

SELECT STORY.

MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER.

—OR—
PARTIED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

By the author of "A Fatal Marriage,"
"The Pretty Young Girl," etc.

CHAPTER V.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER HAD SHE DIED.

CONTINUED.

"By George, now who'd I've thought of," he muttered under his breath, "who'd I've suspected 'im h'of h'all h'other men. By George, now h'Im astounded, h'll never get the fifty pound 'ee h'oves me now, that's sure, confound the fellow. Egad, 'ere's 'is picture, too."

At this juncture the train bell rings and Lennox flings down the paper on the nearest bench, making a bee-line for the now-moving train; everything else for the moment forgotten in the excitement of catching it.

"The waiting-room is quite deserted now, and Irene paces the floor, fairly too bewildered to think.

"I cannot restrain my anxiety," she mutters—"my heart almost stops beating with strange apprehensions. How Karl will laugh at me when I tell him how frightened I have been."

The paper attracts her attention and she picks it up mechanically, telling herself she would look it over a few moments to pass the time away.

As she opens out the page the first words her eyes rest on are—

"Capture of the most daring and expert robber London has ever known. The mysterious Middleton Safe Robbery cleared at last. A correct portrait given below of the man taken by our special artist who was present at the scene of the arrest. The desperate resistance of the officers—a full history of the remarkable crime—"

Irene stops short. Her gaze has encountered the pictured face—her eyes dilated—she feels for an instant the cold chill of death creeping over her. She holds the paper off at arm's length, repeating the name that seems to stand out in letters of glaring fire beneath the picture—Karl Heathcliff!

She clutches the paper tightly in her hand, the floor and the ceiling seem to meet in the first forward step she takes. She cries out, but the deaf, awful, heart-rending cry dries away on her lips, making no sound. She throws up her white hands on one of which shines the wedding ring the man whose picture face stares up at her, placed there such a short while ago, and falls in a deep swoon to the floor of the waiting-room. It would have been better had she died at the altar than lived to have faced the dark future.

Rough hands, but kind ones, hasten to lift the slight figure, and she is quickly given in charge of the matron who has charge of such cases.

It is by the merest chance that Irene happens to have one of her cards in her pocket. It saves her from being taken to the nearest hospital.

Her white right hand holds the paper clutched so tightly that they do not attempt to remove it. A hansom is quickly called, the girl placed in it and in a very short time she is lying, unconscious still, upon her own white bed in her own room at the Middleton villa.

Mrs. Grey, the housekeeper, had been greatly alarmed over the girl's protracted absence, and more shocked still when she was brought home in a deadly swoon. She said: "The paper she holds in her hand is a key to the mystery. We purchased one of those extra little white cards ourselves, and sent it to our intense joy and surprise, the Middleton Safe Robbery, with the mystery shrouding it, was cleared at last in those columns. No wonder poor pretty Irene swooned when she read all; I wonder the shock did not kill her."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FORCED CONFESSION.

No wonder all London was startled by the thrilling episode contained in the extras. There was a detailed account of Heathcliff's arrest. How he was shadowed by the Scotland Yard detectives, who had first suspected him by seeing him pass one of the new bills of the same issue as those taken from Banker Middleton's safe on the night of the robbery.

More bills of the same issue found their way from his purse; then suspicion deepened into a certainty in their minds. They would have waited further developments, but, meeting Heathcliff coming out of the railway station, and realizing he was on the eve of flight—to use their own words—they nabbed their man without further parley.

At first he tried bravado, declaring it was all a mistake, but that failed him, and then he heard the charge upon which he was apprehended, and saw the hand-cuffs, and that there was no chance of escape, he burst into tears. He fell back like one half-fainting, when they drew from the breast-pocket of his coat two of the identical packages of money abstracted from the safe.

"It is all up with me," they heard him mutter in a husky voice that sounded like nothing human. "I have played for heavy stakes and—lost."

He tried to bribe the detectives to take all the money which was about him still—the diamonds he wore—everything, and let him go free, but they refused. They were not men to be bought. When he found out how useless all his pleading was, he turned upon them with the ferocious desperation of a criminal brought to bay, and in the melee which followed, he was severely wounded—he could be taken in no other way.

"If I must go, take me away at once," he cried, glancing fearfully back at the waiting-room windows, then down at his manacled wrists.

They hurried him into a coach and drove rapidly to the nearest police station.

When the doctor connected with the precinct looked into his face, he shook his head sadly.

"Well," said the inspector, "he could not recover save by a miracle and these are not the days of miracles. He may last until sundown, not longer."

A laugh, loud and mocking, fell from the lips of the incredulous prisoner who had been listening intently.

"Such nonsense, sheer nonsense," he cried, "I have only the slightest kind of a pain, to tell me I shall be dead by sundown is the rankest kind of nonsense. It is the business of doctors to croak and make people miserable," he added grimly.

But as the hours rolled by and his pain increased, he grew greatly troubled.

"Do you want anything?" asked the nurse, bending over him and holding the cooling water he pleaded for to his burning lips.

"I should want something if I really thought I had to die," he said, hoarsely, "Do you really think I am going to die?" and the woman saw him shiver and gasp at the very thought.

"I dare not tell you an untruth," the nurse answered, pityingly. "You are sinking very fast. Is there anything I can do for you? Any message I can send anyone?"

"And I am going to die," he muttered, "and I have thought so little about death. I have always had a queer fancy that the old fellow with the reaper would cut others down, but some spare me."

"Listen," he cried: "if I thought I was really going to die, I would make a—confession. My lips hold a secret and I must tell it before I die. I should not rest in my grave if I did not. My idea of death is rest, a long dreamless rest, deeper than any sleep. I do not know what comes after it, I have never given any thought to that. I should not like my rest disturbed, I should not like to come

wandering back to this world, haunting the place, perhaps, where I have sinned."

"These are fearful, restless thoughts," said the nurse, "the dead do not come back."

"I am not so sure," muttered the dying man; "night and day I have been haunted by the terrible fear of expecting the spirit of a man who I loved, who I have been foully murdered. The terror of watching has cursed my life. If I am sinking, bring some one to me to hear what I have to say."

She brought the Inspector and two of the officers.

"This was," muttered the prisoner, "when I would not have dared to tell my terrible secret, for I should have gone to the gallows for it, but now—you are sure that I shall die?"

And the three voices answered, "Sure!" "That sounds like a death-knell," murmured the dying man, "and the well she cared as if I need not inflict the story of my childhood or youth upon you. Suffice it to say, they were more desolate than seldom falls to the lot of childhood. I can not recall one happy hour; I do not remember one happy hour; I have known every terror, every suffering that poverty is heir to. No wonder my reckless, mispent life has rounded off as it has; I am glad to die and end it all. I will tell my story briefly, it is no common one," he said, sure to be known soon enough. "I am not the real Karl Heathcliff!"

If his companions felt surprise, their faces did not betray it; they made no comment and he continued:

"I was made an artist, but a roving disposition and love of adventure made me a soldier. I drifted to gay Paris; to Berlin, and from thence into Spain. It was at the time that hostilities rent the unhappy kingdom. I sheltered at one time, disguised with the idea of a brush with the Carlists. Out campaigning on the warm Spanish hills; where lances bristled and cannon roared was the sort of life I loved. Among the other volunteers was a young Englishman, between whom and myself a warm friendship sprang up; he was Karl Heathcliff."

"I learned this much of his history, he was the nephew of a wealthy London banker, John Middleton, whom he had not seen since boyhood. The advantage of a liberal education at Heidelberg University was given him with the understanding that he was at a future date to inherit the greater portion of his uncle's great wealth. He was gay, fun-loving, and reckless; always in disgrace, and therefore always on the worst possible terms with his stern uncle who was always on the look out for some prank of the young fellow's which he should have to pay. He was expelled from the university for hazing, and as his uncle vowed he should not come to London, I travelled about on my own, at last drifting into the army; though of his last escapade his uncle knew nothing. He was first in every danger, he knew no fear; he was loved by his comrades and was as good-hearted as the best of us."

One night soon after the sun had set there was a terrible encounter between the hostile armies, our regiment was literally cut to pieces. Almost the first to all was my brave young comrade Heathcliff; perhaps he was the most reckless and cared the least for his life.

"I caught him as he fell backward, struck down by a shell; he lingered but a few short moments dying, at length, in my arms."

"Leon, Lord Forrester," he called, hoarsely, "are you there?" "Yes," I answered, pressing his hand as I laid him down on the powder-burned grass.

"It will soon be all over with me comrade," he said, "there will be no more warnings, no more travels, no more starlit nights on the Spanish hills, no more camping out, no hard adventures, no perils such as make the heart beat and the pulses thrill, no more for me. It is not quite fair. After all, I had but a very short life of it; and now to be cut down like this."

"Do me one favor, Forrester," he whispered, faintly; "if you live to return to England let me, my uncle and my cousin, know my fate. He will not care, perhaps, but Irene, my cousin Irene, will shed a tear for me when she knows how I died. You will find my uncle's address in a note book on the fly-leaf, and next to my cousin Irene's picture; take the note book and the picture back to them and."

The sentence was never finished; he fell back in my arms on the battle-field, dead. I took the letters and papers, together with the picture, from his breast-pocket and transferred them to my own. Amidst the heat of the battle I could not stop to examine them. Months passed before the campaign was over. I came out of it unscathed, and when I reached England I beheld of the comrade I had left dead on the battle-field.

"Searching among my effects I found the packet I had thrust into my breast-pocket on that fatal day. I opened it now for the first time, and for the first time my eyes gazed upon the pictured face of Irene Middleton."

"I need not describe to you what the picture was like, you have both here the original, fairly held by my breath as I gazed on the pictured face of the most beautiful being I had ever beheld. I laid down the picture and took up the uncle's address, John Middleton, residence, Hyde Park, London."

"How strange a fate that Heathcliff, who would have inherited so much wealth, should have been struck down, and I, a poor devil of a wandering, struggling artist, spared, I must say."

"Suddenly, there and then, the greatest temptation that ever assailed a human being came to me, a temptation that caused me to catch my breath with a sharp gasp. I lay no claim to conscience, I never had any, and I listened eagerly to the voice of the tempter, which said: 'Here is a golden opportunity; fortune never knocks twice at any man's door. Do not let this chance slip by you: why should you starve, live from hand to hand on your wits with a chance for a fortune before you. Heathcliff has not been seen by his friends for years. They have grown out of all remembrance as to how he looks. No one save yourself knows of the untimely fate which befell him. Why not impersonate him, it had often been said we resembled each other, take his name; go to Banker Middleton, presenting myself at the Hyde Park mansion as his scape-grace nephew, returned to settle down and lead a quiet life.'

"With the private papers I had in my possession who would doubt me?"

"At best I had nothing to lose. If detection through some unforeseen event should come about, it could not disgrace a poor devil of a struggling artist to any amount. All it required to carry out this grand scheme was pluck and cool audacity."

"I will bring a long story short by admitting that I was successful beyond my wildest plans. I was taken into the household of the banker with stern admonition in regard to the past life I had been leading, and the threat unless I proved myself worthy of becoming his heir. I should find myself a beggar."

"I was now launched fully on the tidal wave of success as Karl Heathcliff. I was lost in happy meditation of all this, when the banker broke in suddenly upon my thoughts saying, as he touched a silver hand-bell close by:—

"I shall send for your cousin Irene; she is much changed from when you saw her last; a shy, timid little child of seven."

"Time makes great changes," I admitted modestly. "Ten years will have made Irene quite a young lady, I presume."

"You have been gone over twelve," retorted Banker Middleton sharply.

"I saw at once the rock on which I had stumbled, and hastened to make amends, assuring him it seemed but yesterday that I had left him, a stripling of fourteen, and that I could hardly imagine myself now a bearded man of six and twenty."

"While we were speaking I heard the sound of pattering feet in the corridor without, and an instant later the door was thrown open without ceremony, and the loveliest young girl I had ever beheld stood on the threshold."

"Did you send for me, uncle?" she asked, coming forward with all the grace of a young flower in its prime, her eyes fixed on his face.

"Yes, my dear," said the old banker, fondly.

"As she advanced I had every opportunity of taking in every detail of this superb young creature."

"She was equipped for a ride, and the blue velvet riding-habit she wore, which was edged with silver gray fox fur, fitted her slim, willowy figure to perfection."

"She looked like a tall slip of a girl not over sixteen, yet I had heard in advance that she was nineteen."

"A blue velvet cap with a scarlet bird's wing at the side, was pushed carelessly back on a head running over with dark curls, which were tied carelessly by a bit of ribbon. The dark, sparkling eyes looking out from that rose-leaf face, would have startled any one with their vivid loveliness."

"In one little gaunleted hand she held the skirt of her habit, loosely gathered up, displaying a charmingly dainty kid boot, and in the other hand she held a pearl riding-whip."

"Did you want me, uncle?" she repeated.

"Yes, Irene," he answered. "I want you to welcome your cousin, Karl Heathcliff. He has returned to us after an absence of twelve years. You remember him, do you not, Irene?"

"She came quickly up to me, and I have but a confused idea as to the words in which she welcomed me as she held out her little hand. I was conscious, however, that she said:—

"You do not look one particle like the little boy Karl, my old playfellow whom I remember so well, and I felt my face grow hot under the keen gaze of that pair of black eyes."

"Of what use to describe the weeks that followed. I fell violently, madly in love with Irene Middleton; and she, well she cared as little for me as the wind that blew, I felt, I knew it."

"Once I came upon her quite unexpectedly in the conservatory, and seized upon the opportunity to say a tender word to her that she might discern the state of my feelings towards her. 'Irene,' I said softly. She started, dropping the bouquet of roses she was gathering, in a shower at her feet."

"I do not go so far as to state me like that again, Mr. Heathcliff," she said, "I do not like any one to come upon me in that unexpected manner."

"I was so happy at finding you alone, Irene," I declared, affectionately.

"I do not go so far as to state me like that again, Mr. Heathcliff," she said, "I do not like any one to come upon me in that unexpected manner."

"I want to ask you something, Irene," I said, quietly; 'be kind, be patient, and listen to me.'

"I am going out calling a girl friend is waiting for me in the drawing-room, say quickly whatever you have to say."

"I felt that it was most difficult to be sentimental with this young girl. She had turned impatiently from me to the window, and she was looking out again at the flowers; one little white hand played with a spray of roses that came peeping in."

"Irene," I said, reproachfully, "won't you turn from those flowers to me? I am jealous of the attention you are paying them."

"She raised her beautiful eyes and looked at me. 'You are talking nonsense,' she said, loftily, and as I do not like nonsense, you will tell me quickly what you are detaining me here to say."

"It was difficult under such circumstances to be an eloquent words, circumstantially recollected the old adage:—

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

"And I said earnestly, pleadingly, 'I want to ask you if you will be a little kinder to me, Irene; I admire you so much that I should be the happiest man in the world if you would give me even so little of your friendship.'

"She seemed to consider the words, to ponder over them, and I took hope from her silence."

"I am quite unworthy, I know; I added, 'but if you know how all my life long I have desired the friendship of a good and noble woman you would be kinder to me, you would indeed.'

"You have lived in what the people call 'the world' all your life I suppose," she said suddenly.

"Yes," I replied, wondering curiously what she was thinking of.

"It is strange then that that of all the women you have met you should think me the only good and true one. I say you are not complimentary to the sex."

"I was taken back. Gracious! what a way to construe what I had said."

"I did not say those exact words, Irene," I retorted, flushing hotly.

"But you certainly implied them," she declared.

"I admire you, I like you, Irene," I cried; 'I could say more but I dare not, you are hard upon me.'

"I have no wish to be hard," she said, looking at me frankly with those intense dark eyes, "but you see I am unfortunately what people call plain-spoken, very truthful. You say you like me. Now here is the difficulty. I cannot give it to you because I do not like you. Were you twenty times my uncle's nephew, you see, friendship between us would be rather difficult."

That is my opinion now, but I will not judge too hastily; I will wait a few days and then decide."

"She turned carelessly away and before I could recover from my dismay to answer, she had quitted the conservatory."

CHAPTER VII.

IF I WIN HER AT ALL.

For a moment the man who lay gasping in the throes of death paused in his story, then went on huskily:—

"I looked after Irene as she quitted the conservatory, vowing that I should win her by fair means or foul. I loved her with a fierce, desperate love that at times frightened even myself."

"Was she like Undine, I wondered. What manner of man must he be to wake that soul of hers to perfect love? The time would come when love would find her out, when the fairy prince that all maidens dream of, would wake her from her magic sleep. She was pure and spotless as a white lily; the breath of love had never passed over her."

"The thought came to me that the mind that mastered hers must be a master mind; the soul that could bring her soul into subjection must be a grand soul."

"How was I to win her? Compliments, sweet, soft words would never do it. One scornful look from those dark bright eyes sent my ideas flying right and left, she has such a way of making a fellow feel small. If that kind of feeling comes over me when I am making her an offer, I often told myself, it will be of no use to plead my suit."

"The conviction came to me slowly, but surely, if I won her at all, it must be by strategy. I gave myself up night and day to solving the problem. How it was to be done?"

"Would Banker Middleton look with favor on my suit, I wondered; perhaps it would be better to approach him first upon the subject, and that was the beginning of the bitter end."

"On the very afternoon that the thought occurred to me I put it into execution. Mr. Middleton was very busy with some business he was transacting, but at my urgent request he consented to see me for a few moments in his sitting-room."

"As I entered, he took the great stacks of bills he had been counting over, and placed them in the safe, closing the door with a resounding bang."

"Now, sir," he said, motioning me to a seat "what is it you want?"

"I have come to ask a great favor of you my dear uncle," I began. 'Eh?' he exclaimed, sharply, 'what do you say?'

"Then it all came out; I told him I loved Irene and wanted to marry her, and words are weak to describe what followed. While I had been speaking I saw his face change, it became fiery purple with rage, with great livid spots upon it; the veins on his hands and neck stood out like whips, and if his eyes could have slain me, I would soon have lain dead at his feet."

"Stop, stop right where you are," he thundered, fairly foaming at the mouth. 'You must be mad to ask me for my niece.'

"It is a very common madness," I replied, 'I love Irene and ask you to give her to me if I can win her.'

"And I refuse," cried the old banker, furiously. 'I would rather see her lying in her grave than given to you.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

CANADA'S GREAT LAND RESERVES.

Million and a Quarter of Miles of Unexplored Lands.

Nothing can exceed the surprise created by the publication of the official estimate of the unexplored areas of Canada. Dr. Dawson, director of the geological survey, says they aggregate nearly a million and a quarter square miles, situated in the most northern, and therefore to explorers, most interesting part of Canada. Beginning at the extreme northwest of the Dominion, the first of these areas is between the eastern boundary of Alaska, the Porcupine River and the Arctic coast. It covers 9,500 square miles, somewhat less than Belgium, and lying entirely within the Arctic circle. The next area is west of the Lewis and Yukon rivers, extending to the boundary of Alaska. Until last year there were 22,000 square miles in this area unexplored, but a small part of this was traversed last summer. A third area of 20,000 square miles lies between the Lewis, Pelly and Stikine rivers, being nearly as large as Scotland.

Between the Pelly and Mackenzie rivers is another large area of 100,000 square miles, or about twice the size of England. It includes nearly 600 m. of the main Rocky Mountain range.

An area of 50,000 square miles is found between Great Bear Lake and the Arctic coast, most of it north of the Arctic circle. Nearly as large as Portugal is another area between Great Bear Lake, the Mackenzie River and the western part of Great Slave Lake, in all thirty-five thousand square miles.

Lying between Stikine and Lair Rivers to the north, and the Skeena and Peace Rivers to the south, is an area of fifty-one thousand square miles, which, except being recently penetrated by a field party, is quite unexplored.

Another area of thirty-five thousand square miles south-east of Athabasca Lake, is an area of which little is known except that it has been crossed by a field party on the way to Fort Churchill.

East of the Coppermine River and west of Bathurst inlet lie seven thousand five hundred miles of unexplored land half the size of Ireland.

East of this is an area of thirty-one thousand square miles, about equal to Ireland.

Lying between the Arctic coast, and Backs River, much larger than Great Britain and Ireland, and embracing one hundred and seventy-eight thousand square miles, is an area bounded by Backs River, Great Slave Lake, Athabasca Lake, Hatchet and Reindeer Lakes, Churchill River, and the west coast of Hudson Bay.

The most easterly area is the greatest of all. It comprises almost the entire interior of the Labrador Peninsula, or North-east Territory, in all about two hundred and eighty-nine thousand square miles, more than equal to twice the area of Great Britain and Ireland, with an added area equal to that of Newfoundland.

All these large tracts of land are exclusive of the Arctic Islands, which have several hundred thousand miles of unexplored land.

ON TRIAL FOR HER LIFE.

Widow Kellar Charged With Murdering a Midnight Visitor, Who She Says Assaulted Her.

The trial of Mrs. Harriet Kellar, charged with murder in the first degree, was begun at Oswego, N. Y., Wednesday. The accused is a widow, thirty-eight years old, with three sons, aged respectively seventeen, fifteen and eleven.

Albert Kemphorne, the victim, was a tall, manly looking fellow, aged thirty-two. His home was near Toronto, Canada, but he had been in the town of New Haven, Oswego county, for two years engaged in peddling meat. He was a constant caller at the widow's house, and on several occasions she went driving with him.

Shortly after midnight on the night of the murder Kemphorne called on the widow. He was intoxicated. She alleges that she refused him admission. At any rate he raised the window and entered. She says he assaulted her and that she offered resistance, but there was no evidence of a struggle, although the room was very small and contained small tables, stands, etc.

When found Kemphorne was lying on the bed, his head towards the foot of the bed, which was next the window. The contents of a shotgun had been emptied into his side, and the bedding and carpet

were soaked in blood. On the floor was a pistol with all chambers loaded. Two of the cartridges had been struck through the pistol, hammer and barrel, and the wad, probably before the shotgun was used. The theory is that the murderer waited until Kemphorne was asleep and then shot him.

No motive for the crime is known unless it be the quality worth \$21 an ounce. He told this to the widow when he applied for admission. A bottle filled with whiskey had dropped from his clothing, which was nicely folded on the window sill.

BRITISH COLUMBIA GOLD.

Great Excitement at Vancouver, Caused by Reports Received.

Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 24.—There is great excitement in Vancouver over the reports from South Kootenay, B. C., where it is said by conservative men that there have been twenty-five mines discovered which will be worth about \$1,000,000 each yearly to their owners. The excitement was further increased yesterday by the announcement that silver was going up, and that the immense silver deposits of West Kootenay, running \$100 to the ton on the average, would come into the market.

On top of this came the news of the satisfactory clean-up of the Cariboo country. Hydraulic mines, and to cap the climax word reached the city from Eburn, B. C., a few miles from Vancouver, that while John McLeod was boring for water in front of the Methodist church he was surprised to strike five fine gold veins in large quantities at 290 feet from the surface.

After galloping into Westminster, twelve miles distant, to stake his claim, he returned to prospect, and found that the gold ran fifty cents to the par and was the finest quality worth \$21 an ounce. The men in the vicinity, are feverishly excited. They believe McLeod has struck a bed of old river and preparations are being made to honeycomb the earth for miles in the vicinity.

EVEN TORIES DISCOURAGED.

Mayor Robertson of St. John, in a message to the Common Council of that city, says that the Tory party is discouraged by the attempt to make St. John one of the winter ports of Canada. His worship is a Tory of the pronounced type, and when he admits the failure of the Ottawa government to do justice to St. John, there is something very radically wrong. The city has certainly done its share towards securing the much coveted trade, but without avail. The business which should be done there and at Halifax, goes to a Yankee port, and the government closes its eyes to the injustice. We have paid for the Carleton Place railway," says Mayor Robertson, "and presented the same to the Canadian Pacific Company, we have paid a large part of the cost of the grain elevator, and have built wharves and warehouses at the C. P. R. terminus, the total expenditure being over a quarter of a million, but so far, the Canadian Pacific people had done nothing to bring trade and the Dominion government is evidently dropping the question, while New England cities were making strenuous efforts to grasp our trade."

The Mayor, therefore, recommends the appointment of a committee to act with the maritime board of trade and other bodies in respect to the matter. The council fell in with the mayor's idea of a committee.

And yet who is to blame the election comes on we shall have shouter like Ezekiel McLeod and other Tory shouters talking about the great prosperity that must come to St. John as the result of Tory rule. It is about time the city had wakened up to the fact that it has been systematically fooled. The winter port business has become a laughing stock and a bye word, and Mayor Robertson, good Tory though he is, seems to realize it.

Probably the council will appoint a committee to go to Ottawa and urge on the government the great injustice to St. John; the government will give some reply, evasive and meaning nothing, and the same old process of beguiling the people will be continued indefinitely.