What should he do with it, then? Was it not plain that it had been put into his hands to use as he should judge right? His happiness for life, he felt sure, depended upon Kate. And was not Kate's, too, at stake? He hoped he was not vain or self sufficient; but, before heaven, he did honestly believe he was a truer fellow than Brower; that he would make her happier in the long run. And this money would help to make a man of him, help him to be himself again. And he would not be greedy; he would give old Gray a

And so it was that Bren played devil's advocate against himself. And it must be owned that his client had no great reason to be displeased with the plea.

In the morning Bren went straight to his desk. A disagreeable duty, he would get it off his hands at once. Duty or otherwise, it was certainly not agreeable when it came to the point. That was prejudice, Bren said. What right had he to let his likes or dislikes stand in the way of justice? Wasn't the right course plain enough? Yes, Bren, it was plain enough; else why were your lips white and compressed, and why did your hand shake so, when you wrote at the bottom of the ledger page, on the debit side of Haffelinger & Co.'s. account: "To Cash to Balance \$827.15," and entered the same on the credit side of the cash? Bren opened the safe and took out the package labeled, "Haffel'r's statement. Cash—\$827.15." He took his hat and went out and paid the bill, and came away with a receipt in full and \$183.79 in his pocket, to which no man on earth could show a legal title. He went back . to the store. He crossed a foaming gut-ter, and a folded paper eddied into the sewer below. He sealed a \$50 note in an envelope and addressed it in print to Gray at his lodgings. He wrote a note to his sister Ellen at home, asking her to post the enclosed letter there, and to say nothing about it. He enclosed the whole in a larger envelops and dropped it into the letter box with his own hands.

Bren got off early that afternoon. He hired a horse and drove round to Quincy street. He was almost afraid to see her; he feared she might have changed again; but he put on a brave face. Kate met him with the old frank smile and Bren's heart leaped. "Yes; she should like very much." Bren had never taken her to drive before. The day was bright, the bay horse free of foot. Kate was merry and kind. Bren was a happy fellow that April afternoon. He threw care and thought to the winds. A wild joy thrilled him through. When he had left her at her door and was driving round to the stable, it seemed like a dream of heaven. He wished it might have lasted forever.

There is no need to follow Bren. He was himself again; he was more than himself. He was over head and ears in a breath coming quick. She did not speak, passion of fondness for Kate. He walked but she put out her hand with a little The stones were springs under his feet; lutely, half guessing what it was. The laughed at cold and rain; there was box slipped through his fingers, and fire enough in his heart to light and opened as it fell. The diamond flashed in warm the world. One thought rang forever through his brain-Kate was kind, Kate was kind! He had almost forgotten the uncharged bill; he would not let himself think of it. It was pleasenter thinking what Kate had said and

looked, and planning what he should do out into the night.

One afterneon, going up from the store. He did not see how he could make it; but he was thinking what he could do to he would if it killed him! please her most. He thought he could He sat at his do anything in the world for her sake. Traveler came in. and, unless it was to give up Kate herself, there were few things he would not have tried, I dare say. His eyes fell upon Brettenham's brilliant windows. That was it. He would go over and buy her a ring. He had a ring of hersen his little former that minute, that he had got in a little former that minute, that he had got in a little former that minute, that he had got in a little former that minute, that he had got in a little former that minute, that he had got in a little former that minute, that he had got in a little former that minute, that he had got in a little former that minute, that he had got in a little former that minute, that he had got in a little former that minute, that he had got in a little former that minute, that he had got in a little former than little former finger that minute, that he had got in a game of forfeits and kept out of sport.

That would give him the size. That same evening he called upon Kate. There was no one there, as it happened. He held up his finger with her ring, and she made a motion as if to catch it away, but checked herself.

"Now, really, Will," she remonstrated, with a comical air of displeasure, "you must give me my ring."
"'Open your mouth and shut your
eyes," Bren laughed.
"Oh, come, Will," she coaxed. "Don't

"No," Bren answered, "I can do both."
There are spells through the day when I can work at the books—I'll do the rest tease."
"Well, then, put out your finger and



Kate closed her eyes tight, with a laughably deprecating face, and put out her dainty finger. Bren slipped the new ring over it quickly and called: "Time." She opened her eyes expecting to see her plain old ring. At the look of surprise that shot into her face when the diamond flashed the light in her eyes

Bren laughed aloud. "Oh, Will!" she said, "how lovely! It's so good of you. I'd rather have that than

spread her cheek paid Bren a hundred times, he thought. He had an appointment to keep, and came away soon after. His appointment was with Traveler.
Charley had asked him to go down to
Coventry to look after a delinquent debtor, and he was to go round at 9 and talk it freight train went through Ackenthale of sorts. Something had fretted him. bridge that night, and Bren was detained. Bred was plodding away at his books, throsenlok, the debtor, had removed, and having an interval of a few minutes be-Bren had trouble to find him. It was three days before he got back. In the

"Curse it, Bren!" he broke out. "How long are you going to keep up this in-fernal grind? I ay it's got to stop. I won't have it in my place, I swear I meantime he had had a great deal of time upon his hands, and had been compelled to think of a great many things. One or two things he had had to think of a great won't."

deal more than he cared. He was glad to "Let me be, Charley," he answered, doggedly. "I'm all right, I tell you. If get back. It was morning when he arrived; he went up and made his report.
"You're tired out, Bren," Traveler said. you let me alone, I'll be done with this two weeks from Saturday night.' "Knock off today and take a rest. You can square things u ... morrow."

He was glad to find the books all behind. He drove at them all day. In the
evening he went over to Quincy street.

The was glad to find the books all befinally came back and pulled Bren
roughly off his stool, ordered him out of
the place, and not to show his face
the dat not get over the pain, though the
rough edge wore away. It went too deep.
He settled into a quiet, reserved little
the place, and not to show his face He had told her where he was going; she was sorry, she had said; he wouldn't be at Mrs. Mackeron's on Friday. He knew he should be all right when he saw her; he didn't know what was the matter with he may well be went from a saw her; he didn't know what was the matter with him prow. Well he went round. There all the het afterween like a tired attill. him now. Well, he went round. There all the hot afternoon, like a tired child. was some company at the house. The Traveler sat down at the desh when Bren first thing he saw when he looked in was | was gone, and worked away till he had Kate sitting at the piano, where she had been playing. When she saw Bren standa a word the whole afternoon, and no one

ing at the door, a little flush came suddaring to speak to him. Then he got up denly into her cheek. She smiled, and closed the ledger and went home to turned her hand as it lay idly on the keys. tea, whistling "Listen to the Mocking The light flashed back from her finger as Dird." it moved. Bren had not been thinking of Those last weeks of that summer were the ring; only of Kate herself. When the jewel flashed in his eyes, it struck him back as if he had received a blow. He turned back into the hall and pretended to burden; Bren's double stint grew day by dozen speeches in each of the three get something out of his coat. He had seen day a load heavier and harder to carry. Kate flush with pleasure almost before Toward the last he staggered under it a she saw him; and a horrible thought went good deal. But he bore up stoutly. Often make things spicy for the Democratic through him with the diamond's flash. he would have to lie back and shut his nominee, but will use no money, nor through him with the diamond's fiash. He had stolen Kate's love. It struck him | eyes, for a blindness and dizziness that | will he indulge in any mud slinging. keen and hard. He went in and tried to came swarming into his eyes and brain.

be himself. Everywhere the jewel pur
But he would shake his head clear, like a and him with its merciless gleam. When half drowned diver, and go at it again, requested Mr. Small to keep out of he talked to Kate, it put him out and game as a terrier. It was not over wise politics, but he insists on running made him stammer and flush. He was of Bren; but he never could bear to wait.

There was a kind of grive joy in the year. nervous and out of sorts. He could There was a kind of grim joy in the very not rid himself of that horrible, torment ardor of the fight. He felt that the end ing thought; the more he tried the more it came and came. He was glad to get away. He went home and took out that money from an inside pocket. He had kept it by itself. He had said it was sent to him; he would use it for no common ard to fight. He felt that the end was worth it all, worth anything, if he could hold out. And he felt that the satisfaction of victory would be keen in proportion to the pluck and patience appears. But those hot weeks told upon thim, day by day, and steadily pulled him to him, day by day, and steadily pulled him.

purpose. He had given part in charity; down. If it had not been for Sundays I the rest he would spend for Kate. He do not believe he would have pulled laid out what was left. There was just through. I am afraid our young friend \$16. He folded it up, put it back in the was not over regular that summer in his pocket. He took thread and needle and attendance upon public worship. sewed it up. He would not have touched Well, the longest season cones soon sewed it up. He would not have touched a cent of it now for love or life. He went to bed and dreamed that an evil demon followed him day and night and stared at him horribly with one wide, blazing eye

liked pleasant things. And besides he had changed himself, he ought to know.

But whenever and whatever, it came to

the same thing. It was the money that had made the change. And Bren broke out into language that I am not going to

He could not keep away from Kate; and

somehow her grace, her goodness, her fa-vor to himself, while they charmed him,

were the keenest possible pang. The

flash of the brilliant seemed to burn and

blind him. He said it was his morbid

he only had the glittering bauble back!

And he went, getting more nervous and troubled every day. Kate wore the ring

constantly; naturally she thought it would please Bren. She must have been sadly perplexed by Bren's behavior. Naturally, too, Bren brooded over the thing

until it acquired the power upon him of a

magician's spell; and he came to hate and

fear it with a kind and degree of horror

that I shall not make you understand.

Bren knew that the ring was gone.

glided out and stood suddenly before him,

Bren's eyes, and the ring rolled round and

lay on the floor at his feet. A sudden im-

thought he did not see it very plainly just then—"I'm in a hard place, and if you'll let me have this you'll help me

"Well, well; have it your own way, Bren," Traveler answered, "you can try

So Bren went to work. He made up a

bed in a storage loft and gave up his lodging. Week in and out he did his

double work, day after day, night after night. He ate the plainest fare. He wore

his clothes till they were threadbare and

thoroughly shabby, and patched them with his own hands. Only he laid by one

a grim way, he was happy again. The

pain about Kate was bitter enough, and ever present. But he was on the way back to the straight track. It was happi-ness to look before and think of being

clear to go ahead once more. And the satisfaction was none the less keen that the way was hard and long; he felt he

was doing manly, honest work. Traveler saw it was doing him good, and let him alone. He did not go near Kate; he

could not. He did not dare tell her the

then. Ho feared what might happen

meanwhile, feared that more than any-

thing now. He prayed God she might not

The summer heats came on. Bren gre thin and white, but he kept his health

vet. But Traveler grew afraid. He came

in one August day, hot and tired, and out

tween sales. His pale face fired Traveler.

Bren looked up with a whiter face.

And Traveler turned away and found

enough to an end. The end of August was now within two days and nights. It was Saturday evening, the 20th. Bren was writing weakly at his desk, his face and hands thin and tired looking enough. Traveler came in and sat down by him; Do what he might, he could not get that glittering jewel out of his head, or the termenting idea his fancy had bound up with it. Kate had been so grathere was no one else in the place. He waited a little while; then he got up, took the pen out of Bren's hand, laid the blotcious of late; he said he could name the ter between the leaves and closed the day of the change—the day he had first had this cursed money to spend. Not that he blamed her, or thought of her once as mercenary. As soon would he have thought of meanness in angel of light! It was surely no blame that she

"Bren," he said quietly, "it's "two weeks from Saturday night." "I know it, Charley."
Traveler counted out Bren's double pay

and laid it on the desk. "It's the last time, Bren. Bren stood up at that, his thin face all finshed. "Shake hands on that," he says.

'The last time, Charley; the last time while I live, so help me God!"

He took a roll of money from an inside ocket. He spread it out and added part

of what lay on the desk. He ran quickly over the bills: \$188.08—principal and interest of the uncharged bill, for four months, at 7 per cent. per annum. He took up what was left and held it up to "Charley," he said, "I've been through the fire and come out scorched. There's all the money I own in the world—nine

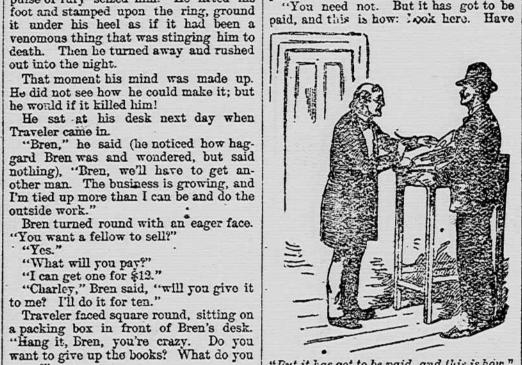
imagination that funcied something evil in the gleam of the cursed stone. Oh, if dollars and thirty cents."
He told him the whol- story; he showed him the bill and the balance account, and the lying entry on the cash. His cheek flushed hot as he pointed out the lying figures, and a bitter dimness came into his Traveler looked over Bren's shoulder, silent and stern. Bren drew his hand furtively across his eyes and looked round at his friend with a deprecating

Then Kate became cold as Bren grew "Don't be hard on me, Charley. It was a — hard place. And it was me it hurt." strange and began to avoid her, while he could not keep away from the company where she was. Bern caught her once or "Bren," he answered, his face and voice twice regarding him covertly, with a all grave, "I wouldn't have believed it of wondering glance, as he sat apart un-easily, and tried to talk with this one and never mind now. It must have been a that. But the end came. One night it tight place. And you got your pay; you must have come to her dimly that Bren's found it a rough road to travel. It aln't must have come to her dimly that Bren's for me to judge you. I might have done strange conduct had something to do with

the ring. She tried it. Watching him askance, she kept the stone turned so as Bren paid the money over to Traveler. They arranged it between them. Monday morning he went down to Haffelto flash upon him wherever he moved. Bren grew plainly more uneasy under her finger's, found old Gray and bought a hand; moved about, shifted his chair, small bill of goods for the store. "Gray," changed color and bit his lip, as he caught he said then, "five months ago you sold this bill of goods. I want you to look it the gleam again and again. Presently

up."
They were up stairs and there was no one by. The old man took the bill and one by. Bran putting up one Putting on his hat to come away, feeling wretched and almost desperate, Kate looked at it and at Bren, putting up one hand to his head. He sat down and turned over his book of sales. He found the date; there was no sale entered to Traveler that day nor the next. He fumbled the leaves nervously; then he looked up with a frightened face. "And this was what you meant?" "That was what I meant."

"You said I shouldn't be hurt," he pulse of fury seized him. He lifted his "You need not. But it has got to be



But it has got to be paid, and this is how." the things I've ordered sent. Charge the items of this old bill on the new one. Add four shovels for interest. Enter the

nights. I tell you, Charley, I've got to save money some way. If you won't let me have this, I'll have to get something else. I'm in a hard place, Charley," and Bren bent over the ledger, and Traveler clothes were worn and patched, and hung loose about him. He was poor and alone. He was happier that last summer morning than any king on throne. His heart was light as air. He tramped with a strong new life; he wanted to throw up his cap and hurrah. It was done. He was free; he was free! That was the thought of thoughts. All this while he had felt himself bound and walled in. He had not belonged to himself. He had been in jail, though nobody knew. He might go where he pleased; but unseen barriers went with him and shut him from honest folk. Something like this had been his feeling. And now it was as if the prison walls had suddenly rifted suit against a day he hoped for. He was hardly out of the building day or night; he got up early and tramped out half a mes round about him once more and the mile to keep up his health; then he was hard at work till it was high time and he was glad enough to get to bed. And, in his brain. Free free free! was round about him once more, and the

round in his brain-Free, free, free! Now he could go to Kate. He longed and was afraid. He feared all imaginath things. What changes might not have happened in all this weary while? What could she have thought of his strange behavior? Well, he would hope for the best; he would be honest and straightforward. When she knew all, she would understand. She would not be hard upon him, he tried to feel sure. When he went round to Quincy street that night, the blinds of No. 79 were closed. The place

truth. He said that he had no right to go and let her think he was worthy of an honest girl's regard, when he knew he was not. Or, at least, not yet; when he was out of this, he trusted he would be was "To Let." Mr. Arrow had gone into a silver mine speculation somewhere in the west. Kate had taken to teaching, somewhere in Vermont, they believed. That was all Bren could learn. Traveler sent him home for three weeks to recruit. He came back in ten days and begged Charley to let him go to work. He was very quiet, and apt to brood a good deal if he was not kept busy. Ho had been a little wild at first. The blow, as Bren was, staggered him. He thought he had destaggered him. He thought he had de-served better; it was grinding a fellow a little too hard. Virtue was its own re-ward, was it? And that was what a man got! I can't tell you all that he said. But, back of all, when the first intolerable sharpness had worn off somewhat, he saw and felt the truth—that there is only one way, that truth and honor are best and incomparable every where and when. Better a thousand times, he honestly believed, lose love, and life, and all, than have one's will and not be worthy! He knew it and said it to himself while he cursed his fate for very bitterness, and fault with everything, stormed at the | thought he should better be dead. And men, slammed things right and left; and he did not get over the pain, though the with a gentle way that surprised his friends, and an instinctive shrinking from the veriest hadow of fraud with a

[TO BE CONTINUED] Sam Small as a Candidate.

ATLANTA, Sept. 23—The Rev. Sam Small to pay issues his announcement that he is the candidate of the counties. He says he intends to main, make things spicy for the Democratic It is said that several ministers have does not bother him at all. As soon

To the Public

-AND-

THE LADIES ESPECIALLY

SUMTER, S. C., Sept. 11, '88. We beg to state that we have

engaged the services of MR. AARON SUARES.

Our Mr. Bultman and Mr. Suares have just returned from the North and have bought a fine

line of the

Every line complete, embracing

Fancy Baskets,

Cologne,

Fine Toilet Soaps

NOTIONS,

HOISERY AND GLOVES,

Corsets.

Cloaks and Jackets, efforts to please all who trade with us. Dress Goods,

Passamentaries, Silks,

> Sateens and Surahs,

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WAGON AND BUGGY MATERIAL FROM A BOLT TO A WHEEL. PUMPS, BOTH Best make French Henriettas in Black and Colors, which we Belting in Rubber and Leather, and Packing of all Kinds. guarantee to be such.

ALSO

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In the past, as you all well know, we have kept a fine selected stock of Groceries, and SCROLL AND TURNED BALUSwe now promise to continue

We will guarantee our prices Rough and Dressed to be as low as first class goods can be obtained in any large Plain and Fancy Coiling, Flooring and

Polite clerks in attendance Yard and Office, Mary Street, East of and no goods misrepresented. Samples sent on application and all orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Thanking the good people of this and adjoining Counties for their liberal patronage, we re-

Very respectfully,

the same.

NEW GUUS! LUW PRICES!

WE ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE LARGE ARRIVALS OF

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

and we invite the attention of the public to a choice complete and carefully selected assortment of new and fashionable effects in Colors and Fabrics and the best qualities in

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We are prepared to offer our customers the advantages of a stock bought at the lowest prices for cash. We have ONE PRICE. Goods are marked in PLAIN FIGURES, so the purchasing public need not be deceived. Call and see.

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A Large Stock of Fancy Groceries, Canned

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Staple Goods Always in Stock.

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Keep a Full Supply of Goods in their Line,

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COOKING AND HEATING STOVES OF BEST MAKE!

Imported Guns, Muzzle and Breech Loading!

PISTOLS IN VARIETY FROM \$1 UP. POWDER, SHOT AND

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TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, &c.

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Respectfully, etc.,

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TERS, MOULDINGS,

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Finishing Material.

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Quick Sales and Small Profits.

CASH BUYERS CAN SAVE MONEY BY CALLING UPON US.

Have Full Line

Groceries, Dry Goods,

Shoes and

General Merchandise.

Also 5 Cent Counter Goods of Every

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E. B. LOWRY,

Business Manager.

Sash, Blinds,

Sept. 12.

With many thanks to a generous public for their past liberal patronage, and soliciting

R. W. DURANT & SON,

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CAUTION

\$3 SHOE. GENTLEMEN.

hurt the feet, easy as hand-sewed and WILL NOT RIP.

W. L. DOUGLAS 34 SHOE, the original and only hand-sewed welt \$4 shoe. E-puals custom-made shoes costing from \$6 to \$9.

W. L. DOUGLAS 33.50 POLICE SHOE. Rairoad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear. Best Calf Shoe for the price.

for heavy wear. Best Calf Shoe for the price.
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s the best School Shoe in the world.

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Shoe gives the small Boys a chance to wear the

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All made in Congress, Button and Lace. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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Public attention is called to the fact that

only calf \$3 SF4MLESS Shoe smooth NO TACKS or WAX THREAD to he feet, easy as hand-sewed and WILL RIP.

Polite and attentive Clerks will aid the Proprietors in their

pete with any House in the City.

CROSSWELL & CO. SUBSCRIBE RIGHT NOW!

ROYAL CICERO 8794.

Won first prizes at South Carolina State Fair, 1884-1885.

Bred by F. J. De Gruchy, Trinity, Jersey. Born Junuary 8, 1883. Imported in Dam November 20, 1882.

Description .- Solid-grey fawn, shading to black on belly and legs, with black tongue

forehead, thin vellow horns, with well defined fillet; long slim neck, straight back, with

body of great depth, set low on fine clean limbs; slim tail, with heavy black switch;

skin exceedingly thin and mellow and rich in color; false teats of unusual length, with

great distance between, remarkable milk veins.

His sire, CICERO, won first prize over all Jerseys in 2 year old class in 1882; and was sold at auction in New York for \$3,100. His

get are very uniform, and possessed of rich

mellow skins, and all the points that usually accompany the high class dairy animal. As

showing the appreciation in which they are

held by breeders, the thirty calves of his get, imported and sold by Mr. T. S. Cooper at

auction in New York, realized an average of \$604 each; and his yearling son, out of roung Garenne, has recently changed hands

at \$2,500.
His dam, KHEDIVE'S VIRGINIA, was

His dam, KHEDIVE'S VIRGINIA, was out of one of the grandest dairy cows on the Island of Jersey, and is regarded as one of the best daughters of Khedive. She was purchased by Mr. J. H Walker, of Worcester, Mass., one of the most scientific Jersey judges in the country, at auction in New York, in May, 1883, for \$2,050.

Royal Cicero will make the season at my farm, three miles west of Sumter. Service fee \$5,00.

Aug. 8—3m.

J. B. JONES

JNO. T. GREEN,

Attorney and Counsellor at

LAW,

SUMTER, C. H., S. C.

and good escutcheon: mild disposition.

And by so doing secure the Opening Chapters of our



This is one of the most intensely interesting stories recently presented, and is one that will prove irresistible to every reader who peruses the opening

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED

By one of the Leading Newspaper Artists of the

-We append a few of the illustrations, with brief

extracts from the adjoining text, from which some idea can be gathered of the highly dramatic nature of the story.



The following extract is taken from the introductory paragraphs: 'A crime has been-committed by an un'

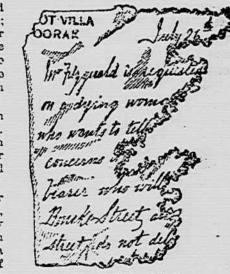
known assassin, within a short distance of the principal streets of the great city. and is surrounded by an impenetrable mystery. Indeed, from the nature of the crime itself, the place where it was committed, and the fact that the assassin has escaped without leaving a trace behindhim, it would seem as though the case itself had been taken bodily out of one of Gaboreau's novels, and that his famous detective Lecocy only would be able to unravel it. On the 27th day of July. at the hour of twenty minutes to two o'clock in the morning, a hansom cab drove up to the police station, in Grey street, St. Illida, and the driver made the startling statement that his cab con-tained the body of a man whom he hadreason to believe had been murdered . The incidents are then described in de-

The letter, however, was not to be found in the desk, nor was it in the sitting room; they tried the bedroom, but with no better result; so Madge was nearly giving up the search in despair, when suddenly Calton's eye fell on the waste paper basket, which by some unaccountable reason they had overlooked in

"How long has that waste paper basket been standing like that?" he asked, pointing to it. * * * "Six weeks," repeated Calton, with a look at Madge. "Ah, and he got the letter four weeks a." Dejend upon it, we shall find it there."

Malge gaven cry, and, falling on her knees, emptied the basket out on the floor,

among the fragments of paper as though they were rappickers. * * * Suddenly a ery broke from Madge, as she drew out of the mass of paper a half-burnt letter, written on thick and creamy looking paper. "At last," she cried, rising off her knees, and smoothing it out. "I knew he had not destroyed it."



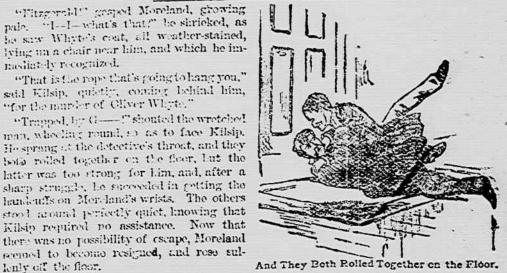
The Half-Burnt Letter.



"I'll give you money to save me," she shricked; "good money—all mine—all mine. Boe-see fere-suversins," and, teering her, from it joured a gleaning stream of gold, Gold-gold-it rolled all over the bed, over the floor, away into the dark corners, yet no one touched it, so enchained were they by the horrible spectacle of the dying woman clinging to life. She clutched up some of the" shining pieces, and held them up to the three her hands trembled so that the sovereigns kept falling from them on the floor with metallie clinks. "All mine-ell mine," she shricked, loudly.

"Give me my life-gold-money-cuss ye-I sold my soul for it-save me-give me my life," and, with trembling hands, she tried to force the gold on them. They did not say a word, but stoo i silently looking at her, while the two girls in the corner clung together, and trembled with fear.

lying un a chair near him, and which he immediately recognized. "That is the rope that's going to hang you," said Kilsip, quietiy, coming behind him, "for the nurser of Cliver Whyte." "Trapped, by G---!" shouted the wretched man, wheeling round, so as to face Kilsip. He sprang at the detective's throat, and they bota rolled together on the floor, but the latter was too strong for him, and, after a sharp struggle, he succeeded in getting the handouffs on Moreland's wrists. The others stood around perfectly quiet, knowing that Kilsip required no assistance. Now that



Watch for the Announcement of the Opening

there was no possibility of escape, Moreland seemed to become resigned, and rese sullenly off the floor.

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D ROSENDORF, Sumter.