces, but nobody else."

"There were others that seemed to fall away too. Where was that cavalry team that was expected to take the skirmish medal away from us?"

"Sound as a dollar, every man, with the single exception of their big sergeant. I don't like to make ugly comparisons with a man whom I believe to be more than half interested in a woman, but it makes me think of the old story about Medusa. One look at her face is too much for a man. That Sergeant Me-Leod went to grass the instant he caught sight of her and never has picked up since." "Consider me considerably more than

half interested in the woman in this case, Chester. Make all the comparisons that you like, provided they illumine matters as you are doing now, and tell me more of this Sergeant McLeod. What do you mean by his catching sight of her and going to grass?"

"I mean he fell flat on his face the moment he saw her and hasn't been in good form from that moment to this. The doctor says it's heart disease." 'That's what the colonel says troubles

Mrs. Maynard. She was senseless and almost pulseless some minutes last What manner of man is Mcnight.

"A tall, slim, dark eyed, swarthy fellow, a man with a history and a mystery, I judge,"

"A man with a history, a mystery, who is tall, slim, has dark eyes and swarthy-complexion and faints away at sight of Miss Renwick might be said to possess peculiar characteristics, family traits, some of them. Of course you've kept an eye on McLeod. Where

Chester stood leaning on the rail, breathing slowly and heavily. His eyes dilated as he gazed at Armitage, who was surveying him coolly, though the tone in which he spoke betrayed a new interest and a vivid one.-

"I confess I never thought of him in connection with this affair," said Ches-

constantly resounding to the thunder difference between us, " was the reply. "You go in on the supposition that there is only one solution to this thing, and | and Armitage curiously took it up and that a woman must be dishonored to beiters. A corporal of the guard, with a gin with. I believe there can be several solutions, and that there is only one thing in the lot that is at all impossible.

"What's that?"

"Miss Renwick's knowledge of that sin. I mean to work other theories first, and the McLeod trail is a good one to start on. Where can I get a look at him?

"Somewhere out in the Rockies by this time. He was ordered back to his troop five days ago, and they are out scouting at this moment unless I'm vastly mistaken. You have seen the morning dispatches?" "About the Indians? Yes, Looks

squally at the Spirit Rock reservation. Do you mean that McLeod is there?" "That's where his troop ought to be by this time. There is too small a force | could not but glance out at his own old

go if a big outbreak is to be prevented." "Then he has gone, and I cannot see him. Let me look at the window then." A few steps brought them to the terrace, and there, standing by the west wall and looking up at the closed slats of the dormer window, Captain Chester

retold the story of his night adventure. Armitage listened attentively, asking few questions. When it was finished, the latter turned and walked to the rear "haste to get out of the constraint of full door, which opened on the terrace. It was locked. "The servants are having a holiday, I presume," he said. "So much the better. Ask the quartermaster for the key

of the front door, and I'll go in while everybody is out looking at dress parade. There goes first call now. Let your orderly bring it to me here, will you?" Ten minutes later, with beating heart,

he stood and uncovered his handsome around him. He was in her room.

It was dainty as her own dainty self, The dressing table, the windows, the pretty white bed, the broad, inviting lounge, the work table and basket, the very washstand, were all trimmed and decked alike, white and yellow prevailing. White lace curtains draped the window on the west-that fateful winvesterday to know if there were any dow-and the two that opened out on truth in the rumor that I had caught a the roof of the piazza. White lace curman coming out of Mrs. Maynard's tains draped the bed, the dressing table and the washstand. White lace or tome equally flimsy and feminine material hung about her bookshelves and worktable and over the lonnge, and bows of bright yellow ribbon were everywhere, yellow pincushions and wall pockets hung about the toilet table, soft yellow rugs lay at the bed and lounge side, and a sunshiny tone was given to the whole apartment by the shades of

On the wall were some choice etchings and a few foreign photographs On the bookshelves were a few volumes of poetry and the prose of George Eliot and our own Hawthorne. Hanging on has appeared by night at Sablen, at the pegs in the corner of the simple army cottage window, though it happened to room, covered by a curtain, were some be her mother's this time, and I don't heavy outer garments, an ulster, a believe Alice Renwick knows the first | traveling coat and cape of English make and one or two dresses that were apparently too thick to be used at this season of the year. He drew aside the

yellow silk that hung close to the win-

I suppose so. I don't know. In the solly, that was lighted only from the back | proper discipline, even though he was of the house and had no side window at all. Another door led to the hall, a broad, old fashioned as air, and crossing this he stood in the big front room occupied by the colouel and his wife. This was furnished almost as luxuriously, from an army point of view, as that of Miss Renwick, but not in white and yellow.

Armitage smiled to see the evidences of Mrs. Maynard's taste and handiwork on every side. In the years he had been the old soldier's adjutant nothing could have exceeded the simplicity with which the colonel surrounded himself. Now it was something akin to Sybaritish elegance, thought the captain, but all the same he made his deliberate survey. There was the big dressing table and bureau on which had stood that ravished picture, that photograph of the girl he loved which others were able to speak of and one man to appropriate feloniously, while yet he had never seen it. His impulse was to go to Jerrold's quarters and take him by the throat and demand it of him, but what right had he? How knew he even that it was now there? In view of the words that Chester had used toward him, Jerrold must know of the grievous danger in which he stood. That photograph would prove most damaging evidence if discovered. Very probably, after yielding to his vanity and showing it to Sleat, he meant to get it back. Very certainly, after hearing Chester's words, he must have determined to lose no time in getting rid of it. He was no fool if he was a coxcomb.

Looking around the half darkened room, Armitage lingered long over the photographs which hung about the dressing table and over the mantel, several prettily framed duplicates of those already described as appearing in the album. One after another he took them in his hands, bore them to the window and studied them attentively. Some were not replaced without a long, lingering kiss. He had not ventured to disturb an item in her room. He would not touch the knob of a drawer or attempt to open anything she had closed, but here in quarters where his colonel could claim joint partnership he felt less sentiment or delicacy. He closed the hall door and tried the lock, turning the knob to and fro. Then he reopened the door and swung it upon its hinges. For a wonder neither lock nor hinges creaked. The door worked smoothly and with little noise. Then he similarly tried the door of her room. It was in equally good working order, quite free from squeak and complaint with which quartermasters' locks and hinges are apt to do their reluctant duty. The discovery pleased him. It was possible for one to open and close these portals noiselessly, if need be, and without disturbing sleepers in either room.

Returning to the east chamber, he opened the shades, so as to get more light, and his eye fell upon an old album lying on a little table that stood by the bedside. There was a night lamp upon the table, too, a little affair that could hold only a thimbleful of oil and was intended evidently to keep merely a faint glow during the night hours. Other volumes-a Bible, some devo-"There's the one essential point of tional books, like "The Changed Cross," and a hymnal or two-were also there. but the album stood most prominent, opened it.

There were only half a dozen photographs in the affair. It was rather a case than an album and was intended apparently for only a few family pictures. There was but one that interested him, and this he examined intently, night's visitor or of any other secret or almost excitedly. It represented a little girl of 9 or 10 years-Alice undoubtedly-with her arms clasped about the neck of a magnificent St. Bernard dog and looking up into the handsome features of a tall, slander, dark eyed, black haired boy of 16 or thereabouts, and the two were enough alike to be brother and sister. Who, then, was this boy?

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully. Parade was over, and the troops were marching back to their quarters. The band was playing gloriously as it came tramping into the quadrangle, and the captain on the trail now, and more will have to company as in compact column of fours it entered the grassy diamond and sweng off toward the barracks. He saw a knot of officers, too, turning the corner by the adjutant's office, and for a moment he lowered the album to look.

Mr. Jerrold was not of the number that came sauutering up the walk, dropping away by ones or twos as they reached their doors and unbuckled their belts or removed their belmets in eager dress. But in another moment Jerrold, too, appeared all alone, walking rapidly and nervously. Armitage watched him and could not but see how other men turned away or gave him the coolest possible nod as he passed. The tall, slender lieutenant was handsomer even than when he last saw him, and yet there were gloom and worry on the dark beauty of his face. Nearer and nearer he came and had passed the quarters of the other officers and was almost at the door of his own when Armitage saw a little, wiry soldier in full dress uniform running across the parade as though in pursuit. He recognized Merrick, one of the scapegraces of his company, and wondered why he should be chasing after his temporary commander. Just as Jerrold was turning under the piazza the soldier seemed to make himself heard, and the lieutenant, with au angry frown on his face, stopped and confronted him.

"I told you not to come to me again," he said, so loud that every word was audible to the captain standing by the open window above. "What do you mean, sir, by following me in this Wayrin

The reply was inaudible. Armitage could see the little soldier standing in the respectful position of "attention," looking up and evidently pleading. "I won't do it until I'm ready," was

again heard in Jerrold's angry tones, though this time the lieutenant glanced about, as though to see if others were within earshot, There was no one apparently, and he grew more confident. 'You've been drinking again today, Merrick. You're not sober now, and I won't give you money to get maudlin and go to blabbing secrets. No, sir! Go back to your quarters and stay there.'

The little soldier must indeed have been drinking, as the lieutenant declared. Armitage saw that he hesitated, instead of obeying at once, and that his flushed face was angrily working, then that he was arguing with his superior and talking louder. This was contrary to all the captain's ideas of News

indignant at the officer for permitting himself to be placed in so false and undignified a position. Jerrold's words, too, had acquired a wide significance, but they were feeble as compared with the sudden outburst that came from the soldier's lips:

"By God, lientenant, you bribed me to silence to cover your tracks, and then you refuse to pay. If you don't want me to tell what I know, the sooner you pay that money the better."

This was more than Armitage could stand. He went down stairs three at a jump and out through the colonel's garden with quick, impetuous steps. Jerrold's furious face turned ashen at



Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully. the sight, and Merrick, with one amazed

and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:

"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see

you alone. Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester was an old granny, who sometimes made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the

a woman well and fashionably in Paris, provided she purchases her apparel already made up and has it altered to suit her figure. The fitter in a Parisian shop



CHINA SILK COSTUME. can do this to perfection, so that the gown looks as if it were made to order, and the charges are very moderate compared with

those to which we are accustomed here. There is one objection to ready made garments that holds good everywherethat is, somebody else is sure to have something similar-but as the ambition of a great many women is to "look like other people" this is evidently not universally considered a drawback. Besides a Parisian woman is very clever at adding a bow here and a bit of lace there, which, although but the work of a moment, gives gown an individuality and distinguishes it as being personal to herself, for no two women will make exactly the same changes or add touches of just the same

An American woman who wishes to ap pear trim and fashionable expects to pay at least \$25 for a neat and well made wool en street costume prettily trimmed and altered to fit her. In Paris a walking gown of about the same grade may be obtained for half the money, while evening dresses are equally reasonable in price. It is quite as possible to spend a great deal of money for a gown there as here, but it is not as necessary. Famous Parisian modistes and tailors charge tremendously, but one can dress very well there without employing them, while here a good dressmaker is a rarity at any except an extravagant price. An illustration is given of a gown of old

rose china silk flowered with black. The bottom of the plain skirt has a narrow ruffle of black gauze headed by a scarf trimming of silk held in place by guipure straps. The round bodice is gathered in at the waist under a pointed girdle of black gauze, closing with sash ends at the side, Figaro jacket fronts of white guipure trim the corsage, and the bouffant elbow sleeves terminate in a flouce of guipure. The hat is of gold colored straw trimmed with white lace wings and pink flowers.

English newspaper correspondents who have attempted to penetrate into the interior of Russia to feel the sentiment of the people have in every instance met overly polite officers who turned them back and accompanied them to seaport towns to see that they didn't stub their toes and fall down on the way. No other Kennans will ever get into Russia.—Detroit Free Presa.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Passer By-What kind o' a dog is that? Small Boy-lain't quite sure, but I think he's what's called a watch dog of the treas-

"Humphi Good dog, ch?" "Yesser. He won't let any other dog take anything he wants lisself."-Good



Dr. E. Grewer The Philadelphia Specialist, and his associated staff of English and German physicians, are now permanently located at

811 SPRUCE ST., SCRANTON. The doctor is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, formerly demonstrator of physi-ology and surgery at the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia. A specialty of Chronic, Nervous, Skin, Heart, Womb and Blood diseases.

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hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.

"After you, captain," he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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