A Tale of English Life.

By Walter Besant.

CHAPTER VL

Naomi held up her finger is in a sleep." on have her again," said the

at last. They let her go be was ill, and the time was si an I when she would have he leave. I brought her home leave. I brought her home leave. I brought her home leave a good deal excited, but at night she grew comdet dold me more than I knew, her husband—her husband—her husband—her husband—her husband—her husband—her husband—her has death she him went into the same she she did not stab him She did not stab him ause he had deserted sery necause he had deserted wanted to kill herself. I will all presently. He knew that villain!—villain!" ! villain!" echoed the u.

all see her directly. But she is me this morning. She does me. She thinks she has got in her lap—it was born in the didiet in the prison. But she me this morning. She does me. She thinks she has got her lap-it was born in the died in the prison. But she ded woman, renember. She hu-band-oh, her husband her. Tell me what I should in. Her eyes are closed. I seeping."

sepping.

Sunday morning in midsubstitute the church bells
it was not a quarter
to prayer is heeded, and good to prayer is heeded, and of the people were not set stated. Within, a bright fire, a gem, and in an easy chair the past free. She had put off her items they had suffered her had her beautiful light hair curling a for-head; her face, refined by fering, seemed in its delicacy beauty to be the face of some saint who spent her days in diaton; her eyes were closed, be out of of the voices and the of the door she awoke and looked.

ar," she said, smiling. She was once more in her

again, on asleep, I think. I forgot el ased, and I thought I was

ellagam."

'said Naomi. "Forget the cell.

r to forget it. See, I have
you my friend—my best friend.
dorn, he knows all; he will adud help us. He has been very be
usel. Pecause it was lonely
yor—and when one thought—
it is all over only dear—
it is all over and we are tousel ican bear anything now—
usel.

nation tried to speak. But he say his face, and the tears as his cheeks even to his great d. Twas a soft-hearted li-

ine got to grow quite strong lagam my dear," he said, tak-lam and holding it while he sai saic her. "Quite strong and say you think about anything. 21."

th never get strong or well sher-plied. "I heard the dockairmary say so. That mat-lag, except that I shall be such le in everybody. Oh! Naomi, let a trouble I have been to you! dreadul trouble. I have spoiled di fire, my dear."

Mannot you, Ruth," Naomi anbassely. "But that villain—

t dear. It hurts me that any-shicall him names. At first I luon him for the sake of my



BINK SHE IS IN A SLEEP,

is very terrible for a child to is very terrible for a child to i prison, isn't it—and for its ba a convict. No child can wer that disgrace. But God bild, and then I was happier. only myself to think about, is to feel that it was worse for for me. Nothing can under I came to forgive him, dear, forget him if I could. But forget your husband. Wom-as, as it is so,—" a, said the librarian. "God 'are," dear, you thought I was overtith the disgrace and shame dear. I never could feel any lot wen in the cecurt. The

of even in the ceurt. The weak was nothing to me, nothing to me, nothings. I obeyed the rules not inducent. But I had a sent a far more terrible to bear. Sugmeet of my onid's distant lieft the distance of my onid's distant lieft the distance of my onid's distance of my onid as a lief with onid in the my onid as a lief with onid in the my onid in the my

"Will you have some breakfast now, lear? You would not eat any an hour

"Will you have some breakfast now. iear? You would not eat any an hour sego."

"I thought we had breakfast at 7. flalf a pint of cocoa and—and—ishe looked about her with troubled eyes; her brain was wandering again." I must clean the cell and roll up the blankets. Defore work begins. The matron lets me do her room; they are all kind to me. Of course they know I never did it." She shut her eyes as if trying to collect herself. "Give me my baby." She started up and opened her eyes and held out her arms. "Give me my baby." She started up and opened her eyes and held out her arms. "Give me my baby. Oh! my precious baby. Hush! He is asleep. She thought the onild was in her tap. "He is asleep. Sir, Naomi. You didn't know I had such a lovely baby, did you? He has got his father's eyes exactly, hasn't he? Come and look at your son, Harry, Kiss him, dear. He shall grow up as handsome and as good as his father."

"Oh! my friend, "said Naomi. "What shall I do? What shall I do? It tears my heart to hear her and to look at her."

Well, there was very little to be done. The librarian, who now showed himself a person of infinite resource, went away, that very morning and brought back with him a medical man of wonderful skill—quite a msgical medical man—to see the girl, and told him pleces of the story. The medical man said that, considering everything, it was fortunate she had not died in prison, and that she would certainly die before many weeks; that to such an organization as this woman seemed to have, love and happiness were the food of life; then he added, "What a murderer!" He recom-



SHE ALSO SENT IN A PIANO AND PLAYED

mended something or other and went away. But he did more. For this medical magical person had a daughter, one of those who spend their lives in good works. And she, moved deeply by the sadness of the thing, came to nurse the girl, and instead of reading to the patients in the hospitals, sat all day long with Ruth while her sister was at work, and talked to her and prayed over her continually with the sunshine of sympathy and friendship. She also sent in a piano and played to the sick girl. In the evening Naomi came home, and when the librarian could get away, he, ico, came and read or talked of grave things, thoughts concerning men and women and the conduct of life and the caching which is read aloud in the churches without ceasing, and remains as much neglected as ever. So they talked her poor wearied brain into rest, But ever and anon the dying girl's eyes would wander troubled round the room, and she would go back to her prison cell, and she would call again for her baby and dandle the pretty child before, his father—the father so handsome and so good.

One evening, when she felt a little

One evening, when she felt a little atronger than usual, she told her sister

baby and dandie une preuty cuita perora
his father—the father so handsome and
so good.

One evening, when she felt a little
stronger than usual, she told her sister
about her marriage.

"Harry wouldn't marry me openly and
take me to his own people," she said,
"because he was dependent on his
father. But he wouldn't give me up,
and one day he told me that he had
everything ready and would marry me
secrotly in a registrar's office. But is
was to tell nobody—not even you, dear
and I promised. He took me in a cab, I
don't know where. One of his friends,
Mr. Middlemist, who was a clork in his
father's office, came with us. We go!
out of the cab at the office, and wenl
within. So that his father should no!
ind out, he signed a false name. He
took his mother's name, and signed himself 'Henry Hendricksen.'"

"And you remember the place, dear?'

"No, I do not know where it was, be;
cause I never thought of looking. Afterwards he told, me that it was a sham
registry, but I know now that it was
not, because people who have sham
offices do not put up brass plates and
print the name of the office in the pillars of the door. Besides, we had to
wait while another couple were married.
I am his wife, dear, as much as the law
can make me."

When Naomi told this to the librarian,
he said that now they knew the particulars nothing would be easier than to
flind out where the marriage took playe,
because a register is kept, and can be
consulted. And he took certain steps
unknown to the two sisters.

After this they talked no more about
the past. As the bodily frame grew
weaker hor mind became more restful.

During the day she seemed to forget the
past. She listened, her hollow eyes
looking far away, while her nurse—the
physiolan's daugeter—playet to her, on
the wings of the music she was borne
away to the land of holy thought. When
the land of holy thought. When
the talked it was of the future—now so
see when her child should be retored to her. The past, as she truly

in the night she would awake and stretch out her hands, feeling for the walls of her cell, and moan and weep in thinking of the cilid, born in the prison and dead in the prison. Then Naom would weep with her and soothe her, until the dying girl, in her turn, soothed and consoled the girl who had to live.

One evening, towards the end of April, when there was a soft breath of early spring, Ruth began to talk of the old days, when the swifts flew about the tower of the cathedral, and the leaves began to come out upon the trees; and she spoke of the sweet service on the Bunday morning, and of the quiet shop, with its shelves of books, round which the canons of the cathedral would slowly walk, reading the titles; and of the lean, who always came to shake hands with her father, and patted her cheek—all the old life—so long ago, so long ago. She talked about this all the evening: it seemed as if she could think of nothing else. When she laid her head upon the pillow she murmured, "Naomi, dear, there is nothing worth remembering but the old days—and you, dear, and you—unless it is my baby. Oh' he is waiting for me. I can see his pretty face: he holds out his pretty hands." Then, with no more words, her eyes closed and she fell asleep. Namin watched her; she was breathing freely and lightly; she went to bed herself. freely and lightly; she went to bed her-self. An hour afterwards she awoke in self. An hour afterwards she awoke in self. An hour afterwards she awoke and larg. Lightly and regularly. Naomi felf asleep again. When she awoke again it was morning, and Ruth lay dead.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VII.

LORD PERIVALE.

Mr. Harry Stoke had finished break fast, and was waiting his wife in order to go to church with her as a respectable and God-fearing gentleman should on Sunday morning. His wife—for he had married with his father's sanction and approval—was more other than Lady Beatrice, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Thordisa. He was himsell the Honorable Harry, eldest son of Lord Perivale, the newest creation. No one could grudge elevation of a man whe had achieved, single-handed, what all the men in the City are perpetually trying to do with the aid of partners, an cestral connections, inherited capital, and the brains of paid servants; he had amassed an encrmous fortune; all governments love to honor the City; therefore there was but one murmur of approval when Mr. John Stoke, of Thread needle street, was elevated to a peerage. And the fact that he had so much money was a sufficient reason for making his children and his children's children, so long as the stock should last, a caste apart, and hereditary legislators. The honorable gentleman looked perfectly healthy, happy, and contented with himself. Why not? His partnership enabled him to occupy a good house in a good square; his marriage opened a great many good houses to him; he had a brace of fine, strong shildren, one of whom, the heir to the perage, a little boy of 2, had been brought down to play with him, and was now rolling on the hearth rug. The choicest gifts in store had been poured into his lap, which was like a sack for capacity, and was ready to receive more choice gifts—the more and the choicer the better. Heaven certainly seems very good indeed to the ircher creatures.

tainly seems very good indeed to the ircher creatures.

ircher creatures.

A footman brought him a card.

"Who is it?" he asked; "I don't know
the name. What does he mean by coming on Sunday morning?"

"Gentleman says he has to speak to
you on most important private business."

ness."
"Oh!" He thought it must be some message from the city, or from his father. "Show him into the study. No, let

The visitor was an elderly gentieman, dressed plainly, who entered, bowed, and waited to be asked his business.
"Well, sir." asked the Honorable Henry Stoke, "what do you want with me? You said you had important private business with me?"
"Yes. I have brought you some news."

"What news?"

"You gave evidence in a trial about three years and a half ago."

"What about that tria!?" The Honorble Harry turned very red and then pale. "Who are you?"

"I am librarian of a free public library. It really does not matter who I am. You gave evidence in a case of alleged stabbing and wounding. Your evidence sent your own wife to penal servitude for seven years."

"My wife? It's a lie—a lie, I say.' He said more, but the terror in his eyes greatly detracted from the strength of his words.

"It is true," said the librarian, calmly. "Your own wife."

his words.

"It is true," said the librarian, calmly.

"Your own wife."

"Prove it, if you can."

"I can. It can be proved very easily.
You took lodgings in a certain parish
under the name of Hendricksen. Under that name you were married at the
registrar's of that district to Ruth
Heron. You continued in your lodglings, and your wife, who lived with her
sister, visited you there. One of your
friends, a man named Middlemist, then
a clerk in your father's office, was in
your confidence, and was present af
your marriage."

"Middlemist is dead:"

"Not at all. He lost his place in you
office and had to go abroad. He has
now come back again and has made, as
affidavit of the facts. We have also ob-

affidavit of the facts. We have also obtained an affidavit from the landlady of the lodgings. There is no doubt pos-

the lodgings. There is no doubt possible."

"What are you going—going to do?"
The man caught the back of the chair and showed a ghastly face. "Man, it is ruin—absolute ruin—to me. You don't know what mischlef you may be doing. I will pay anything—anything."

"At the stell your wife would say nothing; a word from her would have uninch you." A word from you would

nounng; a worn from her would have | The limitater was in the mount of the limitater was in the limitater was in the limitater was in the limi

nearly mad. I suffered terribly at the time, she ought to think of that; I suffered terribly. I thought it was all over."

In her lifetime nothing was said. But your wife is dead.

leared terribly. I thought it was all over.

"In her lifetime nothing was said. But your wife is dead."

"Dead? Is Buth dead?" His face brightened again. "Dead! Then it is all right! It doesn't matter to anybody."

"It matters to her memory and to her friends. She is dead, and now the story shall be told. Yes, Mr. Stoke, you will face the whole truth."

Just then the door was thrown open, and Lord Parivale himself walked in; he bore in his hand a little bundle of papers, which he threw upon the table.

"What is the meaning of this announcement, 'sir?" he asked his son; and this, and this. In the St. James' Gazette—in the Pall Mail—and in the Observer this morning. What does it mean, I say? 'On Friday, April 29, Ruth, wife of the Honorable Henry Hendricksen Stoke, of Chester Square and Threadneedle Street, daughter of the late Nathahlel Heron, I.P., of Barchester, aged 25.' What is this, I ask?" His son looked at the announcement, but made no reply.

"What is it?" roared his lordship.

"It means," said the librarian, "whaf it says. Your son's wife is dead."

"When sit, sir, you shall smart for it if there is law in the land."

"I did."
"Then, sir, you shall smart for it if
there is law in the land."
"It is true," the librarian said, quietly.
"Your son's wife is dead."
"Who is dead?"

Nour son's wife is ucau.

"Who is dead?"

It was Lady Peatrice who stood at the door, dressed leady for church, and asked this question.

"Who is dead?" she topeated.

"This man's wife is dead," said the-librarian, pointing to her own husband.

"His wife? What do you mean?"
"His wife died on Friday. She will be buried the day after to-morrow."

"Harry! what is the meaning of this?"
She caught her husban! by the arm.

"Speak! what does this mean?"
"It means—it means—"! tut he could not finish the sentence.

She caught her husbani by the arm.
"Speak! what does this mean?"
"It means—it means—" but he could not finish the sentence.
"It means that his lawful wife is dead," the librarian continued. "This man was married five years ago, at a registrar's office, to Ruth Heron, under the name of Henry Hendricksen, which was his mother's name. She cied yesterday at her sister's lodgings."
"Harry! speak."
"It's a lie," he repeated, but feebly.
"By —," said Lord I crivale, "I believe it is true,"
"It is true," said the librarian. "His wife's sister sends me to inform him of this news. All the papers and proofs are in a lawyer's hands. There is no doubt possible."
"Then what am I?" asked Lady Beatrice, looking around helplessly.
The librarian was silent.
"And what are my children?"
"Madam," said I ord I'crivale, "if this story is true, you are almost as illused a woman as the other, Ruth Heron! You, sir, it was your own wife—your own wife—your own wife—that you sent to a convict prison!"

The reason why I ady Beatrice separated from her husbund is not known.

sent to a convict prison!"

The reason why I ady Beatrice separated from her husband is not known. Nor is it generally known why the Honorable Harry Stoke left his father's firm and went abroad. His brother knows, however, that he is forbidden on any pretext whatever ever to return to his native country. And what will be done when he dies, and the question of the succession to the title will arise, is doubtful. The second son, the Honorable Joe, is determined that it shall proceed in the legitimate line—that is, to say, to himself. And as for Naomi, she is married to the librarian. At sixty, you see, one begins to feel the want of a wife.

[THE END]

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There are so many Housers in Houston county, Ga., that if a candidate can get the family to vote for him, he is generally sure of elec-tion. One of the old residents was asked about this recently. "Well," tion. One of the old residents was asked about this recently. "Well," said he, "there are so many Housers in Houston that I can't keep track of them. When one of the family runs for an office, if he can get his relatives to vote for him he's all right. There are just 742 of them in the county."

"All of one family?"

"All of one family?"

"All of one family, and the old grandfather of them all is alive yet. In meeting new acquaintances in Houston it is a good policy to say very nice words about the family, for you may be addressing a nephew, a cousin, a brother-in-law, or some kind of a relative of the family.

There is an excellent opportunity for some ambitious girl to outsime the nusome ambitious girl to outsime the numerous American duchesses, countesses and marquiseses now sojourning in foreign parts. King Alexander, of Servia, is very anxious to take to wife some itch and handsone damsel from the United States, and as an inducement he proposes to elevate his prospective bride to the ranks of rorally in order. bride to the ranks of royalty in order that she may be on social equality with his kingly nibs. Then he will espouse her with splendid ceremonial and use a portion of the bride's "dot" in purchas is coarse and brutal in his manners and altogether one of the most displeasing and odious youths a person could imag ine, but that shouldn't stand in the way where a queen's coronet is to be won, to the everlasting envy of the American on hesses, countesses and marquiseses aforesaid

Practice and Preaching. "Always

The minister was in the habit of im parting bits of wisdom to his family as

He thereupon returned thanks for about ten minutes while the meat and regetables selled the opportunity to

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS OF THE FUNN MEN OF THE PRESS.

Embarrassing -- Short Supply -Horse---Nothing Against Him---Unsatisfactory Answer---Signs.

EMBARRASSING.

Pater—Yes, it's hard to make both ends meet with my family of six grown

Sympathetic Friend-I suppose you have to husband your time?

Pater—Yes: until I husband some of my daughters.

SHORT SEPPLY.

(lergyman (about to baptize an infant)

Name the child.

Father—t harles Emilius Otto Philip
ferdinand Lelmann.

lergyman (aside to apparitor)—Please fetch me a little more water.

A BRAVE HORSE.

Buyer (confidentially)—"Say, boy, are you sure this horse won't scare at a locomotive?"

Stable boy—"Scare? Not much! Why-

r, three different men have been kille because that there horse balked in the middle of the track jest to enjoy seein' the bulljine comin'."

NOTHING AGAINST HIM.

Weary Willie—Wy do you t'nk ole Raggles ain't one ôf us? Flowery Fields—'c ause he always tells te truth. Weary-Willie—Oh, Shucks! dat's nutt'n igainst him: he tells de truth 'cause he's too lazy to t'ink up lies—dat's all.

UNSATISFACTORY ANSWER.

"Is there much poetry sent in to the editor?" the caller asked of the office boy. "Poetry?" replied that intelligent young mau. "The editor has poetry to burn."

HER VIEWS.

Clerk—Why not take a set of Dickens?
Mrs. Parvenos (making up a library)—
i don't want anything so common as
Dickens. Why, all sorts of people have
nis books?

SIGNS.

Wallace—Do you believe in signs?
Ferry—Some.—When you see a woman driving south and looking east it is a pretty sure sign that she means to turn to the west at the first corner.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Yeast-I struck an old friend on the street to-day.

Crimsonbeak—Yes? How much did

SAVED

"Yes, Dr. Dobbs saved my husband life when he had typhoid fever."
"How did he do it?" "Ran a lawn-mower up and down out-

side the window and threw him into a profuse perspiration."

PROBABLY.

Burrows-What is the best wheel on

Burrows—what is the oest wheel on the market?

Hills—The best wheel is not on the market any more. I bought it myself market any maket wo weeks ago.

Patrolman-One of the robbers had a

Fairdman—One of the rooners nad a frightfully pimpled face.
thet Detective—Insert an advertisement in all the papers offering to give away bottles of a new skin medicine free. We'll catch bim yet, b' Jove!

REPROACHED.

Husband—Don't you think you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until 4 o'clock, and then zet up at 8 to go to my work?

Wife—I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention

Gilley—Sir, I love your daughter, trumpy—Well, you infernal idiot, bat's not my fault. Don't you suppose would have prevented it if I could?

SHOULD STAY TOGETHER,

SHOULD STAY TOGETHER.
Gobaug—It seems to me that garmen is two small for the baby.
Mrs. Gobaug—But you must remember that it will shrink from washing.
Gobaug—So does the buby.

Gobang-So does the baby. EXTRAORDINARILY POLITE

"It was shocking to see the way Miss Babble whispered," said Mand.
"Yes," replied Manie. "If she had any breeding at all she would know it is impolite to whisper in company. I never think of doing such a thing."
"Neither do I. If I have anything to say that I don't want to have overheard I wait until somebody gets up to sing or

until somebody gets up to sing or

play the piano." A FRATHERED SOCIALIST.

A FEATHERED SOCIALIST.

'That there thin chicken with the draggled feathers," said the farmer to the aumner boarder, "is the one I call the Socialist. Know why?"

Of course the boarder didn't know.

"Well, I'll tell you. I call him that cause he spends so much time chasin't the other chickens to get their vittles away from 'em that he don't find no time to pick no none hisself." to pick up none hisself."

STRAINED.

"So you had a chance to pay your respects to the Czar when you were in Russia. You must have caught cold up

there, for you are fearfully hoarse."
"Yes, I spoke with his Majesty. That's
why I'm so hoarse." "llow's that? Did he give you that

icy stare 2"
"No. You see, I thought I must address him by his whole title. Awful job."
Voice gave out repeatedly. Had to be jin three da s before the time set for the ots of others going it the same time 'I