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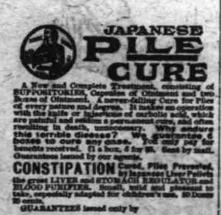
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"He's looked up in New York," explained Lawrence as she paused. The young woman's eyes flashed, almost joyously, Mr. Drane thought, and he wondered at it. She became suddenly very

grave and continued:
"I hope you won't be mean with me. If you will go with me to the minister that married us, I can prove what I say, and p'r'aps he'll help us." "I fail to see what good that will do,"

said Lawrence. "But I want you to know that I was really married," persisted the young woman. "Then I'll tell you all how is happened, if you won't get me into

"I will agree not to get you into trouble," replied Lawrence, "if you will give me the correct address of Mrs. Bessie Harland, and if you will also return her property to her."

This blunt request came pretty near leaving a fainting woman on Mr. Drane's hands. Her blushes left her face and she collapsed into the chair like a limp rag. Lawrence hastened to thrust various bottles of liquids that he saw on a mantel into her hands, and he fanned her vigorously with his hat.

sufficiently to accuse him of desiring to play some trick upon her. He protested that such was not his intention and urged her to be calm, promising to go at once to the clergyman's if she would write the desired address. This she finally did and then retired to dress for the street. While he was waiting Lawrence wondered that she had not made particular inquiries about her husband, and his conclusion was that she cared nothing for him, her only desire being to possess his supposed

When at last they started down-stairs, the young woman thrust her hand into



"HE DOES LOOK LIKE A LUNATIC.

his arm and leaned heavily upon him, saying:
"I am so upset by this."

Lawrence galiantly undertook the burden, and as they passed through the office he saw his acquaintance, Jimmy, the reporter, watching him narrowly. Two policemen were there, too, and as he passed them he heard one of them

"He does look like a confounded lunatic, for a fact."

CHAPTER X. At all seasonable hours the streets of New Haven are full of pretty girls. They are merry girls, too, who like to laugh when there's any thing funny in sight. Drane, with the bogus Mrs. Drane upon his arm, passed some thousands of them, or at least he could have sworn that he did, and they all looked out of the corners of their eyes, and grinned with the corners of their mouths.

It is harrowing to be the object of this kind of attention. Is suggests the possibility of a practical joker's placard on one's back, or a black mark alongside one's nose. Drane investigated the subject as well as he could by feeling stealthily up and down his back, and using his handkerchief with great rigor. But for the life of him be couldn't find any thing calculated to create so much

"I suppose I look funny without my nustache," he thought, "but hang me if I should expect people to notice it who never saw me before."

Then he glanced down upon his com-panion, and beheld upon her coun-tenance an expression which at once ex-plained the situation. She looked as no woman ever does except when she's either sea sick or in love. A honeymoon smile of the most aggravated type transformed her rather comely face into the familiar mask of imbecility; and not even the blank stars with which he met her upturned eyes, moved her to modify a single detail of her ridiculous

"She must be crazy, too," he thought, "She must be crasy, too," he thought,
with a shudder; unconsciously molding the phrase of his idea to fit the popular judgment regarding his ownmental condition. "Poor girl; her disappointment has turned her brain."

She steered him into a side street;

and just as he was trying to think of a delicate way in which he could urge her to discontinue looking at him in that disquieting fashion, she paused before a. gate and said:
"This is the minister's house, the

Rev Mr. Knowles, the man who married us, you know. There was a painful smbiguity about her words which perplexed Drane to such an extent that a servant had ushered them handily into the good pastor's study before he recovered his self-pos-

A venerable gentleman rose from a arge chair, and greeted them with cour-"You remember , don't rou?" said

the girl, before Drano could open his mouth. "I'm Nollie Blake, or I was before you married me to Mr. Drane, last She simpered in a most distressing

way and looked up at Drane. He fole his bair scirring at the roots, for he saw now that lunacy was the only explanation of the girl's conduct.
"I ought to explain—" he began.
But the minister stopped him with a

wave of the hand.

"No explanation is required, Mr. Drane," said he. "I remember you per-fectly, and I do trust that nothing has happened in this short space to mar the happiness which I sincerely wished you when I made you one."
"But my dear sir—" oried Drane, in

horror. Nellie interrupted him with a giggle.
"You see, sir, it isn't really much of

any thing," she said, "and porhaps we ought not to have bothered you about it; but the truth is I've lost the certificate you gave me. I'm just as stupid as I can oe, but I can't help it."
"Oh! if that is all—"

"But it isn't all. It isn't half of it,"
Drane exclaimed. "The truth is-". "Now, you naughty boy," cricd Nellie, putting her hand playfully over his mouth, "I shan't let you go on this

"Some trifling disagreement," said the Rev. Mr. Knowles, smiling good-naturedly. "I have no doubt that it can bo repaired as easily as the loss of the cortificate."

"Sir," said Drane, breaking loose from the restraining band, "I assure you that

it is your duty to—

"And I assure you, sir," said the old clergyman, with dignity, "that it is your duty, as it is your privilege, and should be your delight, to be ever kind," forbearing and gentle with the woman who has given you the honest affection of her heart, and whose hand I joined with yours in this very room. Look at

Nellie had fallen upon a sofa and was sobbing with industrious vigor. "You have brought tears to her eyes." Nellie protended to wring out her handkerchief. "She might faint with the disappointment at your very feet!"

Nellie began to faint with a rigid determination which alarmed Drane, and called forth more remonstrances from the kind-hearted old man. Together they made her comfortable upon the sofa and fanned her till there was a small cyclone in the study. When she was quiet Drane saw his opportunity, and, in a voice as calm as he could make

"My dear sir, you are wholly mistaken in this matter. I am not the man who married this young woman, and I have never had the pleasure of seeing either her or yourself before to-day."

"Do you mean to say that she doesn't know her own husband?" asked the reverend gentleman, with great surprise. "This is preposterous."

"She knows perfectly well that I am not her husband," said Drane. "For some purpose of her own she has lured me here, and has claimed me before you, and you have pretended to recognize me. But for the honesty that I rea in your face, sir, I should be tempted to say that this was all a great conspiracy to entrap me."

"Young man," said Rev. Mr. Knowles. with deep soverity, "I never forget a face. I knew you by your necktie!" It was the one article of conspicuous

spparel which he had retained since the first exchange with the tramp in the Turkish bath. He cursed it in his

"But look at me more closely; look into my facel" he exclaimed.

Rev. Mr. Knowles pulled a pair of spectacles down from his forehead and approached Drane with a grim de-termination to make sure of him written all over his usually benign coun-tenance. Drane lifted up his head and looked straight at the glittering gold rims of the glasses. He felt cortain that he should not fall of an acquistal if

once he was properly inspected.

But Rev. Mr. Knowles made an erro which is alarmingly common in cases where personal identity is at issue. He fixed his gaze rigidly on the one thing which had previously misled him-the necktie-and to all intents and purposes his scrutiny went no further. And oh, how he did identify that necktis. How he reached in and pulled its secret out! How dead certain, how immovably, unutterably positive he was, when he raised his eyes from it and pushed up raised his eyes from it and pushed up his glasses again, that that was the veritable necktie with which he had forever united the fate of Miss Nellie Blake. Then he glanced at Drane's face with his unassisted eyes; saw simply a physiognomy with the customary number of features on it, and was convinced.

"I was not mistaken," said be, "and !

It takes a really good man to be fixed in error; but doubt is the eternal por-tion of the unregenerate. The Rev. Mr. Knowles was more certain that he had married Drane, than Drane was that be

It was your intention to cast this woman off did you bring her here where your iniquity was almost certain to transespondingly, "she brought mo."
"Bo I supposed; so I supposed, young
san," and the Rev. Mr. Knowles frowned

in great disapprobation. "but now that

your whole duty. What reason you have for denying your wife I do not know. Have you any thing to say against her "Heaven forbid," said Drane, bastily.

That is a subject on which I never say You have the instincts of a gontle-

man," the old clergyman said, slowly.



CLADUED.

fore; especially then. I may add, for your bohavior to-day has left much to e desired."

"I am greatly indebted to the abominable tramp who personated me on that secasion," exclaimed Drane, with bitter mphasis, "and I regrot that his reputation should suffer during my tempo-

"Come, come," said the genial pastor, beerfully; "let's have no more bard words. Come. Nellie, give your hand toyour husband once more in my presence, and start anew on what I trust will be happy life together.

Nellio rose with great alacrity and adranced to Drane, who stood in sullen lismay, wondering what the woman's oboct was and how far she would allow Me ridiculous game to proceed.

Meanwhile Rev. Mr. Knowles had

shifted his spectacles from hi, feretead to the end of his nose, and he beamed more bonignly over them than under

"I am an old man," said ho, "and you must pardon my interference in the affairs of the young. I am not yet clear as to what has brought you to me for a econd time; but let us say it is Providence-"and be glanced reverently upward, the one direction in which the good man's sight had never failed him "I entreat you, my son, be a man," he continued, "and loave this strange and evil course for the better way."

Drane was torn by many conflicting emotions. The old clergyman's manner was so kind that Drane could have kissed his venerable hand, and his error was so annoying that Drane longed to break his venerable neck.

"My dear -" be was going to say "my dear sir," but Mr. Knowles let him get no further than the adjective. He spread his hands over the pair, in the familiar attitude, and Nellie, taking the hint, fell upon Drane's neck. His them. If, however, he must have a utter inability to struggle against cirand the Rev. Mr. Knowles, taking out a largo handkerchief, oriod softly in

They were all so much occupied tha they did not bear the door-bell, nor had their attitudes changed by a hair's-broadth when the door opened and Mrs Bossle Harland, of Buffalo, N. Y., walked in. Drane saw her out of the corners of his eyes, and he tried hastily to shake Nellio's arms from around his neck, but they were clasped hard and fast, and nothing could loosen them Bessie gave a little sigh which was al most a sob, and sank upon the sofa. There were first-rate prospects of a gen-nine faint now, and Drane's agony was

proportionately increased. At the sound of her late mistress sob, Neille turned her head, and when she saw who had entered her dismay was so plainly written on her face that even the faint-sighted old pastor saw it He misinterpreted it, of course, and cast look of disapproval upon Bessle.

"Young woman," said he, "are you the unhappy cause of difference between

But Bessie paid little attention to bis words. She rose unsteadily from the sofs, threw up her head with a pitiful little attempt at dignity and said:

"Mr. Drane, I came to this city becsuse I believed that you were ill and in trouble, and I hoped to help you as you once helped me. A young man, who believe to be a representative of the press, directed me to this house. That explains my presence; but, of course, can stay no longer. I must say good-

"There, sir; didn't I tell you your name was Drane!" exclaimed Rev. Mr. Knowles, who had been fairly bursting

with a desire to say it since Bessie's first word had been uttered. "Bessie—Mrs. Harland!" cried Drane. choking with love, rage and other emotions which afflict the young. "I swear to you that this is all a hideous mistake have never seen this woman before to day, and I don't care to see her again till the day of judgment, on which ocwas hanging round my nock for some insane purpose of her own; and this gentleman"—and Drane softened his olce and bowed to Mr. Knowleesists that he married us."

"Married!" cried Bessle, and she sank back again upon the sofa.
"Hut he didn't, you know," cried Drane, hastening toward her. "He's near-sighted or something, and she realnear-sighted or something, and she really married my necktie—ch, give my word, I don't know what I'm saying, but I—I— Bessio, I love you, God knows, and every heat of my heart has been faithful to you since my eyes first rested on your face. May—"
"Sir!" cried Rev. Mr. Knowles, in a

voice of thunder. "This is more than I can permit. Will you make love to another woman before your wife's eyes, you young villain?"

But this rebuke fell unheeded, for

Drane's unexpected declaration had proven too much for Bessie's nerves already deeply shaken, and she had fallen into a faintness, as deep, to all appear acces, as death itself. Drane sprang

forward to bor side, and Rev. Mr. you are here let me exhort you to do Knowles puttered along after him. Nellie, too, was moved by the sight of her former mistrees' pallid face, and she bid fair to be of more real use than either of the men. But they were all in earnest, and so intent upon their task that they did not see the door open, nor did they know that any door open, nor did they know that any one had entered till a barsh voice said: "Lawrence Drane, ye bloomin' lunatio, I've got to

Drane turned to confront Jimmy and the two policemen. TO BE CONTINUED.

HIS ANXIOUS WIVES. Should the Ameer of Afghanistan Die They Would Be Shot.

There is a certain village in the midlands where the illness of the ameer of Afghanistan has been followed with painful anxiety. The reason is to be found in the following curious but I believe perfectly authentic story: Some years ago an enterprising young tailor left the village in question and went abroad to seek his fortune. He eventually found his way to Cabal. Here great luck awaited him. He obtained the patronage of royalty and became the poole of Afghanistan. He had left a sweetheart behind in England, and as soon as he found himself on the road to fortune he sent for the damsel to join him. She came, but here fortune descried the tailor. His intended bride in her turn obtained the patronage of royalty, with the result that she eventually became one of the three nundred wives of Abdurrahman. This, however, is only the first

ct of the tragedy. It is understood by the laws of Afghanistan when the ameer dies the whole of his three hundred wives must be shot. The laws of the Afghans are as immutable as those of their ancient neighbors, the Medes and Persians, and the whole of the little midland village, where the ameer's English wife was born and where her parents are still living, has been during the last week or so in a high tate of excitement over the possible iate of the young lady. Fortunately the ameer seems better now, and is to be hoped, if only for the sake of his wives, whatever their nationality, that the improvement may continue. In the meantime, cannot diplomacy do anything for the young woman? At this time of life and with a gouty habit to boot I should have thought Abdurrahman might have been induced to get along with two hundred and ninety-nine of round number in the family circle, perhaps an exchange might be pego tiated. - Chicago Times.

A Great Composer's Wit.

When Dr. Greene had left with Handel a new anthem for his opinion upon it, he told him that "it wanted

"Air!" exclaimed its composer. "Yes, sir; and so I did hang it out of de vindow," replied Handel.

When the "Messish" was being performed in Dublin, Dubourg led the band and one evening had a close to make ad libitum. Following the fashion the violinist took his cadenza through the most extraneous keys until Handel began to wonder when he would really come to the shake which was to terminate the long cl se. Eventually it came, whereupon Handel, to the merriment of the audience, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard: "Velcome home, vel-

come bome, Mr. Dubourg!" On one occasion a perturbed singer had some warm words with Handel and wound up the wrangle by threatening to jump on the harpsi-

chord which he played.
"Oh," replied Handel, "let me know ven you vill do dat and I vill advertise it, for I am sure dat more people vill come to see you jump than to hear you sing."

When he heard the serpent for the first time he was very much shocked by the harshness of the sound and cried out: "Vat de tefel be dat?" "That is the newly-invented in-

strument-the serpent"-somebody "Oh!" he replied, "de serbent, ay? But dat be not de serbent dat se-

tuced Eve?" - Blackwood's Maga-

An Actor's Slip in His Lines. Instead of militating against them,

a little accent on the part of a foreign actor or actress often catches the American public. English spoken with a certain accent, which attaches itself particularly to the French and Italian, is very fetching.

One young actor, however, had an experience once when he first came here which made him feel very uncomfortable for the moment. The part which he played made it necessary for him to dash upon the stage in a certain scene and cry out: "Your lover is wounded sore; he has broken three of his ribs."

When the time came he dashed on the stage all right, but, to the astonishment of the audience, he cried out: "Your lover is wounded sore. He has broken three of his legs."-

TOLD IN CONFIDENCE.

Things That Reporters Know, But Do Not Publish.

Reputable Newspaper Men Never Botton Secrets That Come Incidental to the Profession-Something About the

Probably few individuals have more private matters intrusted in confidence to them than newspaper reporters. In the gathering of news, says the Rome Sentinel, many a fact is given in confidence to reporters which nothing should induce them to publish, but which is freely made known to them personally in order that they may fully understand a subject and be enabled to intelligently give to the public so much of it as is proper. Our public men and others recognize this fact and they know that their confidences, when worthily bestowed, are never betrayed by reputable newspaper reporters.

Every newspaper man knows how many family affairs and bow many private business affairs are sacredly guarded by reporters, though the general public probably is not aware of it. There is hardly a newspaper proprietor in the land who would not quickly dispense with the services of an employe who should deliberately betray such confidence reposed in him when he was pursuing the task of news gathering. The reporter who cannot be honest about those things finds many avenues for news closed to him. He would be disgraced to an extent which can probably be better appreciated by those who have had experience with newspaper business, but which can also be at least partially appreciated by those who have not had such experience and are not versed in the ethics of the profes-

The ethics of the journalistic world regard it as an inexcusable crime to give publicity to matters in violation of agreement, and it is not regarded as at all necessary to have the agreement in black and white in order that its meaning may be understood. It is, in all reason, bad enough for a newspaper to break faith and merit-he loss of public and private confidence, even when what it reports is true. But when, in addition to breaking faith, a paper, in ignorance of what it is attempting to describe, distorts facts out of all semblance to their original selves, does as much injury to the private interests of the very persons who trusted it as the paper' circulation and influence permit, and besides treats the public to a generous fake, then the performance is without record of having been considered, in any code of honor or ethics in existence.

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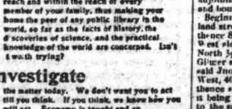
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