

MINNESOTA STATE NEWS

County Exhibits.

One of the most important departments in connection with the Minnesota state fair is the one set apart for county exhibits. The managers of the fair are doing their part to stimulate these county displays by offering \$1,200 in premiums for this year, against \$1,000 and \$500 in 1893.

Each county will be given space with 20-foot fronts, with shelving covering about 120 square feet and wall space in the rear 6 by 20 feet. To secure space entries must be made by August 25.

The places on which judges will make their decisions will be the ratio of a hundred, and displays of wheat, corn, oats, barley, flax, rye, grain in cobs, dax fiber (50), sugar beet (25), sorghum (25), native grasses, tame grasses, corn, sorghum, other forage plants, other vegetables and peas, culinary vegetables, fruits, miscellaneous, greatest number of varieties, design and taste in arrangement will be considered.

The State fair will provide pro rata according as the exhibit averages in aggregate the nearest to 100.

Deteriorated in Dixie.

Miss Caroline Blaite, a young lady living near Derby, attempted suicide. After the folks were in bed she got up, secured an old case knife and hacked her throat very bad. The knife being dull, she could not cut deep enough up in the bay left and threw herself out of the window backwards but was only slightly hurt. Then, going to a neighbor's about half a mile, she awoke them and told them to get up and take care of her. Her family had gone when they were after her. Mr. Mathis had persuaded her to go back with him, and her brother took her in charge. Thinking her safe, the folks again rested and next morning she again tried suicide by taking two spoonfuls of carbolic acid. Temporary insanity is the cause.

Reject the Hogs.

The capital commission, after an all day session, decided to reject all bids for stone. This action was taken in view of the fact that the bids depended upon in the revised specifications about to be issued. It is the desire of the board that all bidders shall receive fair consideration and in consequence of the recent changes the only course seemed to be to reject all bids and advertise anew.

After carefully tabulating all the bids recently opened, it was found impossible to select the lowest bidder, owing to the fact that while one bidder was lowest in one kind of stone for the walls and roof, another was lowest on a different stone for the interior work, and still another was lowest on a third variety of stone for the dome.

Insanity Killed.

Jonah Reynolds, an old man, was instantly killed in Minneapolis by falling from a sprinkling cart which he was driving. Reynolds had just loaded his cart with water and was driving on Lake Street at Pleasant Hill when a trace broke and one of the horses turned suddenly and sharply. Without a moment's warning the old man was thrown from his seat to the ground and both wheels of the heavy load wagon passed over his chest, crushing it and causing death.

Younger Is Now Criminal.

Cole Younger was seen at the prison in regard to the statement that the James boys participated in the Northfield raid, but refused to affirm or deny it. Said he: "Frank James is enjoying life; he is dead, so I can't say anything about it. I do say that he is dead, so I can't say anything either for or against them. No living man has ever heard me say they were with us."

News in Brief.

Lewis Pearson, a young man 17 years old, was killed in the saw mill of the Butcher Lumber Company at Red Wing, Minn., on July 12. He was hit and a slab from the saw and struck him over the heart, killing him almost instantly.

The body of Jack McLeod, apparently killed by lightning, was found in the woods near Grand Rapids.

Lightning struck the homes of James Sherry and W. S. Kingston at Grand Rapids, tearing the latter's bed to pieces.

A man, woman and child were driven in an民主istic boat, as far as possible. The bridge over the stream had gone out and they were attempting to ford with a team. The current tipped the boat over and they were all drowned, including the horses. The bodies were recovered later that day, but who the unfortunate were is not yet known.

Mr. Rachel Spellman, wife of a well-known resident of the west end of Duluth, was sentenced to a year at hard labor for the penitentiary for arson in the three days preceding the arrival of the United States marshals.

After Mary Hale, a paper at Marquette died, \$100 was found in her hotel.

The people in the vicinity of Swan River held a picnic, at which beer was freely indulged in, and soon after a general fight started in which men and women both took part. In the fracas several were badly hurt and others were stabbed.

Dennis Dorgan, 15 years old, became involved in a fight with a gang of 15, 16, 17 and two other boys of his John Farley and Patrick Larkin. The quarrel ended suddenly when Larkin stabbed Dorgan in the shoulder. The blade of the knife penetrated the lung, inflicting a dangerous wound.

A four weeks training school is in session at Eastgate.

A BIG JUMP.

Coal Prices Advanced 150 per Cent. Since the Strike Began.

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 13.—The miners' strike is causing the price of coal to still advance and it is selling at \$20, an increase of 150 per cent, since the miners' strike began on June 1. The feature Monday in matters pertaining to the strike was the presence in the city of the joint arbitration board, who are endeavoring by every means possible to bring to a peaceful conclusion the strike now in progress. The board had interviews and in the interviews interviewed quite a number of operators, the big majority of whom are in favor of arbitration, provided all the operators will abide by the decision rendered.

At a meeting held at West Newville, President McKay, of the miners' association, said he believed the West Virginia mines would be closed down within two weeks. If they are not, he said, the railroad men would be called on to brakeman to a standstill in that state.

There is a strong indication of a coal famine continuing the country within the next ten days. It is claimed by conservative operators that the marketable supply at present, which is placed at 10,000,000 bushels, would only last about 10 days if the miners strike for about a month under ordinary conditions. With the scarcity of coal already prevailing at the lake ports, it is claimed the supply will not last over two weeks at the longest.

Cleveland, O., July 13.—Positive information has been received from the city that the Ohio railroads have decided to refuse to haul West Virginia coal. These roads include the Baltimore & Ohio, the Cleveland, Lorain & Erie and the Cleveland, Canton & Western. An effort is now being made to verify the information. Railway officials deny the report.

Indiansapolis, Ind., July 13.—Gov. Mount said Monday that his sympathy is all with the strikers in the present contest between the strikers and miners. He is investigating his authority as chief executive to take a hand in the dispute, and if he finds he has power will appoint an investigating commission. The governor's action in that event will depend upon the report of the commission from actual contact with the strikers. The governor's pet avocation is golf and polo.

Springfield, Ill., July 13.—President J. M. Carson, of the Illinois United Mine Workers, arrived here Monday night from Danville. The 1,500 miners in the Vermillion field, still scattered, were still and the miners in every shift were still. The miners' wives were out or had voted to continue on strike. "By gosh," President Carson stated, "every miner in Illinois, we believe, will have joined the strike." President Carson stated that if left to Illinois and Indiana operators a settlement may be effected with the men at once. He predicts that a general settlement will be brought about within the next two weeks.

BOAT CAPSIZED.

Two Girls Drowned in a Disaster on Eagle Lake, Ind.

Eagle Lake, Ind., July 13.—An accident will that cast a gloom over Winona pleasure seekers for many days occurred here at 6:30 Monday evening. A large party from Winona, principally in the middle of Eagle lake in a high wind. The drowned are Bertha, aged 15, daughter of Edward F. Yarnell of Fort Wayne, Ind., and Georgia, aged 15, youngest daughter of Prof. John Coulter, of Chicago. The other two other occupants of the boat, who were saved with difficulty, were John C. Coulter, fellow in Chicago University; Miss Eunice, daughter of E. W. Munson, of Chicago, and Will Green, son of Lester W. G. Green of the Interior office of Coulter's office.

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I wonder if the ears of the lightship will follow my soul after it has left this worn-out body? If I ever have a grave stone, I would like it to be on the form of a lighthouse or beacon.—Gustav Kobbé, in *Century*.

A Warning to Bathers.

The oft-repeated warning to surf bathers, who are prone to ignore the water by reason of their plugs, is not generally heeded, to judge by the damage often traced to its neglect. They have lost the membranes and to give up diving, and partially escaped by the European method of pulling the girls into the boat, while she is drowning a third time. Young Coulter avenged Miss Munson. After diving for the other half-hour, the party went over the rocks again. Late summer, when the water is warm, Miss Munson's body was found tangled in the rigging, but that of Miss Coulter lies in 90 feet of water. Divers have been sent for. William Schemer, a bostman, made a hero of himself diving for the bodies, and is now in a precarious condition as the result of his efforts.

Fifty Killed.

Copenhagen, July 13.—A terrible railway disaster took place about midnight at Gjøtofte. The express from Belsgaard ran into a passenger train standing at the station, wrecked eight coaches and killed 50 persons, mostly women and children. The accident occurred in a dark tunnel, when the train was moving slowly.

Population of Russia.

The St. Petersburg Novoye Vremya says that the Russian census gives a population for the empire of 127,000,000, exceeding the estimate of 126,000,000 of Finland, which takes its own census. Some other figures have still to be added from the interior parts of Siberia, as well as the nomad tribes of the steppes and the mountainous Caucasus, where an exceptional snowfall delayed the work until spring. The total is expected to be not to exceed 130,000,000.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Below the Normal Average.

London, July 13.—According to the Mark Lane Express, it is said that the English, who are still awaiting the arrival of the Queen, are in a general state of languor, to the extent that there are about two bottles below the normal.

Persons Must Stand Trial.

Washington, July 9.—Assistant Secretary Howell decided not to interfere in the case of E. M. Berggrub and E. G. Langhorne, who were charged with the killing of their child named after King Oscar. The trial was adjourned until Aug. 6. Most of the victims are of the working class. The dead and injured will be conveyed in ambulances to the grand jury, which meets in September next.

What Placed the Gloom.

"Perkins is a dismal pessimist, but I heard him laugh heartily this morning."

HUMOROUS.

—Tommy (who has been reading history)—"Are kings always good, papa?" His Father—"No, not always, my son, but they are good, and when they run up against nice men."—Truth?

—Mrs. ——"That Miss Irene puts on a good deal of style when she goes to the opera." Minnie—"Well, good gracious! The woman's got to put on something!"—Yonkers Statesman.

—Taste in Settling up—"What did you think of my speech, Mrs. Taft?" asked the elegant young statesman.

—I thought it was perfectly grand!—Detroit Free Press.

—The Pretty Girl—"Miss Smither was named after her uncle George, wasn't she?" The Bright One—"I don't know. She looks as if she was named after him!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Kind of a Man He Was—"Did he carry any life insurance?" they asked the widow. "A little," she replied. "Too bad you didn't take out a little fire insurance on him, too," they suggested.

—How He Figured It—Violet—"How did Mr. Bighead come to accept the doctrine of reincarnation?" Rosemary—"Well, you know, he always had an impression that the world couldn't get along without him, and if that is so, there's reason to think that he will be come back again."—Truth?

—Good Luck Required.—First Tramp—"I read about that trial, an' de juge told him he needn't ter say anything dat would incriminate him." Second Tramp—"Well, I'se posse dat was becuz dey had enough evidence to send him to Sing Sing widout any assistance from him?"—Brooklyn Life.

—The LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE.

Pathetic Letter of a Woman Who Bore the Austerities of the Life.

Mr. Hobbes quotes the following letter from a woman who bore the austerities of the life:

—"I have had care of the old lardons hanging on Matinicus rock, they were more difficult to tend than these lamps are, and sometimes they would not burn so well when first lighted, especially in cold weather, and often got cool. There was a lamp I had a great deal all night, though I knew the keeper himself was watching. And many nights I have watched the lights my part of the night, and then could not sleep the rest of the night, thinking never so little might happen should the light fail.

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THE STORY TELLER

PEASANT WORLD OF BOOKS

There are those who find their happiness strolling near and far.
As for me, I have much had been beneath some earnest star.

The trackless desert beckons them, they seek the peaks,

And ever just beyond there some gladness soy to seek.

For me, I have made my fire, and with be-
ingual looks

From that shelter sheaves they smile, my
plumy friends the books.

A world of sweet company, these well-
beloved ones wait.

For any mood, for any hour, they keep a
place for me.

Serene and unpertrubed amid the ruffles of
my day.

They bring bread, my spirit craves, they
blees my twining way.

A pleasant world is theirs, wherein, though
batties wax and wane,

There is no strife, no triumph, and there
dwells sweet ease of pain.

Or passes sparkling as the dawn forever
brightens up the pane.

Through ages red with patriot blood, while
freedom's stainless robes.

In this fair world of calmest skies I meet
the freedom of the people.

There float to me dear melodies from clouds of
heavenly balm;

All callings of strength, all forms of
all bloom of wisdom lives.

And be the day's need what it may, some
blessing the world gives.

The freedom of the city where one walks in
crowds alone.

The silence of the upland, where one climbs
and climbs alone.

The blitheness of the morning, and the
solemn hush of night.

Are in the world of books, for one
who reads aright.

Here, pure and sharp, the pictured sphere is
cleaving point splits.

There, the winds of fate
time's sands are tossed in drifts.

And I sit beside the fire am he
of them.

Book to me, the angel of God's sleep-
less providence.

Who will, may choose to wander far over
sea or land.

For me the table and the lamp extend a
friendly hand.

And I go beyond compare while
with benignant looks

From home's familiar shelter they smile,

my pleasant world of books.

Margaret E. Sanger, in Youth's Com-
panion.

A SYNDICATE OF THREE.

BY LEWIS MASON.

(Copyright, 1897.)

WHEN the great mutiny broke out, there was no end to the plunders and malfeasances of the rebels; and, with one exception, all were rich. The Honorable East India company had forcibly disposed some from power and had bought off others; but from highest to lowest they still had their places and rewards and salaries. Few of these potentates threw their fortunes with the British, but the great majority cast their lot with the rebels or affected a neutrality almost as dangerous. No doubt many of them sacrificed all their wealth to help the rebels, and many more who transferred their treasures to safe places, and let it remain in concealment until long after peace had been proclaimed. Under a military edict all hidden property became loot for the soldiers, and scores of them were enriched beyond measure.

It was ten years free the rage of the war, that I landed in Delhi, and the search for hidden treasure had long been given up in that district. I had a number of friends among the English officers in the Tenth native infantry; and one night, as I sat smoking with Maj. Traiman in his quarters, he suddenly said to me and said:

"You saw me in the bazaar to-day talking with a native?"

"Yes."

"That man was for a year or so in command of the 400 soldiers in the retinue of the nabob of Jumna, as he called himself. The place stood over in the hills, and the nabob led his forces southward—so that he could get his treasure safely away. Then he went over to the rebels, bug and baggage, but he made a mess of it. Inside of three months he was killed and his followers also found out. His body was dismembered, were hung in strict order. This man, whom we used to call Col. Bounce, arrived here only to-day; and do you know, I believe he has an eye on that treasure. He insists that I am mistaken, and I say, and that he comes over in my part of the country before, but I know I am right."

"What do you propose?" I asked.

"That we find the treasure ourselves. You're going up the country. Just settle down here for three months, and I'll make a millionaire of you. The nabob of Jumna was not a bad man, and his son, his true son, held a king's ransom."

As things are dull now, I can get a leave of absence for three months. Capt. Gordon can do the same. We three will then form a treasure-hunting syndicate; and if you don't want some of the dead nabob's rubies and diamonds, we'll divide the proceeds.

Capt. Gordon was called in, and the syndicate duly organized. Unlike most other syndicates, little or no capital was needed for it. The major was satisfied that the native had returned with but one object in view. The first idea was to arrest him and bring him to justice, giving up the secret. This could probably have been done five years earlier, as the British did not stick at trifles when a prisoner was obdurate; but the man had gone by then, a confession might be obtained, and the major was inclined to leave him to liberty and watch his every movement; and this plan was set in motion the next morning.

Capt. Gordon had a Ceylonese servant who had often shown his smartness in

looking after things; this fellow was given orders to find "Col. Bounce" and stick to him. Inside of half a day he reported that he had picked up his man, and we felt quite certain that within a week we should know more about the treasure.

We missed it by not rating the "colonel" high enough. He didn't look over intelligent, but we had a fox to deal with. He loaded his gun with a spoke of iron, and when the captain's servant and finally sought and obtained employment with a native jeweler.

As soon as he had done this three packed off to the hills leaving the servant on watch. The nabob's palace was a mile from the town, and the road was narrow, but we took a short cut, and then we felt certain that the cave was in the ravine. This was what our spy had taken for a stick, and it was soon brought along to work at the traps.

It was the major who found the cave, and it was his broken leg that lost us the treasure. As we walked down the ravine, carefully selecting the rocky path, we slipped on a stone and tumbled forward against a bush. The major was uprooted and he swayed and fell, and his first cry was that the cave was behind it. So it was a stone which must have come from the service of the gods eight miles to lift us up again.

First, we crawled out of the bushes and ran back to our traps, and the major was uprooted again, and he swayed and fell, and his first cry was that the cave was behind it. So it was a stone which must have come from the service of the gods eight miles to lift us up again.

Then Capt. Gordon and I made all the traps, and the camp and the cave. His horse had been left there but was missing, as was also some bedding and provisions.

We made for the cave on foot, as we drew a map of the locality and divided it off with lines radiating like the spokes of a wheel. So it had been agreed that the major would take a long and follow it by compass a distance of six miles—then cross to another and return to the hub. As the lines were only ten rods apart, according to our scale, it would not be difficult even for a blindfolded person to walk over two days when the heat was too great to move, and at the end of three weeks we had finished only a quarter of the work. It was then decided to change the plan and let each man search as he would; but a fourth week passed, and we were just where we were at the start.

We would have given up now but for a flying visit from the captain's man, who reported that "Col. Bounce" had quit the place and left the city. He had purchased a horse and a quantity of supplies, and he was bound to believe that he would show up in the hills and seek the treasure cave. At once moved our camp and saw a watch for the man. Two days later he showed up and went into camp, and we were surprised to find that he had a servant. It was reported that he was captured on his way, as we were supposed to have gone north for tigers; but he was playing for a big stake and had no chances. Our men had an eye on him for two days, and each day and night for ten days before he moved. To some root hunters he ex-

plained that he was camping out for his health, and he did little but sleep and eat. We had to hang about the camp to be ready to take up his trail, and the call to him was always "Come along." Once at midnight he rose up and started off along the hills to the north, carrying in his hand, what our men, took to be a stick. Instead of following him, we spied him out, and our men, and course we realized that it was no use in searching in the darkness.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

No man ever gets quite as close up to God as he does when his little child is sick.

A man will admit that he is sentimental, but no more of it about him than a frog.

The average woman goes to her grave regretting that she gave her the cheapest wedding dress.

A girl's idea of a happy married couple is one that always gives a party on the anniversary of the day they first met.

When a girl who has pretty feet lies down in a hammock she always goes to lots of trouble to cover them up—and doesn't.

You can never tell how a girl looks at the breakfast table by the way she looks when she sits out on the porch in the evening.—N. Y. Tribune.

A NEW DISH.

Mrs. Pneumonia—I'll have two pounds of that cheese, and I'll have a good portion of impurity, too.

Green—My mother.

"One man will be enough, I guess.

Dr. Kiddle says that sage cheese can be eaten with impunity; but then, you know, I may not like impunity?"—Boston Transcript.

MILLIONAIRES IN THE SENATE.

Most Rich Men in the Upper House
Begin at the Bottom of the Ladder.

"The United States senate is frequently called the Millionaires' club, because many of its members are millionaires. Farmers, whose fortunes are estimated by six figures," said a senator and a millionaire recently, "and this gives a wrong impression of the character of that body." To be sure, many of the millionaires are very rich men, but I am not stating it broadly when I say the majority of the wealthy men in the senate have only themselves to thank for their wealth. They are not millionaires, nor are they millionaires with a million or more, while not so fortunate as to be listed as millionaires, are very rich men, but I am not stating it broadly when I say the majority of the wealthy men in the senate have only themselves to thank for their wealth. 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FERN COTTAGE.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"**A**ND Fern Cottage is leased for two years to a widow lady, Mrs. Baynor. She brought good letters from New York, and supports herself by selling fashion plates for a magazine."

This was the last statement my lawyer made upon the long-winded recital of the state of my affairs when I returned from a seven-years' absence from home. He had by my directions remodeled and put into good order the large, handsome house that was my inheritance from father, grandfather and great-grandfather, passing in each generation from son to son. I could not bear to still left the stately old-fashioned walls and extensive grounds intact. We Hiltons were very fond of Hilton place and had ample means wherewithal to maintain its beauty.

Inside the house I also possessed several houses in the village of Crawford and one cottage just at the boundary line of my garden, a pretty place that my mother had christened Fern Cottage, from the number of rare ferns that nestled in the little garden under the spreading grottoes and pines of rock placed there.

It was after twilight on a warm April evening that, passing the cottage, I saw through open windows my new tenant. She was bending over a small table, apparently sewing. Her figure was that of light form a slender lamp fell full upon her. I had fancied a vulgar, common woman. This was what I saw:

A figure slender and graceful, with hands as white and perfect as if carved in marble. She was purely pale, colorless and fair, with dark features and shaded by hair of molting black. Twice while I looked she lifted her eyes, large, lustrous and dark, full of suppressed pain. A face that covered a heart full of bitter anguish, a brain seemingly

I am a physician, though I have practiced little, preferring to write for the use of younger students; but I love my profession, and cannot quite understand why I study a new face.

And here was a woman burning candle already flickering at both ends.

I had quickly forgotten that mine was not a strictly honorable position, thus spying on a solitary woman's privacy, when an elder woman, seemingly an upper servant of better days, came into the room.

"Will you never cease working?" she said, fretfully. "When the daylight is gone, and you cannot sort your colors, you take up that drawing that is raining."

Then the voice I knew must belong to that face, full, rich, melodious, but fraught with sadness, answered her:

"Rest! You know I cannot rest!"

"Play, then. Do anything but strain your eyes any longer over that fine work."

The widow rose then, sweeping her heavy, black draperies across the room to the piano, where she played. Surely, if this was recreation, it was a pitiful mockery. Wailing minor music full of sobbing pain. Heavy chords melting into sad refrains. A master touch, a man who the long, slender fingers only called on strains of heart-breaking pathos.

A soft rain drove my home, but I mused long and deeply over my tenant, reflected several times, and received confirmation, well, was entertained by a strictly conventional conversation, heard the piano in some fashionable, showy music, and found the surface society of Mrs. Baynor, a gentle, refined lady, attractive and agreeable—no more.

I might have suspected this for the real woman, but I had no time to think about my garden, and as the drawing room of Fern Cottage commanded no view, my neighbor seldom closed the windows as the spring crept into summer. Paler, more shadowy, with shorter, darker hours, the sun shone as the widow rose then, sweeping her heavy, black draperies across the room to the piano, where she played. Surely, if this was recreation, it was a pitiful mockery. Wailing minor music full of sobbing pain. Heavy chords melting into sad refrains. A master touch, a man who the long, slender fingers only called on strains of heart-breaking pathos.

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"Oh, Dr. Hilton," she said, "she has tried her horrid pictures! Will you come?"

I went at once, finding my patient prostrated at last, and gently submissive to all my commands but one, the most imperative.

"I must work," she said, "as long as I can hold a brush."

"But you will die," I said, bluntly, "if you do not give up two weeks of early rest."

"Die!" she said, quietly, as if there was any terror in the thought, but as it was a new possibility in some probability, I said, "Yes, but you will die."

"Then you must obey me!" I answered. "I will send a carriage every afternoon with a careful driver, and you must go with Susan for a drive. You must be outdoors as much as possible during the heat of the day, and then return."

Her dreary smile confirmed my opinion that sleep was a rare visitor at her pillow, but she did not say so. Indeed she made no complaint, evidently allowing my visits solely out of regard for Susan.

And to Susan I turned at last for counsel. She had come to my house for some medicine I had brought from Frank's. And I pointed to a seat, saying, "Susan, sit down." Frank Dachene, who every summer with his beautiful wife and pretty children to spend the hot months at Fern Cottage—N. Y. Ledger.

Tobacco Seeds.

A single tobacco plant will produce 300,000 seeds.

ment, and then, bursting into tears, she said:

"Oh, sir, it's awful trouble, and we don't want to be known about her."

"It isn't bother you," I said, gently.

"You see, sir, she is not a widow, after thinking herself one for four years."

He, Mr. Baynor, sir, for she's never had her name, is a bad man, a man who nearly always is wild, drinking and gambling and his company. He spent all that money her father left her; he crippled her boy with a blow of his drunken fist, and then he left her poor and sick, and the boy died."

She left him for the child, little Harold, and he grew to nine years old, but always croaked and puny. Then Mr. Baynor found out, and he would have taken the child, he would, the friend of the widow, Sir, because he could never in his life sent a cent to Germany with a friend. I tell my story all wrong, sir. We heard Mr. Baynor was dead—heard it from his own brother, too, who believed it, and Miss Edna—Mrs. Baynor, I mean—came to us, and she said, "Sir, Mr. Dachene came to see her, and—ah, well, doctor, he was a true man; gentle, kind and loving, and so good to Harold. She thought she was a widow, and her heart was sore, but, sir, you can never guess for how long she kept it hidden—hard—what harm if they loved each other? They would have been married if Mr. Baynor had not come back, pleased as Punch to find he could make a little more misery for his wife."

"Yes, he is, sir; the more's the pity!"

Mr. Dachene is in Germany with Harold, and my poor dear is working her precious life away to pay for the bath for the boy, and to keep Mr. Baynor away. She pays him so much a month to live."

"It is a sad story," I said. "And I was hasty in thinking I might help Mrs. Baynor if I knew it. We have medicines, Susan, for such misery as this."

But yet I was glad to have heard the story, and I told it to the cottage, and she had often frequently to repeat it to the heavy-headed woman from her own troubled thoughts and amazed at her rare patience and courage. I had done but little in my efforts to restore her health, when Susan came to call, to summon me one heavy August day.

"Come, please," she urged. "He's there, hurt!"

"Who?" I asked.

"Mr. Baynor." He came cursing and swearing, and when his money was not met, he was a man of great temper and violence, and he frequently threatened the heavy-headed woman away from her own troubled thoughts and amazed at her rare patience and courage. I had done but little in my efforts to restore her health, when Susan came to call, to summon me one heavy August day.

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