

"Then let me see Nancy Harker," said Marks. "I must not be trifled with."

"You shall see her. But you must not hope to see your son until you have said: showed me the body of Harriet Foss," said Hammond, firmly.

"If Nancy Harker proves to me that my son is living, then, Luke Hammond, you shall see the body of Harriet Foss covered the secret of your life? As my to-night," said Marks.

"Enough," said Hammond, gleefully. He summoned Nancy, and she soon appeared.

from her bosom. "Mrs. Harker," said Hammond, "John Marks has brave news for us. Harriet Foss is no more."

Nancy Harker turned deathly pale, ture, said: and stared at Marks.

"Is this true?" she asked.

Marks; "Harrier Foss has ceased to exist."

"Prove it, John Marks," cried Nancy. "Ah, that is what he will not do until allies again, for the sake of our son. you, Nancy, shall have proved to him Give me that picture again. I may that he has a son," said Hammond.

have use for it."

learn this secret.

gain by it?"

the plot has fallen to the earth."

dangerous plan?"

brother?"

"Forsake the whole," said John

Marks. "Leave your brother to work

"But where is my son? Where is

"He is well," said Marks, evasively.

Foss is no more, I will," said Nancy.

"If I show you the body this night,

Nancy Harker, will you abandon your

At length she asked:

leaving New York?"

"It was not in our agreement," said Nancy. "John Marks was not only to do the deed, but also to prove it before any steps should be taken to put him in the possession of his son."

"Stand on that, and I will prove nothing," said Marks. "I demand a private interview with Nancy Harker." "You shall have it," said Nancy, after a pause. "I fear you, John Marks, and must take precautions that you attempt no violence."

"Conduct him to the rear parlor," said Hammond. "It is not far from here. I have no desire to hear what you say. You, Nancy, can sit near the parlor bell cord, with your hand on it. You see the bell there above my head, John Marks?"

"These precautions are useless and needless," said Marks, with a scornful ing? Or, rather, what do you expect to smile. "Take them if you wish, however. All I wish is a private interview with Nancy Harker."

"Come, then," said she, revolving a plan to put him off. "This way," Nancy conducted him to a small parlor, and then sat down near the bell cord.

"Now what have you to say. John Marks?" said she.

"You and I," replied Marks, "used to speak a language your brother could never master. Do you speak it still?" "You mean German?" said Nancy, speaking in that language.

out his own villainy." "It is well," said Marks, sitting down so as to face her. "I have something to Charles?" asked Nancy. say, and you must not scream if you are astonished."

"Something very interesting, no doubt," said Nancy.

"You shall judge," continued Marks. "First, I must tell you that Charles Hammond has not left New York." "Ah!" cried Nancy, growing white again.

"I warned you not to scream," said Marks. "And, secondly, I must tell She would do anything to know that You need not hope. I told you yester

could not have understood even if he had heard, "Charles is our son." John Marks heaved a deep sigh and

But that is no matter. Mrs. Harker, be so kind as to retire into the hall. "You only assert what I believe. Your presence may embarrass my woo-But now tell me, Nancy Harker, what ing. you would have done had I not dis-Kate grew very pale and her heart beat thick and fast, but she said noth-

son lives, does the son of this Luke ing as Nancy Harker went out. Hammond, your brother, still live?" "Now, Catharine Elgin," said Ham-"He does. See his portrait," said mond, assuming a softer tone than she Nancy, taking the picture of the idiot

me tell you something you may not be-John Marks gazed at the ugliness lieve, but I swear it is true." with surprise, and returning the pic-"Come not near me, wretch!" cried Kate, as he seemed about to step near-

"I pity him. From my soul I pity er. "Since I must hear what you have him. Had you shown me such a son, to say, speak! But swear to nothing, "As true as that I am here," said Nancy Harker, and proved him mine, for I will believe nothing you can say." I would have gone mad on the spot, "Catharine Elgin, my son, in falling and torn you to pieces. We were man in love with a woman before his return to New York has done me a service. I and wife once, let us be friends and love you."

"Silence! base, villamous wretch!" cried poor Kate, growing alarmed as Hammond's eyes seemed to blaze. She gave it to him dreamily. She "Yes, by my soul, Catharine Elgin, I was thinking of the rage that would follow when Luke Hammond should adore you. I began this affair from love of gold. I was rapidly verging into hopeless bankruptcy, and to save "How did you prevent Charles from myself from ruin and disgrace, I con-

ceived the plot to gain the fortune "He was sitting in the car," said Henry Elgin intended for James Marks, "and they were about to start, Greene. Love of gold was then my when I said to him, 'Wait for a few only desire. But since I have known hours. You have time enough, and I your character, and because my son do not think the woman you love has | will not advance his suit for your hand left New York.' He followed me at I am no longer in love with gold. I once. I had already gained his affec- am in love with you!"

"Oh, detestable villain!" said poor tion, and as he had made me his confidant, he was willing to trust me Kate.

"So much do I love you," continued farther. We returned to the Metropol-Hammond, "that were ten times your itan Hotel. I have told you enough. father's wealth now mine I would Nancy Harker. Now tell me what is cast it away to call you my wife. I this you and Luke Hammond are dolove you, and am willing to set your father free, and to risk his anger, to dare the law, if you will consent to be "A fortune for my son," said Nancy

my wife," Harker; and this was the purpose to "Never!" exclaimed Kate. accomplish which she had aided in im-"Consider your situation. Catharine prisoning Elgin and his daughter.

Elgin. You are wholly, hopelessly in "I was in England," she said, "when my power. Your father is more in my my brother wrote to me to come to power than you are, for the world America to aid him in this dangerous thinks he lies mouldering in his tomb affair. I hoped Charles and Catharine in Greenwood. You have your choice. Elgin would love each other when they Consent to be my wife, or see your met. But circumstances have prefather die before your eyes!" vented their meeting, and that part of

His calm ferocity of look, and his air of iron, unchangeable will, awed Kate more than his words. And Luke Hammond was in earnest. He was infatuated with Kate's great beauty as much as he loved her father's wealth. Kate remembered her father's caution-to gain time. "Will you give me one day more to

"But once again, will you abandon this eflect?" she asked. "If you will prove to me that Harriet "One day more," repeated Hammond,

ooking at her eager face with his keen, gray stare. "There is something in your face I do not like, Catharine Elgin, all lovely as it is. I see that you Nancy reflected. She resolved to lie. ask for time, hoping to be delivered.

though speaking a tongue her brother happiness, Miss Elgin, you mistake. I at the theatre with a great pink blos- essential to appetite and good digesintend to marry you this coming night. som directly in the middle of her back. tion. Ah! you have slipped your handcuffs. From the flower hung tulle streamers, matching the tulle and chiffon laces

about the fair, bare shoulders.

Princess Gowns. We never quite desert the princess style.

For a woman with a fine figure inknow how to be good national housedeed there's no dress so altogether keepers until the private housekeepers smart and becoming as the princess. of the nation extend their hereditary thought so bad a man could use, "let | So true is this that at intervals this function to public needs and duties. mode is revived for street wear, us-Every time the women are given a ually in the shape of a princess skirt. chance to clean up a dirty city, carry and some sort of abbreviated jacket. It on a crusade against public disgraces and immoralities, they are successful goes without saying, however, that the and there is at once a new order of princess style is at its best for house wear, and especially for evening. things. In one State the men, the eaters of meat and makers of law, legally Many of the most superb, evening dresses are in this mode and though allowed the butchers to carry on their white is the choice as a rule a number work in such a diseased and disgusting of lovely colors are seen in superb efmanner that the health and morals of the whole people were affected. One fects and the material appears to woman alone reformed and cleaned up greatest advantage, there being one long, tremendous sweep from shoulders the whole abuse and made the slaughto trail end upon which the lights play ter houses of the State models of hyin delightful fashion. gienic order and decency. Here is another instance. In a Michigan city, Oriental crepe, heavy, mellow and satiny, is a chosen fabric. It is bound Kalamazoo, the women grew tired of to be magnificent.

Woman as a Ci izen.

recognize that in all matters of practi-

cal hygiene the women are necessary.

We shall never have clean cities until

they undertake the job, nor shall we

filthy streets and disregard of law and they got permission to clean one street Just now pailettes on fine net are much in evidence. The great thing is for a while, on the same conditions as to have these sparklers very tiny, and the contractor had not cleaned it. They in no wise suggestive of big, circussy did the work, forced slumbering ordinances to wake up, demonstrated to spangles. the city that cleanliness is as easy and A charming example is in pale blue

as cheap as filthiness, and now the with a starry, all-over effect in silver men and politicians of Kalamazoo say spangles. The net over-dress appears to be almost loose, and it is caught into they have learned their lesson and that the tightly-fitting satin foundation they will carry out the reform in all dress about the waist. Not flatly, howstreets of the city. The movement was ever. Indeed, the uninitiated might instituted by Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, who also did such marvelous suppose it to be hanging loose and naturally clinging at the curve. Zigzags work in the Michigan slaughter houses. of pale blue velvet ribbons adorn the There should be a women's civic club foot of the skirt and are also employed or city improvement league in every to form a sort of bolero, which serves American city and town.-American to finish to decolletage .- Manchester Medicine.

The Farm Picnic.

Picnics claim every summer month for their own, and ofttimes appropriate the early autumn as well. Impromptu affairs, with the accessory luncheon basket opened in some attractive woodland spot, are the preconceived notions of the picnic proper, but there are other sorts which, owing to their novelty, will appeal to many.

Union.

The farm picnic is the first of these and when once the farm and the farmis well imitated. er are secured there can be no doubt A strikingly pretty French organdie of the success of the new departure. has bunches of wisteria over it with Presuming that these two items have long ribbon loops and ends. come into your possession by a day's hire, the plan is to convey the guests by wagon or trolley car to the farm. Arrangements having been made with the farmer, the guests find a cool sitı veil over. ting room, a porch, a barn, farmyard and broad acres at their disposal. Hammocks and swings up, the croquet and archery in readiness, tennis and ing in the shops. even golf can be brought into the list of the day's enjoyments, if a too great a bit of color woven in the back and come in long lengths to meet the elbow

offers before yours."

"Huh!" rejoined the young man in the case. "That's nothing. I proposed to at least a dozen girls before I met you."-Chicago Daily News. It is strange how slow men are to



"Why are your country roads crooked?" "So that the automobiles cannot speed."-Jugend.

Insinuating. "Who owns that painting?"

"It is mine now." "Well done." "But I am not the artist. I am the buyer." "Again I say well done." "Do you mean, sir, the picture or

me?" Nothing But Action.

"Is there much action in the new play you appeared in last night?" asked Mr. Walker Tighs. "Well, I guess yes," replied Mr. Stormington Barns. "I was kept on the move all evening dodging vegetables and eggs that had seen better

It's Different Now.

days."

ashione

Lace and fine lisle thread gloves have

"Is Tim Slimmers still paying attention to 'Mandy Tompkins?" asked the man who had been away from home

for some time. "No," answered Corntossel. "They don't either of 'em pay any 'tention to the other. They're married."-Washington Star.

Legal Deduction. "Ah, my friend," said the passenge with the unbarbered hair, "what can b more delicious than clear, cold water i Some charming hats of the season the early morn, fresh from the pump? are faced with pinked crushed roses. "Water," rejoined the hardware Especially lovely are the flowered drummer, "is certainly a good thing chiffons, and in cotton voile this fabric By the way, are you in the milk bush ness?"-Chicago Daily News.

Cause For Pride. Naggsby-"Simley certainly has re sons to be proud of his wife."

The best hats for motoring are the Mrs. Naggsby-"Why do you think small "polo toques." They are easy to keep on and comfortable shapes to fit 80? Naggsby-"She doesn't assume the

look of a martyr or try to change the Nightgowns with square necks outsubject when he attempts to tell a lined with handsome embroidery and funny story."-Detroit Tribune. pale pink or blue embroidery are sell-

> Sarcasm Mr. Sapphead-"Charlie Hiroll has

actually disgraced his family by going into trade."

ambrosia, horsemint and wintergreen are among the locally well known of many common plants yielding agreeable teas, and Paraguay tea and false tea are already much used in South America.

When one can't do anything else with it one can turn his telephone to account as a barometer. Having planted two iron rods in the garden, at a distance of about twenty feet one from the other, connect both with the wire of the telephone. The soil in which the rods stand must be well soaked every eight or ten days with a solution of hydrochlorate of ammonia. Then, by listening to the telephone, one will be able to forecast the weather at least twelve hours in advance more accurately than with any barometer. If a crackling or pattering noise, like that of hailstones on a roof, is heard, a rain storm is not far distant. A low, murmuring sound, described poetically as "like the distant twittering of birds," foretells a change in the temperature.

REASONING POWER IN ANIMALS.

Wonderful Instincts Possessed by the In sect Crestion.

As scientific investigations extend it becomes more and more difficult to draw the line between the higher and the lower animals and the plants, and even between the plants and inorganic substances. It no longer suffices to say that man is the highest animal because he alone has the gift of reason; nor to say that a plant is different from a stone because it grows. These supposed distinctions are now known to be erroneous, for the broadly scientific man now knows that other animals than man can reason, that plants have habits which must be attributed to a well-developed instinct, and that inorganic bodies such as crystals, can grow.

Investigations on these lines are being widely carried on at the present day. A writer in La Nature gives an ingenious explanation of the wonderful instincts possessed by the insect creation. Most of these insects are very short-lived, and there is apparently no time for educating the young. Yet how unerringly do they follow out the round of their existence; in many cases they are, by their blind instinct, able to defy all the reasoning power of man and they ravage his crops, etc., doing great

damage. The writer in question points out that in an earlier geological age there were not such seasonal changes of climate as we now have. In those days, as witnessed by fossil remains in coal, etc., insects grew to a large size and probably lived as long as many higher animals. Their instinct was developed, in that age, he thinks, and has been transmitted through countless generations to the present, in spite of the constant shortening of the period of the insect's life, by the closing in of climatic conditions.

Marks. "And, secondly, I must tell you that Charles Hammond is in my power." Nancy Harker scarcely breathed and shrank from the fire of the eyes of John Mark. "He is in my power," continued Marks, "and if you or your brother Play me false, or if you and he bave tricked me, by my life. Charles Ham- mond dies. Now tell me—but first let me tell you a little more. "One month ago I saw Charles Ham- mond for the first time. It was in Liv- erpool I me him. I supposed him to be friended me in my distress. I made the acquaintance of Charles, and from that moment loved him—loved him that I would not ask him for money, but hastened to America to see his father, thinking that father to be my sere tricked me as was charles Ham- mond was writing. "Not I," said Marks, "aid Marks, coldy. "Not I," said Marks, end Marks, coldy. "Not I," said Marks, coldy.	 manded. The serving of the luncheon in the big barn, which is bedecked with boughs and redolent of the odor of hay, is the feature of the day, though it is closely seconded by a late after noon frolic in the hayfield, where the city folks are permitted to load up the scented cuttings and ride back to the barn; the work which is play to them being a real benefit to the farmer, though, of course, he would never admit it. be not former's wife is not put to any trouble by the invasion.—The Bee Hive. as ing Or Feeding the Children. De net formet that the baby outgrows 	 into trade." Miss Sulfuric—"Let me see, he had already committed forgery, embezzlement and one or two other things, had he not?" Mr. Sapphead—"Yaas." Miss Sulfuric—"Well, what could you expect of a fellow like that?" Discouraged. "I'm downright discouraged," snid the man who always looks on the dark side of life. "That's what I am; downright discouraged." "What's the trouble?" "What's the t
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