

LIFE'S MUTABILITY.
BY HOWARD C. TRIPP.

Ah, this life is not secure;
We amid the selfish throng,
Let the height of fame assure
Us with three feet along.
O'er the track of life we range,
Faster, faster with the crowd,
With seasons come and change,
Soon shall slumber 'neath the shroud.

In the dim land of our dreams
Fortune spreads before our eyes
Many jewels, many beams,
Many honors we prize.
But a barrier intervenes,
And 'tis never swept away,
While these rapt enchanting scenes
Keep us working every day.

Keep on toiling evermore
For the baubles we would gain,
Till at last we leave the shore
Where our labors seem in vain;
But when comes the final hour,
When we draw the curtains,
We may have solved the power
For the labors after death.

KINGSLEY, IOWA.

THE MISSING WILL
OR
LOVE'S BRIGHT DREAM.
A Tale of Old Kentucky.

BY W. L. FRENCH.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

A little after 5 o'clock George and his father set out for Frankfort in a carriage, and the shades of night had fallen by the time they reached the city. They drove at once to a barn and had their horses stabled, and then the elder man went in search of Grant, while George followed at a reasonable distance, for he feared to let Grant see that he was in the city, lest he grow suspicious and thereby defeat his plans. It was not long before Edudice met Grant coming out of one of the many liquor resorts of the city.

"Well met!" he cried, as he held out his hand toward Grant. "You are the very man I was in search of."

"Well, I am glad to see you," replied Grant; "not for any particular love I bear you, but just because I am needing some money just at present, as the note you no doubt received by the hands of your son informed you."

"Yes, George gave me the note, and that is why I am here to-night," answered Edudice.

"Good!" ejaculated Grant. "I had no idea that you would be so prompt in the matter, but I find I am agreeably disappointed in you, for once."

"Oh, no, Mr. Grant, I have no occasion to regret, you have acted fairly this fat with me, and of course it is only just that I should treat you in the same manner, and now, since my chances of getting the fortune are better than they were the first time I saw you, of course I do not begrudge you the sum you ask for waiting."

"He let me think of it," said Edudice, but aloud he said, "I am glad you have come to your senses, and decided to treat me honorably in this matter. You know that nothing but money or death will seal my lips on that subject—the latter I shall avoid as long as possible, and it will be lucky chance that put you in my possession of my secret, and we can expect nothing else but what you will use it to benefit yourself as much as possible," said Edudice.

"You may be sure that I shall. As soon as you pay me the fifty thousand I shall leave this part of the country for good," remarked Grant.

"For a moment Edudice had a mind to settle with Grant on that score, and trust to his honor never to disturb them again. Then the fear of what his son and wife would say, should he fail to carry out his part of the plot, came into his mind and urged him on.

"You shall have it as soon as I receive the estate. Meekin has either got to give in peaceably next week or else take it to law, and I do not believe he will do that," explained Edudice.

"You may be sure he won't. Old Meekin is not the fellow to give up tamely when he has the ghost of a show to win, and he'll fight you just as long as he can, and the sooner you commence with him the sooner you'll get possession of the property. All he wanted was time to get proof that you took the will, and though he has learned nothing yet that I know of, there is no telling when he might stumble on something that would put him in the way of gaining the information which he desires."

"That is so," assented Edudice. "I believe I shall commence suit at once."

"It will be the best plan," replied Grant, "for you know I might get tired of waiting on you and give things away to the other fellows for a good price, and that would not suit you."

"No, it would not," admitted Edudice. "But then I do not fear your doing that, for you promised to wait if I furnished you with money along to supply your wants, and I shall do that, though I admit you are rather expensive in your habits."

"Oh, yes; I formed them in my early youth and I have not been able to rid myself of them. They have cost me even more than you have any idea," said Grant bitterly.

While the men had been conversing, they had been strolling leisurely along, and Edudice had directed their steps so that they had now reached the bridge over the Kentucky River and they walked over a short distance on it, and half sat down on the edge of the railing.

"Well, I don't see as we have any business here," he remarked. "Pay me the money and we will walk back to the city."

"See here, Grant," said Edudice, pretending to be angry, so as the better to keep his companion's attention fixed on him. "You have got to go a little slower on money matters. I have got to have funds to carry on this affair, and if you use them all up in dissipation how am I to do it?"

"It's none of your business in what manner or how much money I spend. If you are tired of furnishing it, why, say

so, I shall not urge you," replied Grant heatedly.

"I would not mind it if I knew that, after I had given you the sum you demand, you would not waste it in dissipation, and then be back for more," said Edudice.

"You will have to take my word for that, and I will keep it. Because you are an unprincipled rascal, don't judge that every other man you meet is the same," replied Grant.

"Put! Don't talk to me of honor!" exclaimed Edudice, shortly. "Honor is an unknown word to men of my stamp," and just then, looking past Grant, he plainly saw his son George stealing along the bridge toward them.

"Give me the money, and end this interview. If you don't intend to give that is all I want to know, but I shall see Meekin before I sleep," said Grant.

"I don't think you will," replied Edudice, and at that instant our hero, looking up from below, saw George Edudice, who had crept close to his unsuspecting father, and giving him a hand as he approached, helped him up the bank.

"You are my prisoner, young man, and there is no use to attempt resistance," he said.

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Roy, in unfeigned surprise.

"That I arrest you for the murder of that man whom you just killed and cast into the river," replied Brown.

"The man whom I killed! Why, officer, you are making a grave mistake. There stand the men who committed that crime, and they tried to kill me, when I plunged into the water to try and rescue the body," said Roy.

"Oh, come now, that's too thin. You are guilty, and that's all there is to it, and I am going to lock you up," answered the officer.

"I suppose those men are my accusers," said Roy, contemptuously, pointing his finger at the Edudices. "I have no objection to your locking me up, but I do demand that those fellows be locked up also."

"I do not see any reason for that," replied Brown.

"I never saw a man exhibit so much brass as you do," put in George Edudice, "to demand that the men who were pursuing you for murder should be locked up because you are. It beats anything I ever heard of, and he gave vent to a mocking laugh."

"Yes, it was a good blow, father," rejoined the son, pleased with his father's praise. "I was momentarily expecting that he would look around and observe me, but, thank fortune, he did not."

"I do not believe he would have heard you, if you had walked boldly up behind him, he was so engrossed in our conversation," said the father.

"Perhaps he wouldn't; but it is best to take no chances, you know, on things of this kind. Now for the missing will, and then we will rid ourselves of this carriage and return to the city," and stooping over he commenced a hurried search of his clothing. "I can find no trace of it yet," he exclaimed, savagely. "Pull off his boots and look in the linings and bottoms. I will look after his coat," and he pulled it from Grant's back and tore it to pieces in the eagerness of his search.

"But all in vain! Not a sign of the missing paper could be found."

"Curse him! I can't find a trace of it," said George excitedly, after a moment spent in silent searching.

"Neither can I," remarked his father. "I fear we must make our case worse, instead of better."

"We are foiled in getting possession of the will, that is plain now. However, it will do no good to let this body lie here any longer; we only run unnecessary risk of discovery by so doing, and if the will is on his person, it is now destroyed. We are gone! That job is finished," said George, as he cast the coat and boots of the murdered man from the bridge.

"Yes; and I am glad of it," responded his father.

"They heard the splash as the body struck the water, and George leaped over the railing to look after it and see if it sank at once. What was his surprise to see a man swimming boldly toward the spot where the body had evidently gone down. Here was some one who evidently saw them commit this crime, and was now striving to rescue the body of the murdered man!"

As young Edudice looked, our hero turned his face so that it was in the light of the moon, and George recognized him. For a moment his soul was filled with guilty terror, and then a wild, mad plot came rushing into his mind, by which he believed he could clear his father and himself from even the breath of suspicion, and sweep his rival forever from his path.

"Follow me," he shouted to his father. "Roy Pierce has witnessed our crime, and is even now trying to rescue the body. We must act quickly or all is lost," and he rushed away, followed by his father, who muttered to himself as he ran:

"Just as I told them it would be. The more crime we commit to make ourselves safe the more we may."

Bumping off the bridge, they hastened down to the water's edge, and reached it just as the moon passed under a cloud, which temporarily shrouded the river in darkness. George Edudice drew a derring-dagger pistol as he ran, and now, as he could dimly make out the outlines of our hero's form in the water, he leveled it and fired.

Roy had not thought of danger to himself when he plunged into the water, but the whistling of a bullet uncomfortably close to his head warned him that the men on the shore were desperate, and would stop at nothing to secure their own safety.

George seeing that his first shot had proven ineffectual, now drew another pistol, and, taking more careful aim, fired again. Just as he fired, the body of Grant rose a short distance below Roy for the second time, and he could dimly see it, but as he attempted to swim toward it he felt a sudden stinging pain in his left arm, and he could hear the bone crack as the bullet crashed against it. The next second he was struggling with all his might to make his way toward the shore with a broken arm, for he saw at once that it would be all he could do to save himself, let alone attempting to rescue the body.

Fortunately, Edudice had no more shots to fire, so he was safe in that respect. Several people, attracted by the pistol shots, now came running down to the river to see what had happened. Among them were two policemen.

"What's the row here?" asked one of

the officers, gruffly, addressing George Edudice.

"Hello! Is that you, Brown?" exclaimed George, familiarly. "Why, father and I saw a fellow strike a man down on the bridge and cast the body into the water. He then started to return to the city, when we gave pursuit, and ran him back toward the river. We thought we had him cornered, but he sprang into the water and attempted to swim off when I fired two shots at him. I think I must have struck him, for he turned and is swimming toward this shore."

"Who were the men?" asked the officer called Brown.

"I did not know either of them," answered George.

At that instant the moon came out from under the cloud and plainly showed Roy Pierce not over twenty feet from the shore, and somewhat lower down the stream. The officer, whom George had addressed as Brown, hastened to the place where he must have been, for he was approaching, and giving him a hand as he approached, helped him up the bank.

"You are my prisoner, young man, and there is no use to attempt resistance," he said.

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Roy, in unfeigned surprise.

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PULLMAN PALACE BUFFET COMPARTMENT SLEEPING CARS, PALACE DINING CARS.

PULLMAN VESTIBULE TRAINS,
FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.
AND
NO CHANGE OF CARS
OF ANY CLASS BETWEEN
CHICAGO AND KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS, ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY, AND BLOOMINGTON AND KANSAS CITY.

PIONEER PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CAR, PALACE DINING CAR
FREE PALACE RECLINING CHAIR CAR LINE.

JAMES CHARLTON,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
210 Dearborn St., near corner Adams St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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