

LUKE HAMMOND, THE MISER.

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CHAPTER XII. Continued.

"Useless," said Nancy, shaking her head. "I have already examined Daniel. He says when you employed him, more than a year ago, you directed him to procure just such a thing as she is—old, strong, of weak mind, and avaricious. Fan was an old apple woman, whose miserable stand was near the Bowers Theatre. Her home was a den under ground in the Five Points. Daniel thought she would suit you, and so engaged her. He knows no more about her."

Hammond folded his arms and knitted his heavy brows in bitter thought, but at length he struck his fist upon the table saying:

"I do not know who she is—I do not wish to know. Nancy Harker, it is better for us not to know."

"So be it," said Nancy, as she rose. "Henceforth and forever, let her be who she may to us, she is—"

"Old Fan! Nothing more!" exclaimed Hammond. "Now, how are our prisoners?"

"Doing well," replied Nancy. "Daniel paces the hall."

"And Stephen?" asked Luke.

"Sleeps. It is his turn."

A bell tinkled below as Nancy spoke, and she continued:

"The front door bell! Who can it be—10 o'clock, too!"

"Why do you tremble so, Nancy?" asked Hammond, surprised at her terror.

"Two days ago, nay, yesterday, an evil spirit might have waked you in the dead of night, and you would not have quailed. Now the slightest noise makes you start and shiver as if a mortal sickness seized you."

"I know it, Luke. I know it too well," said Nancy, "and it warns me that I am near my death."

"Bah!" laughed Luke. "You are thinking of Harriet Foss."

"I thought my nerves were iron," said Nancy. "I thought I was as strong of heart as you, Luke, but I deceived myself. While Harriet Foss lives I am near my death."

"Why more than I?"

"I am not."

"Then be assured that you will live to share the riches of Henry Elgin with me," said Hammond. "Be bold and brave again, Nancy. I want no cowards around me. Listen. The bell rings again. Stephen sleeps; Fan will not bridge a step unless commanded; go answer the bell."

"I dare not," said Nancy. "I dread to open the door, lest a force and terrible woman shall dart in upon me and stab me to the heart, crying:

"Murderess of my sister! I've found you at last!"

"You are a fool, Nancy!" exclaimed Luke. "Turned coward after being brave for years. I will go. Is the hall lighted?"

"Yes—be careful, Luke; if you should perish, what becomes of me?"

"Perish! I! Woman, you will make a coward of me yet. Men have struck at this breast and failed. Do you think I fear a woman? Bah!"

And unlocking the door he passed out, just as the bell clattered again.

He strode on until his hand rested upon the doorknob at the vestibule. Then he paused for a moment, and when he opened the door his right hand grasped a cocked pistol behind him as he muttered:

"A cunning man or woman must be or she be to surprise Luke Hammond."

The form in the vestibule stepped in at a stride.

"John Marks!" exclaimed Luke.

"Close the door! Bolt it, but it straggle. Out with that light!" cried Marks. "I am watched! Harriet Foss knows you are in New York."

His advice was hurriedly followed, and Luke led the way to his library with trembling limbs.

After all his bluster he feared, as Nancy Harker feared, though he showed it less.

"Here is some one whom you know, John Marks," said Luke, as Nancy rose to meet them.

Man and wife, long separated, mutually hating, gazed upon each other long and steadily.

"Yes, it is, or was, my wife," said John Marks. "Grown older than years could make her. I bring you brave news—what is your name now, woman?"

"One I have a right to bear," replied Nancy. "I married after divorce freed me from you, and my husband's name was Harker."

"Was?" sneered Marks. "Then he is dead?"

"Yes, he is dead. That is nothing to John Marks," said Nancy. "What news is this you bring?"

"I'll tell it after my own fashion," replied Marks. "But first, can this light be seen from the street?"

"No. Why do you ask?" said Nancy, growing white as she glanced toward the window.

"Some people," said Marks, sitting down, "are very bold in seeking for others, that's all. If a house is dark and shut up such people might rather pass it than disturb its inmates with sharp questioning."

Nancy Harker glanced from him to

Hammond. The latter nodded and said:

"Harriet Foss knows I am in New York."

"Great heavens!" cried Nancy, clasping her hands. "Does she know that I am here?"

"Not that you are here," said Marks, lighting a cigar, "but that you are in this city."

"She will find you? Oh, we are to fall by her hand at last!" cried Nancy.

Hammond pulled a bell cord violently. Marks smoked on in silence until Stephen appeared, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"Better be turnkey in the Tombs than here; for there they had regular hours to take a cover."

"Stephen," said Hammond, "patrol the front and rear yards carefully; then turn loose the dogs."

"Daniel told me you were expecting your son to-night, sir," said Stephen.

"Right," said Hammond, "but the gate will be locked and he can ring the gate bell. Then examine all around—doors and all."

"Something uncommon gay sprung a leak," ruminated the obedient Stephen as he departed. "The gov'ner seems excited—but that's none of my business."

"You seem very much afraid of a woman," said Marks, when Stephen had gone.

"A woman?" exclaimed Nancy. "A devil, John Marks. Now tell us how she found out we were in New York."

"First tell me why you two fear her so much," said Marks. "If I am to be your friend in this matter I must know what kind of ground I stand on."

"Is it not enough for you to be paid for your services?" asked Hammond.

"No," replied Marks, tossing his cigar aside and assuming a determined look that sat well on his dark features.

"For me to be paid for my services by strangers is all an honest man like me can ask. But with a woman who has been my wife, and my former brother-in-law, pay is not enough, my friends. Last night, Luke Hammond, you took me by surprise. I did not expect to meet you here, and your pistol was my first hint of who you were. To-night I am prepared for war or peace." He laid a pair of pistols upon the table, and continued:

"You two are carrying on some devilry in this house. I know it. I have made inquiries about Luke Hammond. I want to see Luke Hammond's niece. Don't scowl! I am not afraid of either of you. More than twenty-four years have passed since we met, and I want that time filled up to my mind. If you want to know how my time has slipped along, go to England, and you will learn that John Marks was convicted of burglary he never committed, sentenced to transportation to Australia for twenty years—served his sentence, and has picked up a scanty living ever since, here and there."

"You shall know why we fear Harriet Foss," said Hammond. "But as regards all my life, I shall take time to consider before I tell you. You have, you say, been making inquiries about Luke Hammond. Does any one doubt that I am he?"

"Not a soul, and I am eager to learn how you managed the deception," said Marks.

"As regards that, you shall learn when we have so bound you to us that we shall not fear your treachery," said Hammond.

"Treachery!" exclaimed John, with bitter emphasis. "John Marks was never treacherous in all his life to you. Can you say the same of your conduct toward him?"

"I told you," said Luke, gravely, "when you were here last night to call again. I need you. But first let Nancy say that to you which shall make you one of us."

"John Marks," said Nancy, "you were once my husband. I thought I loved you—"

"That was a mistake—go on."

"And you said you loved me."

"I lied, I admit it. I never cared a straw for you. I wanted money, and you had it."

Nancy Harker's eyes flashed, but she went on:

"The name I bore, the name my brother there bore before I became your wife we have sunk forever. That is of no consequence—"

"You simply disgraced it—that's all," said Marks.

"If you interrupt in this manner the conversation ends here, and since you come prepared for peace or war, it shall be war to the hilt!" exclaimed Hammond.

"Remember you are in my house, and behave accordingly."

"Very well, go on," said Marks, who seemed fierce and bitter in the presence of Nancy.

She resumed.

"You and my brother were bosom friends. You were both wild and dissipated, and the money supplied to you by indulgent parents was not enough to suit you. Neither of you could wait until nature should leave you the heirs of your father's wealth, for our fathers were rich. Neither of you were bad enough to take the life of a father. So, unable to wait, unwilling to slay, you robbed your fathers."

"By my hand, madam, you helped us," said Marks.

"I do not deny it," said Nancy coldly. "I was as bad as you. You and my brother had no trouble to persuade me to aid you in the robbery, and then to fly with you. But that you feared my brother's vengeance you would not have made me your wedded wife."

"I admit that had some influence with me. But as you appear to be going to make a long story of the affair I'll smoke through it."

He produced a cigar and lighted it, nodding blandly, and saying, "Go on."

Nancy continued:

"We did not think when we planned the robbery it would be laid to us. My flight, we thought, would be considered an elopement, for my father had refused to listen to your suit—I was too young, he said, and you too wicked."

"We robbed—you your father, we ours. But lest the deed should be traced to us we did not fly then, but waited to divert suspicion toward others. At the end of a week we feared that the truth was rapidly approaching to ruin us. Then we fled. Then you married me, and then we wrote to my father that we had committed the deed only as a step to become united; that we loved madly, and knew no other way to effect a union. We begged forgiveness—we hoped for it; for my father had no daughter save me, and no son but my brother, and we were much loved children. We thought the affair, in our folly, a rare and pleasant way to bring the old man to his senses."

Here Nancy paused, for her voice grew so husky that she could hardly speak. The image of her dead and dishonored father was rising in her soul, but by nature hard and cruel, she soon overcame the emotion and proceeded:

"When my father read that letter he gave one sharp cry, sprang from his chair, and fell dead."

"Why speak of that?" demanded Luke, fiercely. "Marks knows it. Tell him what he does not know!"

"Let her take her own way," said Marks. "If you check a woman's story she will have to go back and begin again. Go on, Mm. Harker."

"The cruel tidings killed him on the spot," said Nancy. "What happened then, John Marks?"

"Ho! you want me to tell?"

"Yes, I do. I wish to see how true your memory is, that I may know how to tell me something that you do not know."

"Good. Well, your father died as you said. His death and your conduct made your mother a lunatic—made her as mad as crazy can be. You and your brother returned to your home. The robbery had never been traced to you, for your father's dying act was to tear your confession to atoms. You and your brother placed your mother in a madhouse—I must say it was the only thing you could do, for she was savage, raving, dangerously mad! No one found fault with that. Doctors said she would never recover—that was all right. Then you and your brother sold the property, turned it to gold and went to London. I met you there, then, though I was hiding from my father, who was a vindictive old gentleman, and had other sons besides me to love. If he had caught me I think he would have anticipated the punishment of the law and given me a more severe one than imprisonment. The knowledge of my guilt didn't kill him. He lived ten years after that. Well, you and I lived very well together until our share of the money was gone. Then we quarreled—you got jealous; I think we fought a few battles with something harder than words. We separated and your brother obtained a divorce for us. We had one child, and the law gave him to you, because he was an infant."

"What became of the child?" asked Nancy, sternly.

"The child," said Marks. "He died less than one year old. I went to his funeral. Don't you remember that was the last time you and I met till to-night. 'Tis a pity the boy died. When he should have grown a few years older the law would have given him to me, and with him to rear—well, perhaps John Marks were now a better man—that's all."

"Now," said Nancy, rising. "I will tell you what shall join you to us. I knew that when our child should have grown older the law would take him from me, his mother, and give him to you, his father. I swore to slay my child ere you should have him to rear to love you and to hate me. The child did not die, John Marks. The funeral to which you were summoned was that of the child of my servant. Our child still lives!"

"Ha! traitress!" cried Marks, grasping for his pistols.

But a quicker hand than his had secured them, for while he was talking Hammond had stolen behind him, and as Nancy Harker said, "Our child still lives!" snatched away the weapons, and now stood behind him with the cold muzzles touching the right and left ear of Marks.

"Stir a limb and you die!" said Luke, as the locks clicked loudly.

And so imprisoned Marks was forced to quiet by the wily, daring man who needed him as an able tool.

"You are no man—you are Satan!" said Marks, not daring to turn his head a hair's breadth.

To be continued.

ROUGH ON THE CONVICT.

According to an old document just discovered in Australia, says the Golden Penny, gold was first found by a convict near Parramatta in 1789. The unfortunate fellow was at once charged with having stolen a watch and "botted it down," and, being convicted by the rude court of those early days, was given 150 lashes for his pains. In later years the record of this incident was closely examined by an undoubtedly competent authority, who was quite convinced of the genuineness of the convict's story.



POPULAR SCIENCE

In plant forcing by electric light, a foreign grower has found that red globes produce greater intensity of color and yellow globes more delicate color.

A darning machine, one which will in ten minutes cover a hole that an industrious woman could hardly fill in an hour, is a recently invented piece of labor-saving apparatus.

Bees are attracted to flowers by the bright colors. The experiments of Miss J. Wrey, a Belgian naturalist, prove that perfume has much less attraction, and that honey has none at all.

Scopolamine, the new anaesthetic from a Japanese plant, is administered by hypodermic injection and induces a deep sleep for eight or nine hours. It is claimed to have absolutely no after effects.

The arrival in London of a specimen of the bird-eating spider calls renewed attention to a little known insect that is more powerful than the famous Tarantula. It is the largest spider known, and in its tropical South American home it spins very formidable webs for catching humming birds and finches instead of flies.

Among the new industries that have been developed by the exigencies of modern life, none is more surprising than that of supplying human skin. Experiments in grafting to cover extensive injuries have been so successful for live skin, and the London hospitals have long lists of men and women—not all of the very poor class—who are ready to sell their flesh when it is wanted.

In a paper on "A Possible Explanation of the Formation of the Moon," read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, recently, Mr. G. Romanes showed that there never had been sufficient heat developed in the interior of the moon by gravitational compression to account for volcanic action on its surface; and he explained how lunar markings could be accounted for on his hypothesis by the impact of meteoric masses.

Zapon, the new preservative of paper products of Dr. Schill, of Dresden, is a solution of nitric cellulose in some expensive solvent, amyl acetate seeming to be best adapted for paper in sheets. When dipped in the solution or brushed with it, the paper absorbs the liquid, and on evaporation of the solvent becomes coated with a thin film, which resists rain, sweat and various fumes, as well as attacks of mold and bacteria and hard usage.

WORDS OF WISDOM

A perfect faith would lift us absolutely above fear.

Those who really pray for the poor find themselves saying Amen at their door.

O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas.

Perfect openness is the only principle on which a free people can be governed.—C. B. Yonge.

You never know how much religion you have until some one treads on your best corn.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.—Emerson.

Our biggest, blackest troubles are often only the locomotive drawing our richest treasure train.

You can help your fellow-men; you must help them; but the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be.—Phillips Brooks.

Good For Wandering Lungs.

At John and Nassau streets, the other morning, a man with a gray wool, a wide smile and a voice unfolded a chart and began to expound the virtues of a cough mixture and "lung tonic." He talked entertainingly about the danger of tuberculosis from winds disturbing the accumulation of winter's dirt in the streets, and made himself popular with the crowd through apt anecdotes. Among his listeners was a young man with spectacles, round shoulders and a pallid face. The quips of the medicine man evoked no smile from him. Intently he watched the vendor pointing out anatomical details on his colored diagram.

"Right here, where you see the lungs," said the medicine man. "The lungs are not there at all! Interrupted the pale young man; they are on the other side of the body."

The medicine man looked at him pityingly. "How do you know?" he inquired.

"I am a medical student," was the retort.

"Oh, well," continued the medicine man, "this chap isn't going to be a much better doctor some day because he comes around trying the verbal jujitsu on my business. The point I wish to impress upon you, ladies and gentlemen, is that my tonic will brace up your lungs if there is anything wrong with them, no matter in what part of the body they happen to be. Twenty-five cents, please. Thank you."—New York Press.

Two Able Chinamen.

Wu Ting-Fang, formerly China's representative in this country, was regarded by other diplomats as a wonder on account of the way he could grow through business. His successor, Sir Chentung Liang Chen, has established a reputation outdoing that of the general Wu. He always gets his information for himself, never sending any of his attaches to the departments.

Mr. Roosevelt's Damp-Proof Library.

The new addition to President Roosevelt's house at Sagamore Hill, according to the terms of the contract, comprising one large room. It is to be a damp-proof library, the structure being pushed rapidly forward.—Oyster Bay Pilot.

THE DOG AND THE BONE.

Remnants of the instinct of the WILD BEAST IN THE DOMESTIC ANIMAL.

I have sometimes seen a dog bury in the ground a bone for which he did not seem to have any present need. I have always understood that he did this on the principle which actuates a provident man to lay up something "for a rainy day." This may be, though I have never known a dog to dig up the bone afterward; yet some persons tell me they have known him to do this. I should think the dog must be hard pressed by famine that will attempt to gnaw a bone covered with clay and dirt, as this bone must be after being buried in the ground. If the dog hides it away through any such provident forethought as this, it must be the slightest remnant, a mere adumbration, of a former instinct of his race. He does not pursue this practice in the steady, methodical way in which an ant or a bee or a squirrel lays up a stock of food against a time of need. With him, it is only a fitful and rare occurrence. His long domestication and the ages through which he has received his food from the hand of his master have obliterated largely the sense of this necessity from his mind, if he may be supposed to have a mind.

The fox, when he has had the good fortune to capture several fowls at the same time, will, it is said, secrete such as he has no present need for under a bush or behind a log. I remember that in Rowland Robinson's pleasant book, "Sam Lovel's Boy," a young fox is represented as doing this. "He began burying the leg of a lamb in the loose earth, but desisted when he saw that the eyes of all his mates were upon him, then unearthed the half-buried treasure and sought a new hiding place. He does not understand that the wolf has this food-hiding instinct. Gilbert White, of Selborne, says in his quaint way that he had "some acquaintance with a tame brown owl, which, when full, hid, like a dog, what he could not eat."

"The origin of most of our domestic animals," says Darwin, "will probably forever remain vague. But I may here state," he continues, "that, looking to the domestic dogs of the whole world, I have after a laborious collection of all known facts, come to the conclusion that several wild species of Canidae have been tamed, and that their blood, in some cases mingled together, flows in the veins of our domestic breeds." He mentions a dog whose great-grandfather was a wolf, and this dog still betrayed its wild ancestry in the fact that it never approached its master in a straight line when called. But which species of the Canidae from which the dog may have descended has the food-hiding instinct or habit I have nowhere seen stated.—Forest and Stream.

When Hanging Out Clothes.

When hanging clothes to dry remember that the thickest part of the garment must be hung higher, for were the thinnest part uppermost the water would run into the thick part, and thus the drying would be greatly prolonged. Next hang up everything inside out, for then any accidental inside is likely to come on the inside of the garment, where its presence will generally not matter very much.—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

Red Haired Women's Club.

Novel among women's clubs is one in Portland, Ore. A correspondent writes of it: "Red haired women of Portland are organizing a glee club of 100 voices, to be trained by I. H. Furlbert-Edwards. A good number of auburn and golden headed damsels have been gathered, but the full number is being obtained by means of a circular letter written to the chosen of Titian locks.

The plan is being taken up seriously, the purpose being ostensibly to give concerts, but in the circular letter a deeper plan is revealed.

"The writer, a red headed woman herself, who is doing the promoting, appeals to those blessed with burnished hair on the ground that red hair as a mark of beauty has not been appreciated by the world, and that to gather together the fair of face and red of hair combined with voice, will make all those who hear and see fall down and worship."—New Haven Register.

Styles For Large Women.

A style of bodice becoming to large women is that made with jacket fronts, not the loose, hanging bolero fronts, but a trim, tight-fitting affair, single or double-breasted, or fastened at the left side. The jacket comes below the waist line in front, and it has a small, shaped basque back; an inner vest with overlapping revers shows between, or above and below the overlapping jacket fronts. One point that every woman at all inclined to stoutness is to remember to keep the line of her waist long by cutting all her clothes with straight seam and dart lines, and placing the waist line half an inch below where she actually feels the line to exist. A garment cut an inch too long waisted looks infinitely better than one a quarter of an inch too short waisted; especially is this to be noticed in the plain tailor coat made with single fly fronts. When the coat hangs open it rides up in the back when not long enough in the waist, and it gives a most awkward appearance to a woman.

Piano to Match Rooms.

If you want to have a really up to date piano you should have it made to match your room. Lacquered finish matches the tints of wall and rugs. If you have a room hung in old tapestries your piano may be ordered with the coloring of case to match. If you are endeavoring to carry out pompadour designs, the clever piano man will make for you a glorified case in which inlaid roses carry out the general plan of decoration. Of course, these pianos made to match cost a great deal of money, but there are people who mind that not in the least when it comes to a choice between a musical instrument whose coloring does not harmonize with the other furnishings, and one that does. Some of the new upright pianos have beautifully painted panels inset to relieve the blank monotonous lines. Others are ornamented with rare skill on the backs, which are then exposed to the room, and a piano made for a splendid music room is in tones to harmonize with the red coloring and the cover and sides are literally hidden beneath masses of pink and deep red chrysantheums, which are surprisingly natural in their artistic effect and have been done by a great painter.—Manchester Union.

Imported Gowns Show Field Effect.

The tendency toward plaid is manifest in the new finish of genuine Shantung, which shows a broken, rather indistinct plaid in pastel green, terra cotta, blue, lavender or rose. Some beautiful imported gowns are offered in this fabric, trimmed with ribbon rosettes and embroidered bands to match the coloring in the plaid, and hats are made especially to wear with such frocks.

A notable example is a complete suit showing skirt, blouse and coat with the pastel green broken plaid and a stunning Tuscan hat to match. The hat is turned up on one side to display a knot of ribbon matching in tone the background of the dress, the green in the broken plaid, and a harmonizing shade of terra-cotta. Around the crown of the hat is an embroidered band, green and terra-cotta, done on pongee colored canvas and outlined by changeable beads. Above this band rests a two inch braiding of green chiffon to match the tint in the dress and hat. The entire costume is Frenchy enough to attract attention, yet practical enough to the women who like serviceable raiment.

For evening wear a striped satin gauze stamped with flowers in a harmonizing color is a most popular fabric, and the lace pattern shown in this material is extremely softening to figure and face.

Don't Go to Bed Hungry.

Many women go to bed hungry—



Woman's Realm

not knowingly, perhaps, but after diversions that have used up the food eaten at the last meal. Hearty meals before retiring are not to be recommended, though some eat them without distressing results. But there are light things, like a warm drink of beef tea, malted milk, or cow's milk, or even hot water and light nourishing biscuits, which will quiet those clamorous little mouths in the lining of the stomach and draw down the blood from the head.

Don't eat in haste or without appetite, because no good results from such a course and the harm may not be far off. One mouthful properly masticated and leisurely swallowed is worth a plateful of boiled food, and if you have but one minute for a meal spend it upon one morsel of food. There is a popular idea, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, that quantities alone counts, but the few knowing ones never consider it. Milk sipped is digestible, but when hastily swallowed taxes the stomach more severely than do many solid foods.

Don't grudge the hours spent in sleep. Be good to yourself and allow a good eight hours, or more if you need it. One of the most uncomfortable women to have about is she who is always doing something and fidgets at enforced idleness. Relaxation is necessary to strengthen both muscles and nerves.

Making Fancy Hosiery.

The demand for fancy hosiery is as great as ever this season,