ly in Paris, partly in Rome. He avoided Venice. Though his palazzo on the Grand canal lay empty all that year, he thought it best not to disturb Arnold's and Kathleen's felicity by interfering with their plans by obtruding his presence. But as spring came round he paid a hasty visit of a few short days to the city that floats in the glassy Adriatic. It seemed like old times both to Arnold and Kathleen when Rufus Mortimer's gondola, equipped as ever by the two handsome Venetians in maize colored sashes, called at the doors of their lodgings to take them out togeth er for their day's excursion. In the evening Rufus Mortimer dropped round to Kathleen's rooms. Arnold was there by appointment. He read aloud a chapter or two for Mortimer's critical opinion. He chose the episode of the skipper's marriage—the pathetic passage where Ralph Woodward makes his last appeal to Maggie Holdsworth, and the touching scene where Maggie at last goes forth, with her baby in her arms, in search of Enoch.
"Isn't it lovely?" Kathleen exclaimed,

with her innocent faith, as soon as Arnold had finished. "I tell Arnold he needn't be afraid of its reception. This is ten times as fine as the 'Elizabethan Seadog.' " "I don't feel quite certain," Mortimer

answered, nursing his chin and conscious of his responsibility. He feared to raise their hopes by too favorable an opinion. "I don't seem to recognize it's just the sort of thing the public wants. Doesn't it lack dramatic interest? You and I may admire certain parts very much, and I confess there were passages that brought tears into my eyes, but the real question is, will the world at large like it-will it suit the great public at Smith's and Mudie's? We must remember that Willoughby's a quite new author. The very fact that the world expects from him something like the 'Elizabethan Seadog' may tell against this simple domestic story. My experience is that when once a man has stood on his head to amuse the public the public will never allow him to stand on his feet again. And that's what I fear in this case. The people who read Master John Collingham may find Arnold Willoughby slow and uninteresting." "Oh. Mr. Mortimer, how can you?"

Kathleen exclaimed, quite horrified "He's quite right, Kitty," Arnold answered—it was Arnold and Kitty nowadays between them. "I've felt that myself all along as I was writing it. The story's so somber. It's better suited. I'm afraid to the tastes of the generation that read 'Adam Bede' than to the tastes of the generation that reads Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling. However, in patience must we possess our souls. There's no telling beforehand in art or literature how the British public may happen to look upon any new departure." And he went to bed that night in distinctly low spirits.

A week later the manuscript was duly conveyed to London by Arnold in person Kathleen followed a few days after, out of deference to Mrs. Grundy. Arnold was too shy or too proud to take the manuscript himself round to Stanley & Lockhart, but Mortimer bore it thither for him in fear and trembling. Scarcely had Mr. Stanley glanced at the book when his countenance fell. He turned over a page or two. His mouth went down ominously.

Well. this is not the sort of thing I should have expected from Mr. Willoughby," he said, with frankness. "It's the exact antipodes, in style, in matter, in treat-



Scarcely had Mr. Stanley glanced at the book when his countenance fell. ment and in purpose, of the 'Elizabethan Seadog.' I doubt whether it's at all the sort of book to catch the public nowadays. Seems a decade or two behind the times. We've got past that type of novel. It's domestic purely. We're all on adventure

"So I was afraid." Mortimer answered "but at any rate I hope you'll do the best you can for it now you've got it." "Oh, certainly," Mr. Stanley answered in no very reassuring voice. "Of course

our level best for it. We've bought it and paid for it-in part at least -and we're not likely under these circumstances not to do our level best for it." "Willoughby retains an interest in it, you remember," Rufus Mortimer went on.

'You recollect, I suppose, that he retains a 15 per cent interest in it."
"Oh, certainly," Mr. Stanley answered.

"I recollect perfectly. Only I'm afraid, to judge by the look of the manuscript. which is dull at first sight—undeniably dull-he hasn't much chance of getting mere out of it than the £100 we've paid him in advance on account of royalties.'

This was disappointing news to Mortimer, for he knew Arnold had spent a fair part of that hundred on his living expenses in Venice, and where he was to turn in the future for support, let alone for the means to marry Kathleen, Mortimer could form no sort of conception. He could only go on hoping against hope that the book might "pan out" better than Stanley & Lockhart supposed—that the public might see things in a different light from the two trade experts.

Three days later Mr. Stanley came down to the office much perturbed in spirit.
"I say, Lockhart," he cried, "I've been reading over this new thing of Willoughby's-this 'Romance of Great Grimsby, as he chooses to call it-what an odious title!-and I must say I'm afraid we've just chucked away our money. He wrote the 'Seadog' by a pure fluke; that's where it is. Must have been mad or drunk or in love when he did it. I believe he's really

mad and still sticks to it he discovered and transcribed that manuscript. He's written this thing now in order to prove to us how absolutely different his own natural style is. And he's proved it with a vengeance! It's as dull as ditch water. I don't believe we shall ever sell out the first

We can get it all subcribed beforehand. I think," his partner answered, "on the strength of the 'Seadog.' The libraries will want a thousand copies among them. And, after all, it's only the same thing as if he had taken the £100 we offered him in the first instance. We shall be no more out of pocket if this venture fails than we should have been if he'd accepted our sheck last summer. "Well, we'd better pull off only as many hand of perfect mastery. His maiden ef-

as we think the demand will run to," Mr "It'll Stanley continued, with caution. be asked for at first, of course, on the merits of the 'Seadog,' but as soon as people begin to find out for themselves what feeble trash it really is they won't want any more of it. 'Poor pap.' I call it!"

So the great novel which had cost Arnold and Kathleen so many pangs of production came out in the end in its regulation three volumes just like any other.

There was an initial demand for it, of course, at Mudie's, that Arnold had counted upon. Anything which bore the name of the "editor" of "An Elizabethan Seadog" on the title page could hardly have fared otherwise. But he waited in profound anxiety for what the reviews would say of it. This was his own first book. for the "Seadog" was but a transcript. and it would make or mar him as an original author.

Oddly enough, they had longer to wait for reviews than in the case of Arnold Willoughby's first venture. It was the height of the publishing season. Editors' tables were groaning with books of travel, and biographies, and three volume novels, and epochs of history boiled down for the consumption of the laziest intellects. A week or two passed, and still no notice of the "Romance of Great Grimsby." At last one afternoon Arnold passed down the Strand and stopped to buy an influential evening paper on the bare chance of a criticism. His heart gave a bound. Yes, there it was on the third page-"Mr. Arnold Willoughby's New Departure."

He took it home with him, not daring to sit and read it on the Embankment. The very first sentence chilled him. "When a man begins by doing good work, the public has a right to expect good work in future from him. Mr. Arnold Willough by, or whatever gentleman chooses to veil his unknown personality under that ob vious pseudonym, struck fresh ground, and struck it well, in his stirring romance of 'An Elizabethan Seadog,' He would have done better to remember the advice which a Scotchman in the gallery once gave to Boswell on a famous occasion—'Stick to the coo, mon!' Mr. Willoughby, unfortunately, has not stuck to his coo. He has a distinct talent of his own for wild tales of adventure, in which he can well simulate a certain air of truth and can repro duce the style of a bygone age with extraordinary fidelity and historical accuracy. But the higher pathos and the higher onstructive faculty are altogether beyond the range of his not inconsiderable powers. To put it frankly, his three volume novel, in spite of obvious straining after the most exalted qualities, almost induces one to accept Mr. Willoughby's own improbable story of the finding of his manuscript in a Venetian cookshop, and to believe that he was really nothing more, after all, than the translator and editor of that excellent tale of buccaneering life in the sixteenth

century."
Arnold's head reeled round. Still he read on and on. It was all in the same strain. Not one word of cold praise for his poor little bantling! The reviewer demolished him as though he were not a vertebrate animal. His plot was crude, ill considered and ridiculous. His episodes were sometimes improbable, but oftener still impossible. His conversations were unreal, his personages shadowy, his picture of fisher life melodramatic and unconvincing. It was plain he knew nothing at first hand of the sea. Everything in the book from beginning to end was bad, bad, bad, bad-as bad as it could be. The re viewer could only hope that in his next venture Mr. Willoughby would return from this puerile attempt to put himelf outside his own natural limitations to the proper

sphere he had temporarily deserted. Arnold laid down the paper, crimson Very new authors are affected by reviews He knew it, he knew it! He had been be trayed into attempting a task beyond his nowers by the kindly solicitations of that good fellow Mortimer. For Mortimer's sake, even more than his own, he felt it acutely. One thing he prayed—that Kathleen might not happen to see that review and be made utterly miserable by it. must try if possible to break his failure gently to her.

He went out again, to call on her and hint his despondency. After that, he thought, he would go and see Stanley & Lockhart to ask them how much they were losing by his novel.

He walked along with burning cheeks, and as he passed Rufus Mortimer's club that clever young Vernon who writes such stinging reviews for the evening papers turned with a smile to the American.

"There goes your friend Willoughby, he said, with a wave of his cigarette. "Have you seen what a dressing I've given that silly book of his in this evening's Piccadilly? 'A Romance of Great Grimsby' indeed! 'A Drivel of Idiocy' he ought to have called it."

> CHAPTER XXX. WHAT ALWAYS HAPPENS

When Arnold reached Kathleen's rooms he found Mrs. Irving quietly seated there before him, while Kathleen herself was immensely excited about something unknown that had happened in the interval "Have you seen the evening papers?" cried almost as soon as he entered, rushing up and seizing his hand with sympathetic fervor. "That dear Mrs. Irving,

"What papers?" Arnold answered, trembling inwardly for her disappointment. Such friendliness was cruel. "Not tonight's Piccadilly?" 'Oh, dear no," Kathleen answered, un-

ne's just brought them round to me."

able any longer to restrain her delight. Who cares for The Piccadilly? The Hyde Park Gazette and tomorrow's Athenseum Do look at them at once! There are such ovely reviews in them!" "Reviews?" Arnold exclaimed, drawing

deep, long breath. "Oh, Kitty, of our book?" For it had been 'ours' with both of them in everyday talk from its begin-"Yes, ours," Kathleen answered, over-

oyed. "And oh, Arnold, I'm so proud. To think it's your very, very own this time! I shall be so glad to remember I helped you write it!" "Let me see them," Arnold cried, half

dazed. And Kathleen, with a glowing face, handed him over the papers. The poor fellow began, still tremulous with the Hyde Park Gazette. How his heart beat fast and then stood still within him! The heading alone was enough-

'Mr. Willoughby's New Triumph.

Once the ground reeled under him, though in the opposite sense from the way it had reeled an hour or so before. He clutched a chair for support and sank into t. all dazzled. This was too splendid! Mr. Willoughby," the notice began, with journalistic stiffness, "has scored a second success, far greater in its way than the uccess he scored over 'An Elizabethan Seadog.' His new novel, though utterly unlike its popular predecessor, is as admirable in execution, but it is infinitely superior in design and purpose. The change is fundamental. Mr. Willoughby's new book strikes a far higher note, and strikes it firmly, clearly, definitely, with a

fort had the merit of an exciting romance of action and adventure, it belonged to the type now so unduly popular with the vast body of readers, and our author showed us there that he could hold his own against any man living in the department of lurid historical fiction. He has done wisely now in revealing those profounder qualities of thought and of artistic workmanship which can only be adequately displayed in a more serious piece of psycological analysis. The result is most satisfactory. We must congratulate Mr. Willoughby on having escaped from thraldom to the foolish fancy of a passing day, on having abjured the fearful joys of gore that flows ike water and on having ventured to use his own great powers to the best and highest purpose in the production of a sterling and pathetic romance far worthier of his gifts than his in many ways admirable Elizabethan Seadog.'

Arnold read on and on in a fervor of reaction. This was glorious—magnificent! Line by line the review revived in him all his belief in himself, all his belief in the reality of his own creations. And it flattered him profoundly, for it saw in his work those very qualities he himself had striven hardest with all his might to put into it. That is the only kind of praise a sensible man ever cares for. He wants to be given credit for the merits he possesses, not for the merits he lacks-he wants to be approved of for producing the effects he actually aimed at. Arnold's face glowed with pleasure by the time he had reached the And as soon as he had finished that first flattering notice Kathleen, smiling still more deeply, handed him The Athe næum

Arnold turned to the critical organ with a vague sense of terror. The first few sentences completely reassured him. The leading literary journal was more judicial, to be sure, and more sparing of its approbation than the penny paper, as becomes a gazette which retails itself to this day for an aristocratic threepence, but the review, as he read on, gave Arnold no less pleasure and gratification than the other one, for he perceived in it before long a certain tone and style which form, as it were, the hall mark of a very distinguished critic, to have gained whose suffrages was indeed no small joy to him. For the first time in his life Arnold felt he was being appreciated for himself alone-for the work he had really and actually performed, not for his artificial position or for extraneous merit falsely attributed to

As for Kathleen, glowing pink with delight, she stood glancing over his shoulder as he read and watching with a thrill the evident pleasure in his face at each fresh word of approval. Her cup was very full. At last he was appreciated! As soon as he had finished she turned, with a face all crimson, to her silver haired friend.

"I must, Mrs. Irving!" she cried, with womanly gesture-"I really must!" And in a transport of joy and triumph she flung her arms around him and kissed him

"I think," Mrs. Irving said, rising with quiet smile and setting the bonnet straight over those silver locks, "I'd bet-



She flung her arms around him and kissed him fervently.

ter be going to look after some errands No, dear, I can't possibly stop any longer, and I dare say you and Mr. Willoughby will have lots of things new to talk over quietly with one another.

And so they did. Arnold felt, of course that if one bad review didn't make a chilling frost neither did two good ones make an established reputation. Still it did seem to him now as though the sky were clearing a bit—as though it might be possible for him at last to marry Kathleen some time in the measurable future. They must wait and see, to be sure, how the book went off, but if it really succeeded as a commercial venture Arnold thought his path in life would henceforth lie tolerably smooth before him. So he waited a week or two, not daring

meanwhile to go near Stanley & Lockhart's for fear of a disappointment.

During the interval, however, Kathleen ouldn't help seeing for herself at the bookstalls and libraries abundant evidence that the "Romance of Great Grimsby" was making its way rapidly in public favor. Wherever she went people spoke to her of "your friend Mr. Willoughby's book—oh, charming, quite charming! What a delightful man he must be to know—so clever and so versatile! I wish you could bring him here." And when Kathleen answered briefly, with a deep red spot on her burning cheek, that he didn't care to go out people murmured to themselves, half aside: 'Ah, a little affectation! He'll get over that, of course, as soon as he ceases to be the lion of the moment. But it's always so with lions. They're invariably affect-For it was Arnold's fate in life to be persistently credited with the virtues and vices alike that were most alien to his shy and retiring disposition.

At the end of three weeks more, with a very nervous step, he went round by himself to Stanley & Lockhart's. The moment he got inside the publisher's door, however, he was no longer in doubt whether or not his book was really selling. The office boy recognized him at once and descended deferentially from his high bare stool, flinging the wooden barrier open wide with a respectful sweep for the man who had written the book of the season. Arnold went up in a maze to the senior partner's room. Mr. Stanley, humming and hawing, received the new lion with

much rubbing of hands and a very glowing countenance. "Selling, my dear sir?" he said in answer to Arnold's modest inquiry. "Why, it's selling like wildfire. Biggest success of its kind since 'Robert Elsmere.' I confess I certainly had my doubts at first_I had my doubts, I won't deny it. I thought, having once fixed your public with the first book you edited"—Mr. Stanley, catching his breath, just saved himself with an effort from the peccant verb-"you would do better to stick in future to the same kind of thing you'd made your original hit with. It was an experiment, an experiment. But you judged your own real talent more justly than I did. There can be no sort of doubt now that your book has hit the mark. It's being read all one test we can have of our usefulness

round. We're going to press today with a third edition Arnold's face grew pale.

"A third edition!" he murmured. This udden success at last was almost too much for him. "Well, I'm glad of it," he metal beneath it—who knows and believes answered again after a moment's pause, 'very glad indeed, for I've found life hard at times, and once or twice lately, since my hand got crushed, to tell you the plain truth, I've almost despaired of it."

"Well you won't find it hard in future the publisher said kindly, with a benignant smile. "No despairing henceforth Whatever you write after this will command its own market. We're pleased to think, Mr. Willoughby, we were the first to encourage you. It's a feather in our cap, as I said to Lockhart. Would you like a small check on account-say for a couple of hundred?"

"A couple of hundred pounds?" Arnold cried, taken aback. To have earned such a sum for himself as £200 seemed to him well nigh incredible.

"Why, yes," the man of business answered, with a good humored laugh. great deal more than that must be due to you already. Let me see, 3,000 at 18 and 6 -h'm, h'm, exactly so. Judging by what we made on the last book we publishedthe sale of which, after the same length of time had elapsed, was barely two-thirds of yours—I should fancy, before you're done your book ought to bring you in somewhere about £2,500."

Arnold gasped for breath. Two thousand five hundred pounds! And all of his own making! With that one maimed hand too! For the first time in his life he was positively proud of himself.

"There's only one thing, Kitty," he said an hour or two later as he sat holding her hand in her own pretty room in Kensington-"only one thing that mars my complete happiness, and that is the fact that I don't feel quite sure whether such work as mine is of any use to humanity. I don't feel quite sure whether a man can hold himself justified to the rest of his kind in living in the produce of labor like that as he might if he were a sailor, now, or a shoemaker, or a miner.'

"I do," Kathleen answered, with a woman's simpler faith. "I feel quite certain of it. What would life be worth, after all. without these higher tastes and these higher products-art, literature, poetry? It is they, and they alone, that give it its value. I thought to myself as you were writing it and dictating it to me at Venice, 'How wrong it would be for this man, who can think things like those and put his thoughts so beautifully, to throw away his He allowed the idea to grow and mellow in confident that when the time comes it gifts by doing common sailor's work that his mind. He kept on his journey around will be proven that the bodies found any ordinary workman with half his brains and a quarter of his sensitiveness could do a hundred times better most probably than he could."

'Not better," Arnold exclaimed, correctonce by this stray suggestion of inferiority in his chosen craft. "I'm a tiptop mari-ner! I don't know whether I can paint, and I don't know whether I can write a at reefing a sail in dirty weather, and the bo'sun used to say: 'Send Willoughby aloft, cap'n. He's the surest of the lot of em.' Till my hand got crushed I could haul a sheet with the best man in England. My one consolation now is that I lost it in the performance of my duty to the world, and that's so, having served my work I can best turn the relics of my shat-

"And I'm sure it's good work, too," Kathleen persisted, unabashed, with a woman's persistency. "Work that does good in the world quite as much as seal oil or shoes or coal, not only by giving pleasure to whoever reads it, but also by making people understand one another's difficulies and troubles better, breaking down barriers of class or rank and so uncon sciously leading us all to be more sympa-

thetic and human to one another.' "Perhaps so," Arnold answered. "I hope it is so, Kitty!"

There was a long pause next, during which Kathleen stared hard at the empty fireplace. Then Arnold spoke again. "After what Stanley & Lockhart told me," he said, smoothing her hand with his own, "can you see any just cause or impediment, darling, why we two shouldn't make it Wednesday fortnight?"

Kathleen leaned forward to him with happy tears in her brimming eyes. 'None at all, dear Arnold,' she answered, too happy for words almost. sooner now. I think, the better."

They sat there long, hand in hand, saying all they said mutely, which is, after all, the best way to say many things that lie deepest in the heart of humanity. Then Kathleen spoke again:

"Only for one thing, dearest Arnold, do I wish you could have married me under your own real name. No-don't start and misunderstand me. I don't want to be a countess. I have no mean ambitions. I'd rather be Arnold Willoughby's wife, who wrote that beautiful book, than ten thousand times over an English countess. But I do wish the world could only have known how brave and how strong you are, and how much you have gone through for the sake of principle. I want it to know how you might at any time have put out your hand and reclaimed your true rank, and how for conscience's sake you refused to do it. Many a time at Venice this last long winter when I saw you so poor and ill and troubled I thought to myself, 'Oh, I wish he could only break through his resolve and go back with a rush to his own great world again.' And then I thought once more: 'Oh, no, for if he could do that he wouldn't be the Arnold I love and admire and believe in so firmly. He is himself just in virtue of that, and it's for being himself that I love him so utterly.' And it's irrational, of course-illogical, absurd, self contradictory, but somehow I do wish you could proclaim yourself to the world. so that the world might admire you as it bught and would for never so proclaiming vourself!'

are willing to keep me alive in comfort for

for them. As the world goes, that's the

the sake of the things I can do and make

The Times this morning publishes a column letter from Mr. Bertram Currie, Arnold stooped down and kissed her "My darling," he answered, smoothing her cheek, "if I have gained your love, and a member of the firm of Glyn, Mills, that's more than enough for me. What we are, not what we are taken for, is the thing that really matters. A man, I suppose, is never truly known-not to the very heart and core of him-except by the one woman on earth that loves him. the time and labor spent in the contro-I often wonder whether I did right in the versy the bimetallic league is still silent as to the specific plan in which the bimetallic first place, whether I ought ever to have shifted all that responsibility and all that theory is to be aided, as to the propose wealth to dispose of onto the shoulders of ratio, as to the methods of enforcing the my cousin Algernon, who is certainly not atio or as to the consequences which would wisest or best man to make use of follow from its establishment. them. But would I have used them better? up the situation from this standpoint, Ma And once having done it my way then Currie says: "The bimetallists are en was clear. There was no going back again. I shall be happy now in the feeling that, left entirely to myself and by my own work alone, I have so far justified my existence to mankind that my countrymen

The U. S. Gov't Reports superior to all others.

And, Kitty, if I hadn't done as I have done I should never have met you, and then I should never have known the one woman on earth who is willing to take one, not for the guinea stamp, but for the

that the man's the gold for a' that!" THE END.

DISPUTED TRINIDAD.

LONDON, July 25 .- Referring to the statement cabled from New York that Brazil has formally protested against Great Britain's claim to the Island of Trinidad. persons in authority questioned on the subect by the representative of the Associated cess say that the British title to that island dates from the year 1700, when possession was taken of it without any objection on the part of Portugal. It was added that hitherto Brazil has not advanced any claim to the Island of Trinidad, but the British government is ready to discuss in a friendly spirit any representations which Brazil may wish

make on the subject. RIO JANEIRO, July 25 .- There is growing excitement in this city over the occupation f the Island of Trinidad by the English. The government has dispatched two notes to the British legation of emphatic protest, quoting the British admiralty law of 1782, by virtue of which Trinidad was evacuated by the English and restored to Portugal.

The Brazilian island of Trinidad should not be confounded with the British island of Trinidad, off the coast of Venezuela whence the bitumen comes. The Brazilian Trinidad is situated in the South Atlantic cean in latitude 20 degrees 30 minutes south and longitude 29 degrees 22 minutes west. It is 700 miles from the coast of Brazil, which is the point of land nearest to it. It contains about sixty square miles of ter. Holmes, made a suggestion to-day. "Did ritory. It is uninhabited, but Baron Harlit ever occur to you," he asked an Assoden Hickey, a French journalist, who mar- ciated Press reporter, "that the Minnie ried Anna H. Flagler, daughter of the Standard Oil millionaire, John H. Flagler, has for years been working on a scheme to decided to take a trip around the world in a case, that she was not known in that city sailing vessel. So he took passage on the and had no relatives? Who knows but that merchant ship Astoria, Capt. Jackson, which sailed from England, bound westward the San Francisco girl might be the missing around Cape Horn. The Astoria was driven girl? It is true the Williams girl left by stress of weather to the island of Trinidad, where it remained for several days. but there is no positive knowledge even Baron Harden-Hickey went ashore and ex- him that she did go, plored the island. It was then that he conseived the idea of planting a colony upon it. cannot be convicted of murder, and just as the world, visited China, India and other were used in insurance schemes only.

ing her hastily and put on his mettle at | island of Trinidad under a maxim of inter- first official notice I would get would be an national law which declares that anybody indictment, and so far as I know no steps in may hold and seize waste land that is not that direction have been taken. claimed by anybody else. The island is unlish also once made a feeble effort to plant a longs. An old sponge was also found. has a plateau on which there is abundant be blood. vegetation. 'A river of pure, fresh waser runs through it. It has all the essential qualifications for supporting several hundred Great quantities of wild fowl make it their breeding place, and it is visited periodically by thousands of turtles,

BIMETALLISM IN BRITAIN.

London, July 25 .- The Bimetallic League netallic workers in every district and in the police new information of importance. Wales circulated eight feet posters stating the nature of their propaganda and especially pointing out the attitude of Sir William the exchequer, on the question. All these posters were published in Welsh. tion with the representative of the Asseciated Press, said that most of the Concourt was its most determined enemy all Holmes' the cabinet. It is a signifipresident of the local government board, gains."

resident of the Gold Standard Defense, Currie & Co., in reply to the statements sisters. He has obtained copies of deeds by made by Mr. Henry C. Gibbs, director of which they transferred their property, and he Bank of England and president of the he claims their names were forged. British bimetallic league, in the Times of dence has been collected, he says, which July 13, controverting the arguments made in the manifesto of the Gold Defense Asso murdered before July 12, the date appended ciation. Mr. Currie says that in spite of to the deeds. He thinks they were killed still in the name of Minnie Williams WAR IMMINENT.

Awarded Highest Honors-World's Fair. ·DR



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THE INSURANCE MURDERS.

Lawyer Shoemaker's Suggestions Regarding the Supposed Victim Minnie Williams

More Bones Discovered - Defendant's Counsel Says They Were Used in Insurance Schemes.

PHILADELPHIA, July 26 .- Lawyer Wm. A. Shoemaker, who represents H. H. Holmes, made a suggestion to-day. "Did Williams who was murdered by Theodore Durrant in San Francisco last April was about plonize it. In 1888 Baron Harden-Hickey the same age as the Minnie Williams of this Holmes and said she was going to Europe,

Mr. Shoemaker feels confident that he Asiatic countries, and finally came back to the United States and married Miss Flag- all, and have merely been cutting a r. In an interview the baron said: ridiculous figure before the public. I know "I propose to take possession of the nothing of Holmes being tried here. The

Workmen at swindler Holmes' morgue to inhabited and has been so for more than a day dug up a piece of bone and Dr. Robinnovel worth the paper it's printed on, but I do know I was always a first rate hand the Portuguese attempted to colonize it, The doctor says it is certainly a probably by a penal colony. They soon piece of human bone, but he cannot detergave up the attempt, however. The Eng- mine to what part of the anatomy it becolony upon it, but the project was aban-doned after a short settlement. The re-saturated with blood. One of the mains of these early settlements may still important finds made by the police be seen upon the island. No one, however, was a bench covered with bloodstains. It has lived on it for more than a century. I was found in a deserted store-room next to the world, and that's so, having served my time, as it were, till accident maimed me, I'm at liberty to live on like a sort of literary Chelsea pensioner on whatever light erary Chelsea pensioner on whatever light the miles long and two or three miles wide. It is on a rock foundation but the status of the status.

CHICAGO, July 26.—Thomas Freeman agend for the Chicago Demonstrators' Association, said last night that in his opinion the bones found in Holmes' "castle Englewood were those of persons made which deposit their eggs there. There is no reason why a people should not live there and be happy and contented." would be impossible for Holmes to obtain a cadaver without his knowledge.

Quinlan and Owens had another "sweat box" experience last night, and when they has shown increased activity during the left the central station they were under the past week. The committee have been in guard of two police officers to prevent their constant session since Monday. The league escape and keep any one from conversing with them. Both men plainly showed that now occupies large offices in Cornhill, and they are beginning to appreciate the position its members are all delighted with the re- which recent developments in the Holmes sult of the general elections. The bi- case has placed them in. Both have given

Pat Quinlan, janitor in Holmes' "castle," is in serious danger. He carried 37 keys which opened various doors, secret and Vernon Harcourt, the ex chancellor otherwise, in the chambers of Holmes' case tle. He was the factotum of Holmes. Quinlan is between two fires. If Holmes con-Secretary McNeill, talking over the situa- fesses, as it is said he will, he may implicate Quinlan, and if the latter confesses he apparently must implicate himself. Damservative delegates were pledged to bi- aging evidence against Quinlan has accumumetallic principles before accepting the lated more rapidly in the last 24 hours than nomination. He added: "The complexion against Holmes. Detective Norton was inof the next parliament shows increased formed early of the career of Quinlan with friendship for our views. In Wales they have not hitherto understood the difference a girl whose first name was Lizzle. She had between monometallism and bimetallism, a sister working in the restaurant connected But they won't accept Harcourt's views with the castle. This Lizzle gave birth to a Let me tell you, child, which Holmes took care of. What as law and gospel. Let me tell you, child, which Holmes took care of. What Sir William Harcourt is the individual who became of it is unknown, save to Holmes is responsible for the defeat of the Liberals. and Quinlan. The report spread about 33cd His ideas were narrow and bigoted, and it street that he was about to marry the girl. is generally conceded that he is not a finan. Suddebly his wife, who had not been living cier. You may state as a fact that he has at the castle, appeared on the scone. Lizzle relied during his occupancy of the exchequer was hurried out of the city and it is said upon the financial views of a banker, Mr. she is now in Omaha. An effort will be Montague. When the matter was brought made to find her. Quinlan, it appears, sent up last February Sir William Har. orders from Phitadelphia to destroy papers, other articles which might aid the cant fact that Mr. Shaw Lefebre, the late detectives in tracing his career. George W. Harris, alias B. Z. Z. Ziegal, publishes as the principal reasons for his delis in custody of the detective agency under feat that many of the voters in his constitu-ency withheld their support owing to his hostility to bi-metallism. "The cause is has passed under a string of aliases, having gaining ground rapidly in England. We been known as B. A. Simpkins and Alfred lost a few Liberal friends, but this has been H. Post. He was chief promoter in the more than equalled by great Conservative Taylor addition of the first mortgage swindles in St. Paul, which caught many Chicago people. Much importance is antached to the arrest of Harris. William Cappe, of the firm of Capps &

Cantee, of Fort Worth, Texas, is in Chicago in the interests of the heirs of the Williams before July 4. He has been investigating the property at Willamette and he says it is

Rome, July 25 .- Government officials here openly declare that war with Abyssinia thuslastic, ill-advised agitators instead of has been decided upon. Il Corriere con-practical reformers." France and Russia are preparing to make their new alliance felt and wish to have e U. S. Gov't Reports

Eogland and Italy engage in an African
war, when they will be free to carry out
their plans in the Mediterranean and the