Dalco," both tra-

phy, Ito and Co-. From the Murphy sprang ely followed by he first half, the the first half, the followte Maude, Murphy
L. Coming under aude pressed the round the quarter one. Charlie had ely, however, and of the race, his mid the lamenta-At the turn Ito asily, and Little drop to the rear.
h and past the rwas maintained:
tlana Jim, Little

but a repetition Little Maude made third, and made for that position. our lengths to the

50, 1.52. rot the next, and The horses entered The horses entered.
s. W. J. Taylor, D.
Black, — Prentiss,
D. Helmcken. In
Prentiss led the
all the way round, ving the walk so forced to turn that it appeared was trying to exeep. In the trot
out and held his ast, winning with cken and Prentiss

RACE. the list, was fully en expected. Sev-wn, but none were won by Tommy.

esterday were very curiosity abou ne curiosity attention veral instances they rs to two hors nor any of the oth-those or any other oughly that th

on to the horseed by Capt. Irv-

tees stand, and horses arted by the single he word to "Go!" le which was barred tered the winner of e g and repeat run-ree judges decided enough to bar y. lave trotting races, widened. There is sulkeys at present ky one being shut

test entered by inst "Cyclone." mance ever seen The time was owner felt the ut-

horse, and is sat-etter still in the REGULATES Bowels, Bile and Blood. CURES
Constipation, Billousness
all Biood Humors, Dys-

pepsia. Liver Complain Scrofula, and all Broke Down Conditions of t System. WATFORD, ONT. severe attack of tely broken down

rdock Blood Bitters MRS. HOPPERON.

PSY or SICKNESS ARRANT my remedy t
Because others hav
ot now receiving a cur
se and a Free BOTTL
MEDY. Give Expres
ests you nothing for
you. Address a
longe St., Toronte, Ont

CHAPTER XIX

tual Dividend Mining company was known to them, and they were only waiting for certain proofs to clap the handcuffs on his wrists. John felt no temptation to run away. Mortimer had seat with the driver, could not help temptation to run away. Mortimer had tried to induce him to fly with him to Canada, but John seemed to be in a dazed condition, and positively refused to do anything. He knew that he had committed a state's prison offense, and that it would not be long before he was made to answer for his crimes; but he did not intend to answer for them in a court of law.

He sat with the driver, could not help thinking of the last time he had sat on the box with Leoni inside.

It was after midnight when they reached John Huristone's rooms. The house was still as the grave. The sleepars might have been roused by footsteps on the stairs, but that was nothing, for the second floor lodger was in the habit of coming in at all hours, sometimes alone and sometimes with friends. When because we with the driver, could not help thinking of the last time he had sat on the box with Leoni inside.

It was after midnight when they are sate in his rooms all day and drank box with Leoni inside.

It was after midnight when they are sate in his rooms all day and drank box with Leoni inside.

It was after midnight when they are sate with the driver, could not help thinking of the last time he had sat on the box with Leoni inside.

It was after midnight when they are sate with the or with Leoni inside.

It was after midnight when they are sate with the diver, could not help thinking of the last time he had sat on the box with Leoni inside.

It was after midnight when they are sate with the diver, could not help thinking of the last time he had sate to a sate with the or with Leoni inside.

It was after midnight when they are sate with the or with Leoni inside.

It was after midnight when they are sate with the diver, could not help thinking of the last time he had sate with the diver, could not help thinking of the last time he had sate with the diver, could not help thinking of the last time he had sate with the diver, could not help the help the help the help the had sate with the diver, with the diver, could not help the help the help the help

past or the future as of the present. He thought of Leoni, whom he loved and to whom he was honestly married, and of the manuscript helds a comply with the comply and the manuscript helds a comply with the Amy, his expectant bride, eagerly waiting his coming in the little country town not a hundred miles away. He had not had the courage to tell Amy, and he had hoped that something would happen before the fatal day; but nothing did happen that could help him in any way. Fig. not a hundred miles away. He had not hoped that something would happen be-fore the fatal day; but nothing did hap-pen that could help him in any way. His troubles came thicker and faster, and he

saw a felon's cell before him.
"After all." he said to himself, "what is the use of fighting against fate? I can soon end the difficulty, and why not do

Before he put his thought into execution he was seized with a wild desire to see Leoni. 'She is my wife, and I love her—God knows how well-and she loves me. 1

must see her once more." He hurried off to West Tenth street, but only to find that she was not at home. Her mother thought she had gone to see a member of the corps de ballet who was suffering from a sprained ankle, and had no idea when she would return. Signora Cella would not have told John even if she had known, for Leoni for so long after having paid such serious court to her. John left the house in a very unhappy state of mind; but he could not bear to tear himself away from a spot hallowed by its associations with Leoni. He walked up and down on the opposite side of the street for an hour, and Signora Cella, who watched him window, was touched by the hopeless expression of his face. She him over to wait for Leoni, when he turned suddenly and almost ran up the street. His thoughts were tearing so wildly through his brain that he hardly

knew what he was doing.

A few moments later he found himself at the stage door of the Academy of Music. He stood there a while and watched the groups of chorus singers as they lounged against the iron railing and r their little troubles. He thought of Leoni in a confused sort of way; and then he started off on a brisk walk for his rooms. Antonio was outgone to eat a dish of spaghetti with a fellow countryman—and the place was quiet as the grave, and as lonesome. John sat down in front of a large picture wn in front of a large picture of Leoni, and gazed longingly at it; then he walked over to it and kissed the cold glass that covered the bright young face.

"Ah, my darling, if you only knew what a state of mind your husband is in you would be here by his side; but, dear girl, you don't know, and it's just as well that you don't." Then he got up and went to his bath-

room and took a bathe, and dressed himself in fresh linen, and put on a suit of clothes that Leoni particularly liked. Walking up to the long mirror that hung between the front windows, he looked at mself from head to heels.
"Not a bad looking fellow, as fellows

go," he said softly to himself; "it's a pity to kill him. But why not? He's only cumberer of the earth. You wouldn'think him such a bad fellow to look a him but he's a rascal—a born rascal Ah, there it is; it was born in hin where did it come from? His father was the most upright of men-his mothe (his voice trembled)-"his mother a sain on earth; yet their son is an outlaw. only out of jail because he hasn't been cap tured. He is an unhappy wretch, and has made all his friends unhappy, and he is going to put a final touch to their unhappiness. Yes, it's got to come, John Hurlstone; there's only one way to cut

Saving this, he walked over to his luxurious dressing table, deliberately opened an upper drawer, took out a silver and pearl mounted revolver, and, going over to his writing table, laid it down beside

him.
"Poor Leoni! I must write her a line before I go."

He took up his pen and began to write:
"Leoni mia, my own darling, my wife,

forgive — But he could not write another word, for his eyes were blinded with tears that ran down his cheeks and fell in scalding

drops upon the paper.
"This is unmanly," he said, suddenly springing to his feet. "Am I a woman that I should give way like this?"

Then, crossing over to the window, he razed out upon the street. How strange it looked! It seemed almost nike a new place to him. But no; there was his landlady's little daughter playing out on the sidewalk; she looked up and smiled and he kissed his hand to her. The clerk from the drug store on the corner walked by, an ordinary, commonplace young man, but he filled John with a trange interest, for he was the last man he should see in this world. He watched him out of sight; then he took the revolver from the table and stood in front of the long mirror again. He smiled sadly as he caught sight of his own face.
"They call this a coward's act. Per-

haps it is; but it takes a little courage," he said, and, placing the muzzle of the revolver close against his heart, he pulled the trigger.

A sharp report, a puff of smoke, and the body of John Hurlstone reeled backward and fell to the floor. And there, with one arm thrown over his head, the who had spent the evening with his friends grape home and found him. He was cold and still, and the terrified Italian knew that he was dead.

Antonio's first impulse when he found that his master was dead was to alarm the house; but he saw by the revolver at his side that he had taken his own life, ise; but he saw by the revolver at so he deemed it best to go for his brother, who he knew was connected with The Dawn. Locking the door carefully behind him, he ran with trembling limbs down into the street, and, calling a cab,

T WAS he day bade the driver go as fast as his horse before John Hurlstone's wed.

There he learned that Rush had left a collect as ying that he ding day, and where was the happy bride Antonio knew nothing about the wedgroom Wander ding preparations at Farmsted, and John ng ai m less ly had not intended that he should, for the around the man knew too much about another wedstreets, expecting every moment to be seized by the self with terror and grief, Antonio drove be seized by the police. They were not on his track, but he thought they were; and they soon would be, for his connection with the fraudulent Mu
To company was self with terror and grief, Antonio drove to the Cellas' to break the news of the tragedy to Leoni. In the dramatic manner of his countrymen he told his tale to the horror stricken household. Signora Cella wrung her hands and wept. Leoni seemed turned to stone. When she resovered speech she laid her hand on her mother's arm.

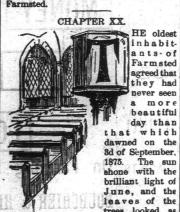
"Mother," said she, in Italian, "that dead man is my husband. I must go to

Motioning to the others to stay where they were she advanced to the door, manly form of her husband stretched cold and dead. She threw herself down beside it, and taking the dear dead face in her hands, kissed the unresponsive lips and laid her cheek close to his. She did not weep; she only kissed the cold face and the lifeless hands, and petted

them and murmured words of pass them and murmured words of passionate endearment.
Signora Cella and Antonio became alarmed by her long absence and the stillness, and, opening the door, found Leoni stretched by her dead husband's tide, as lifeless and still as he. Terror rendered them speechless. They both thought she had killed herself on the body of her husband, but, hoping against hope, Signora Cella put her hand on the oirl's heart and found that it was beating; he had only fainted. They laid her on the sofa and brought her to by slow de grees; but she was still in a da tion. Signora Cella deemed it best to get her home before the officers of the law took possession of the place, so she and Antonio led the unresisting girl to the cab, in which she was driven home,

station and gave information of tragedy. In a short time all was confusion in the house where John Hurlstone's body lay. The police were perfectly satisfied that it was a case of suicide, and the coroner gave his verdict to that effect. The address of the dead man's family was found among his papers, and the next morning a telegram informing them of what had occurred was dispatched to

while Antonio went to the nearest police



daughter, who fed them every morning

with crumbs of bread Inside the rectory all was pleasurable excitement. The wedding was to take place at 10 o'clock, and the groom was to meet the bride at the altar. The bridesmaids spent the night at the house, that they might be with the bride as long as possible before their final separation By half past 9 they were all dressed and ready to enter church. Amy never looked sweeter and prettier than in her pure white dress and orange blossoms.

The bishop of the diocese and Dr. Bay-

liss were in the vestry room, putting on their robes. The hands of the clock in the tower were fast moving around to-wards the hour, and the picturesque lit-tle church was filled with eager friends.

he said, putting his arm around Amy and leading her down the aisle, while the other was a series of the said and the said are you doing exclaimed Amy, rising.

"Excuse me, signorina; 1 am returners came after, followed by a murmur of surprise from the wedding guests.

"Excuse ine, signostica, ing some letters that I know he will want to have buried with him." I coni an-

surprise from the wedding guests.

The frightened bride could not find voice to speak. She knew something tervoice to speak. She knew something ter-rible had happened, but never for a mo-ment dreamed of the truth. Her father Amy with indignation. "Take them led her back to the rectory, and, taking her into his study, said, with broken

Still she did not speak. Her lips

silent, stunned by her sorrow.

Rush had told the news to the bishop, and he in turn had broken it to the wed-

ding guests, who left the church with sorrowing hearts, for John Hurlstone was a great favorite in Farmsted. All day long they stood around the streets in little groups, discussing the strenge news, and wondering what on earth could have induced that handsome, gay young man to take his own life. At the young man to take his own life. At the homestead the shutters were bowed, and the bereaved mother lay prostrate on her bed, surrounded by her children. At the rectory they succeeded in getting Amy to her room; but she would not take of her wedding dress. For hours she sat in awful silence, or paced the floor with monotonous tread, her white wall flooring should be the said flooring should be said flooring s veil floating about her and the orange blossoms filling the air with perfume. Rush took the first train to New York, to make arrangements for bringing his brother's body home. It was a sad journey. He thought of the last evening was a ballet dancer. She knew little spent with John, and of his wild words, about this profession, and the little she

the body.

He had not been gone long when Lehusband's body gone was terrible. In eyes scanned the tear stained page she wept for the first time since John's homestead. death. Piteous as was her grief her mother rejoiced in it, for the stony sience of the hours before had filled her

with alarm.

It was a sad home coming to Farmsted. A few intimate friends met Rush at the railway station and accompanied him with his brother's body to the house. There it lay in a coffin in the little old fashioned parlor where many of John's ancestors had lain before, but none after

such a death.

Amy Bayliss seemed to have got control of her grief, for when she heard that the body of her betrothed was lying at his home, she took off her wedding dress, and, arraying herself in a suit of black that she had worn after her mother's death, walked out to the homeste Rush saw her coming, and, taking her by the hand, led her tenderly into the darkened room where his brother's body lay, and left her alone with her dead.

The good people of Farmsted, who had spent most of their time in the street dur-

spent most of their time in the street during the past day or two discussing John
Hurlstone's suicide, had their curiosity
aroused to the highest pitch by the arrival of two foreign looking women by
the noon train from New York. One
was middle aged, the other young and
very handsome. They were both dark
and had large black eyes, and their dress
was as foreign as their faces. They
didn't seem to know they were being
stared at, but walked along the main they had never seen a more street slowly, evidently looking for something or somebody.

a more beautiful day than that which dawned on the 3d of September, 1875. The sun shone with the brilliant light of June, and the will start the search of the s Leoni bade her mother be seated on a rustic bench by the roadside while she

went up the path to the house. When she reached the door she looked cautiously around to see if she was discovered, for she had a vague fear that if she were seen she would be driven away. She turned the knob of the front door and and by his gentle and manly sympathy opening it softly entered the hall. Not a sound was heard. Instinct seemed to tell her which room it was that held the beloved dead. Cautiously pushing the door open and closing it behind her she

threw herself down on her knees beside it, burying her face in her hands. In wards the hour, and the picturesque little church was filled with eager friends. Tom Bayliss saw Rush Hurlstone hurrying around to the vestry room, which the clergymen were just quitting, and, believing that John was with him, he gave the signal for the bridal party to move up the aisle. The organist played a lively waltz as the procession advanced, a buzz of admiration passed over the assembled guests and the bride stood before the altar.

At this moment Rush Hurlstone, wild of eye and white of cheek, appeared in side the chancel railing. He whispered a few words to Dr. Bayliss, and the old rector's cheeks turned as white as his. Without a word he stepped outside the chancel.

"Come home with me, my daughter," he said, putting his arm around Amy and leading her down the sisle, while the other.

swered, in broken English.

that I did not see it before. I might have known that he could not love me as I loved him. If he had only told me—he might still be alive. His death is on my head! Oh, John, John! why didn't you head! Oh, John Haw and he he head! Oh, John Haw and he he head only told me Rather have him live and be the husband of another? Never!—she would

covered his love for this beautiful foreign woman in time. She felt interested in her at once, and regarded her more in the light of a sister than of a successful rival. She asked her questions about her self, and was not shocked to learn that she self, and was not shocked to learn that she hellat dancer. She knew little

then the dead man was ready to be removed. Antonio was left in charge of the rooms, and Rush went away with the belter the rooms, and Rush went away with the belter the rooms. part of every summer at the rectory, where she was loved and admired by the oni, accompanied by her mother, came old rector as sincerely as by his daughter. to the place. Her grief at finding her Mrs. Hurlstone could not quite free her moving about the room she came upon the sheet of paper containing the few but as time went on this feeling wore off, words John had written to her. As her whenever she visited the rectory, and always had her to spend a night at the

Amy and Leoni drove in the same carriage to John's funeral (which was a private one, much to the disappoint-ment of the villagers), and stood hand in hand at his grave. While Amy was calm and silent, Leoni was beside her-self with grief, and was finally carried fainting to her carriage.

definiting to her carriage.

It was not long before the story of John Huristone's career in New York became known through the newspapers. Columns were devoted to it. It was told how the dashing Col. Mortimer had organized a mining company that owned no mines, how he had been severed so brilliantly under him in the civil war had been used as a decoy and finally induced to sign name other than his own to bogus certificates of stock. The flight of Mortimer to Canada and the suicide of Huristone, who had been secretly married to one woman while another waited for him at the altar, gave the reporters a chance such as they seldom had. It was an excitage the CHAPTER XXI.

USH was not long before the story of John Huristone, and long the room excitedly, "but, by as a caller, but more as a brother. It was at her house every day—not exactly as a caller, but more as a brother. It was at her house every day—not exactly as a caller, but more as a brother. It was to bring her a book, to show her something in the papers she might not have seen, to try over a piece of music with her; there was always some good excuse. Helen was more than glad to have her to know when the right man comes along.

"After all how are they to know?" asked Rush. "Every man thinks he is the right one. Look at the men who have of stock. The flight of Mortimer to Canada and the suicide of Huristone, who had been secretly married to one woman while another waited for him at the altar, gave the reporters a chance such as they seldom had. It was an exciting story, and they made the most of it.

CHAPTER XXI.

USH was no hope for him. He believed there was no hope for him. He believed there was no hope for him. He believed to him at last, for nothing could have been more delightful than his afternoons at Helen's. Though neither Rush not Helen were sentimental, as the term in the last, for nothing could have been more delightful than his afternoons at Helen's. Though neither Rush not Helen were sentimental, as the term in the last, for nothing could have bee

natures. They were kind and considerate all through this trying time. Although the story of the fraudulent mining company and the suicide and its attending incidents were the sensation of the

than Archie Tillinghast called upon him and by his gentle and manly sympathy sealed their friendship with a seal that nothing could ever break. He also brought kind words from Bessie
Archer and her mother and an invitation from Mr. Archer to spend
the following Sunday with them. Rush entered.

The room was only dimly lighted through the bowed shutters, but she saw the coffin in the center of the floor and threw herself down on her knees beside the bureing har face in her hands. In of Uncle Lightfoot Myers' card at his lodgings one day did more towards con-vincing him that there was something worth living for, after all, than snything that had happened since his disgrace, for it showed a kindliness of spirit on the part of a mere acquaintance that he

had no reason to expect. A short letter from Aunt Rebecca, who of course had heard nothing of the tragedy that had cast so deep a shadow over the life of her young friend, announced that she and Helen would sall hound that she and Helen would sall from Liverpool on the 1st of September, so that they were nearly due in New York at the time Rush received the letter.

With what conflicting amotions he read seemed as fresh and bright when she got back as though she had never been away. Rush noticed the delicate odor of violets that hung about everything that belonged to Helen, and it brought her as vividly before his eyes as if she stood there in all her loveliness. He had not tell you what I believe would be for your best interest, I should say at once, 'C'bey the order.' If I went by my own feelings I should say tool there in all her loveliness. He had not tell you what I believe would be for your best interest, I should say at once, 'C'bey the order.' If I went by my own feelings I should say.

York at the time Rush received the letter.

With what conflicting amotions he read York at the time Rush received the letter. With what conflicting emotions he read this announcement! A few weeks ago it would have thrown him into an ecstasy of delight; now he buried his face in his hands, and his thoughts were not pleasant thoughts. Would Helen look upon John's conduct as disgracing his brother? Would she think there was crime in the blood of the family, and turn her back upon him?

upon him?
"I could not blame her," said Rush to amy with indignation. "Take them is could not blame her," said kush to be the rectory, and, taking away."

away."

I know that he does, answered them is study, said, with broken wide. "You are his sister: you cannot could not blame her," said kush to himself, "for it would reflect upon her to be seen in the company of the brother of John Hurlstone, the swindler and suicide." And his strong frame quivered with the same with the same her, said kush to himself, "for it would reflect upon her to be seen in the company of the brother of John Hurlstone, the swindler and suicide." And his strong frame quivered

"My child, ask God's help to bear a terrible blow. John Hurlstone is dead."

And the tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks and fell upon his gown.

Amy seemed turned to stone. Her large blue eyes gazed in speechless wonder into her father's face. He took her cold hand in his.

"It is true, my dear child—awfully true. Would to God your mother had been spared to comfort you in this great trial!"

"It was his fiance; he was my lover," said Amy, with dignity. "But who are you, that dares to profine who dare to hold his subspaced by the first with agony.

There was no relief from his thoughts that work. At his desk in The Dawn of fice Rush could forget the frightful past, and he thanked God for work that must be done. The 11th of September came, and he knew that the Germanic was to arrive that day. He would not go down to her you, that dares to profine Rush could forget the frightful past, and he thanked God for work that must be done. The 11th of September came, and he knew that the Germanic was to arrive that day. He would not go down to her you, then, who dare to sit by his side, who dare to hold his fand?"

"I was his fiance; he was my lover," said Amy, with dignity. "But who are you, then, who dare to hold his fiance; he was my lover," said Amy, with dignity. "But who are you. that dares to profine Rush could forget the frightful past, and he thanked God for work that must be done. The 11th of September came, and he knew that the Germanic was to arrive that day. He would not go down to her work at his desk in The Dawn of fice Rush could forget the frightful past, and he thanked God for work that must be done. The 11th of September came, and he knew that the Germanic was to arrive that day. He would not go down to her work at the server that day. He would end his suspense. What if he never heard from the with agony.

istless fashion.

"Well, Rush, my boy, I have seen her!" said Archie, throwing himself upon

rather see him dead twenty times.

her!" said Archie, throwing influent agent a convenient chair: "and I never thought Amy, with exquisite unselfishness, had nothing but the tenderest pity for John. She blamed herself that she had not discovered his love for this beautiful foreign woman in time. She felt interested in her at once, and regarded her more in

ney. He thought of the last evening spent with John, and of his wild words, which his death explained. But what did it all mean? What reason had John Hurlstone, of all men, to take his own life? Arrived at his brother's rooms, the body was given over to him by the authorities. Then began those heart break ing but necessary details that have to be ingular that he w

you because you are in trouble? You have no right to do her so great an injustic have no right to do her so great an injustic have more have kissed him than she would more have kissed him than she would more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have kissed him than she would right to more have him than she would right to more have him than she would right to more him than she would right to more him than she would

cessful or not depends upon myself. If
I can prove myself to be everything I should like to have her believe me, well and good; but I have got to fight my way inch by inch, and for many reasons my claims are not strong enough to give me an instant hearing. My success is a question of time and fortunate circumstances."

friendship, and interaction, with the changed intosonie thing warmer.

West Hastings had not returned from Europe yet, and Rush had the field almost to himself, for it was early in the season, and the men whom Helen knew were mostly out of town. He himself was at her house every day—not exactly as a caller, but more as a brother. It

USH was was stationed at Governor's Island, but nearly heasked to be sent out on the frontier, so crushed by that he might run a chance of being the blow. Killed. He was transferred as he rethe was a proud of skirmish with the Indians, put himself his family in the front of the fight. One day he name. As was rewarded; a cullet hit him in a vital far back as he part and he died on the field. A friend of mine, an office r in the same regiment. Hurlstone had any message he wanted delivered.

"Did she know—did she know everything when she wrote this, Archie?"
"Yes, old man—everything."
"I will go then—God bless her!"
It seemed an age to Rush before it was time to go to Helen's house, and, although he was impatient for the hour to come, his heart beat high with excitemant and his cheeks were pale with mant and his cheeks were pale with his hand. He looked excited herself down to the old way, and almost made up her mind that a touch of such a feeling as Rush's added a piquancy to friendship.

Things went on the manual way and almost made up her mind that a tou

ment and his checks were pale with his hand. He looked excited, but not nervous dread when he rang the front particularly happy.

"Here is a dispatch from my chief," door bell of the little house in West
Twentieth street.

How strangely familiar the drawing
room looked! Everything was as it had
been the night before she sailed. A
been the night before she sailed. A
faithful servant had kept the place open
and in order while she was gone, and it
seemed as fresh and bright when she
out hack as though she had never hear
the servant has the servant had the servant had the servant had the servant had been the servant had the servant had been the servant h

fore him in her bodily presence. She came towards him with both hands extended.

"You must excuse my neglige, Mr."

"You must excuse my neglige, Mr."

"Then I shall go, both because your judgment in the matter is sound and because I shall be so flattered to have you miss me. Our chief orders by cable and

her gown and gave the only bit of color again. Helen was taking her late break-to her costume. Her brown hair was fast when he came in, dressed in her

manly exhibition, you must remember that his nerves were strung up to a high pitch, that he had gone through a great deal during the past few days, and was then I feel as if you were one of the famnot master of himself. Helen regarded lly—a younger brother, or cousin, or him with feelings of the most profound pity. "Poor boy!" she said, softly. And taking his hot head between her cool.

He examined the curious workman-

CHAPTER XXII. 

tice, and I believe she would be hurt to the quick if she knew you thought so have put her hand in the fire and burned old rector as sincerely as by his daughter.

Mrs. Hurlstone could not quite free her mind from the idea that Leoni was in some way responsible for John's death; but as time went on this feeling wore off the Knowlton. If I was, I should sank into his boots. He felt more hope to the fire and burned in the fire and burned that would please me more, said to ff. It was a kiss of friendship—a 2ush, recovering from his embarrassment. "For you to care to give me any parting gift is of itself flattery enough; but as time went on this feeling wore off. expect her to stand by me through thick and thin. I am only a friend, a new friend at that, and I have my place in her regard still to win. Whether I am successful or not depends upon myself. If I can prove myself to be everything I should like to have her believe me, well thing warmer.

right man, if only he and she had known it? Certainly he loved her with an honest love."

"True indeed," answered Archie, still pacing the floor—"true indeed. The whole subject seems to be involved in mystery. I don't know, after all, if another war maying not to be amplied to mystery. I don't know, after all, if another war maxim is not to be applied to affairs of the heart: To the victor belong the spoils. But while we are dealing in glittering generalities I am forgetting the object of my call. Here is a little note Helen scratched off for you on the dock." And Archie handed the card to Rush, who took it eagerly.

"Did she know—did she know everything when she wrote this, Archie?"

"Yes, old man—everything."

"You must excuse my neglige, Mr. Huristone, but I didn't want to keep you waiting, and—I wanted to see you at Aunt Rebecca will be down in a few moments, but she is so busy with trunks that she can't come at once. Sit right down here on this sofs and tell me how you are and how you've been."

"I needn't ask you how you are," said Rush, at last finding voice to speak Seating himself beside her, he regarded her with undisguised admiration. He might well think her lovely; less prejudiced eyes would have agreed with him thoroughly. She had been helping Aunt Rebecca with the trunks, and had donned a loose morning gown of soft white stuff trimmed down the front and around the neck and sleeves with dark fur. The redupturned point of a gold embroidered Turkish slipper prepeled out from beneath her gown and gave the only bit of creating the rest was taking her late break.

Skill' she did not "speak. Her lips seemed to move, but there was no sound. Dr. Bayliss led her to a chair. She sat down and stared at veasory. He would have given all he owned if he could have seem to sun he was represented by black lines that seemed to grow larger and met Helen and told have seem to are silence for a lew moments. There was silence for a lew moments are silence for a lew moments and there have been to are silence for a lew moments. The would take very little to make him forget himself and have been to are silence for a lew moments. The would take very little to make her silence for a lew moments. The would take the silence for a lew moments. The was a silence for a lew moments. The was the first of them to come to him. They came, their young faces as white as the drawse to them. Their grief was terrible to see. Amy locked at them with vacant eyes. Amy locked at them with vacant eyes. They threw themselves upon the floor at her feets the first of them to come to him. Their grief was terrible to see. Amy locked at them with vacant eyes. They threw themselves upon the floor at her feets and he locked at them with vacant eyes. They threw themselves upon the floor at her feets and he locked at them with vacant eyes. They threw themselves upon the floor at her feets and he locked at them with vacant eyes. They threw themselves upon the floor at least of the floor of themselves upon the floor at least of the lock of the loc

much she would miss him when she spoke. and the recollection was more could bear.

"It was only a few days ago," he managed to say. "I had just got back from home." And with this memory fresh in his mind, he buried his face in flis hands. His frame shook with suppressed sobs and the hot tears forced their way through his fingers.

"I must give you something ber me by, for if I do not you will forget me over there among those pretty English girls." And she looked about her for something appropriate. "Ah, here is just the thing," she said, going to her writing desk. "Watch seals are coming into fashion again; here is a curious old one that belonged to my grandfather; he "I must give you something to remem-ber me by, for if I do not you will forget

soft palms, she kissed him gently on the forehead.

ship, and then turned the seal to the light. It was not only old fashioned, it was pretty. The stone was sardonyx, and the intaglio represented a dove flying with a letter tied around its neck. You may think the "From thy true lover." Rush blushed to kiss with the roots of his hair as he read it, but which Helen, who had forgotten what the intouched Rush's scription was until she saw him blush, brow made him happy. On the carelessly from his hand, she fastened it happy. On the carelessly from his man, on his watch chain.

"There," she said, "let that be your See that you don't give it

py: for he knew that if she had away, and good luck will attend you

put her hand in the fire and burned
It was a kiss of friendship—a

Lush, recovering from his embarrassis such a pretty family sentiment is be-yond anything I had a right to expect. You may be sure that I will never part from this talisman. I shall get so fond of it that my only fear is that I may use it for sealing office letters. That would be horrible, wouldn't it? I should like " and he hesitated; "I should like to seal such letters as I may be allowed to send

be supremely happy."

"You know I am a poor correspondent." answered Helen; "but you can relieve your homesickness by writing to me. I love to get letters, particularly such interesting ones as you will be sure to write; only don't seal them with that seal." And she laughed a merry laugh. "You must tell me everything about your business, for I am very much in great style. Rush crossed the channel,



since he came upon the paper, and was very much pleased with his work. When he found that his London office was not managed as he thought it should be, he at once made up his mind that Rush was the man to reorganize it. And he proved to be right. In a general way he told Rush what he would like to see done, but he did not give very minute instructions, as he wanted to see what the young man would do if left to himself. Having had charge of the foreign department in New York, Rush knew its shortcomings and had a plan mapped out for its improvement. This he laid before Mr. Plummett. It won his instant ap-

Rush thoroughly disliked the system of "interviewing," carried on as it had been up to this time; but he saw opportunities for making it a great feature. To run after every fifth class actress before she had fairly landed in New York ica was disgusting to him; but to get a statesman to talk upon an important subject, or to get personal memoirs from distinguished men of letters, he believed was not only interesting, but a legitimate branch of journalism. His brightness and sincerity of purpose made him a great many friends among the public men of England, and he succeeded in getting some important interviews out of them. In the matter of foreign news he kept The Dawn hours ahead of any other New York paper, and everybody interested in newspaper work said that Rush Hurlstone was a journalist of mark. For two years Rush stayed in London.

Two busy years they were. In all this time he had not seen Helen, but he had heard from her occasionally. She did not hesitate to tell him that she missed him, but she did not tell him how much she wished that he was back in New York. If Rush had planned his absence as a ruse he could not have planned a more successful one. The man who inwented the proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind" didn't know what he was talking about. "Out of sight, never out of mind" would be nearer the truth. Helen such letters as I may be allowed to send to you with it." And he looked eagerly for her reply.

"Indeed no," she answered him bantefingly. "What a scrape I would find myself in with my French maid! Before two letters were sent you would find paragraphs in the newspapers about it. No, indeed, my friend; no practical jokes at my expense."

Rush felt that his time had not come yet, so there was nothing left for him to do but to leave a good-by message for Aunt Rebecca, who was at the Academy of Music, harassing Maxmann, say good by to Helen and take himself off.

"Well," said he, rising, "the best of word in the was not a man to be taken out of a young woman's life and not be missed. Bush heard occasionally from Archie Tillinghast, who sometimes spoke of Helen, but more frequently of Bessie was getting to be more like her word and the limited of the second to be a like the second to select the second to second the second the second to second t

by to Helen and take himself off.

"Well." said he, rising, "the best of friends must part. I little thought when I bade you bon voyage last spring that in a few months I should hear the same words from your lips. I shall be awords from your lips. I shall be awords from your lips. I shall be awordly honesick, there's no doubt of that; but if you will occasionally drop me sline, if it's only a business letter, I shall be supremely happy."

Archer.

Bessie was getting to be more like her old self, and Archie began to hope, as she now had no crackbrained agitators on her visiting list. She had tried wood carving and amateur photography as a pastime, and now she was amusing herself by trying to hatch chickens with a beautiful to be more like her old self, and Archie began to hope, as she now had no crackbrained agitators on her visiting list. She had tried wood carving and amateur photography as a pastime, and now she was amusing herself by trying to hatch chickens with a but if you will occasionally drop me sline, if it's only a business letter, I shall be aworded to be more like her old self, and Archie began to hope, as she now had no crackbrained agitators on her visiting list. She had tried wood to have the same words from your lips. I shall be aworded to have a self by trying and amateur photography as a pastime, and now she was amusing herself by trying to hatch chickens with a but if you will occasionally drop me sline, if it's only a business letter, I shall be aworded to have a self by trying to hatch chickens with a but if you will occasionally drop me sline, if it's only a business letter, I shall be aworded to have the properties of the self by trying to hatch chickens with a but if you will occasionally drop me sline, if it's only a business letter, I shall be aworded to have the self by trying to hatch chickens with a self by trying to hatch c Archer.

Bessie was getting to be more like her
bessie was getting to be more like her

your business, for I am very much interested in your success," she added, taking his hand.

"Whatever success I have had, or am to have, Miss Knowlton, is due to your to have, Miss Knowlton, is due to your to have the concluded to retire him on a pen-

you over estimate the encouragement you have received from me. Not that I am not deeply interested in you; both Aunt Rebecca and I liked you the very first day we saw you. You are a particular favorite of my aunt's. I won't say what I think of you," she added, with a smile; "it might make you vain."

So they said good-by, and in a short time Rush was on board the steamer bound for Liverpool. Archie Tillinghast came down to see him off, and brought a pleasant message from the Archere-Bessie and all. They congratulated him on his foreign appointment, and hoped that it was but the stepping stone to better things at home. And so Rush salled from New York. He was a good sailor, and enjoyed every hour of the voyage. There were not many people going over, but those who were proved to be agree able traveling; companions. Rush spent a good deal of his time in writing letters to Helen that he never intended to send, and in sealing them with the forbidden seal. The amount of comfort he extracted from this imaginary correspondence was really astonishing.

CIIAPTER XXIII.

RRIVED in London, the first thing Rush did af-

RRIVED in London, the first thing Rush did after engaging lodgings was to call upon his chief. He found Mr. Plummett in an amiable frame of mind and discoupting "her charming little house in West Twentieth street." He first sent at legram to his mother, telling her that he had arrived, and then he set about unpacking his trunks and preparing to call upon Helen. He divested himself of his traveling clothes, and after a refreshing bath, arrayed himself in the long mirror in first the conductor of his particular afternoon something had happened to put him in a good humor and Rush got the benefit of it.

John Gaspar Plummett was a peculiar man. He was the son of a very able father, and had inherited a fortune and a newspaper. As a young man he had been very wild, and at forty he was not tamed to any great extent. His exuberance of spirits showed itself in the conduct of his paper. He got up the wildest schemes and generally carried them out with success, thus making The Dawn the best known American newspaper in Europe. Plummett, without being hand some, was very distinguished looking Habad a tall aristoccratic figure and hore