

Lucy Warringham's Sacrifice.

The Story of a Hasty Marriage and Its Tragic Sequel.

BY ERNST BRUNCKEN,

Author of "The Bibliomaniac's Crime," "A Terrible Secret," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS LYON.

Mr. Walter Warringham was lounging on one of the easy chairs in the parlors of his club. Three or four other gentlemen were engaged in the same pleasant occupation.

It was not in the best of humor, for his acquaintances took pleasure in annoying him by all sorts of allusions to the latest bit of scandalous gossip, his brother's intended marriage, of course.

His annoyance was the greater because he was well aware that some of these importunate scoffers were rather intimately acquainted with his future sister-in-law. He would have told his brother this fact, well knowing that such would be the best means of producing a rupture between the actress and her unprosperous lover.

Jack Spofford invited him for a ride down the avenue, which led by the theater, and Walter consented.

The two gentlemen accordingly walked over to Jack's residence, which was but a short way distant, and Mr. Spofford ordered two horses saddled. A quarter of an hour later both were seen riding down the boulevard that serves gentlemen a place to show their horses and ladies to show themselves.

Both knew almost everybody that frequented the avenue at this hour, and everybody knew them. So there was no end of salutations and brief conversations.

"There is your brother and Miss Lyon," Jack remarked, pointing at them with his riding-whip. "Who is that other gentleman that is with them?"

Walter bit his lips. Was he to hear of nothing but Miss Lyon to-day? "I do not know who he is," he answered.

"Let us find out." The trio soon met the two young men, who saw that the unknown was a man of rather distinguished but foreign appearance.

"Ah, Mr. Warringham, Mr. Spofford, how fortunate we are to meet you," the lady exclaimed, in her lively manner, as the two young men approached them. They checked their horses and doffed their hats.

"Are you going to be at the theater to-night?" the actress rattled on. "The Doctor is going to give us the loveliest little supper at the Mazarin, and I want to see you there. You know how we are not acquainted, I see? Count von Hohenfels, of the German legation in Washington—Mr. Spofford, Mr. Walter Warringham."

The gentlemen so introduced by electricity, as it were, bowed.

"The witness of beauty and loveliness are commands," said Spofford, gallantly replying to Miss Lyon's invitation. "We shall be delighted to be of the party."

The Doctor frowned. In the new ardor of his love he could not brook anyone to pay compliments to his lady.

"What is that Jack does not love you as I do. True love does not flatter," the actress continued. "It is getting late and my maid is waiting to arrange my toilet for the performance. I will be glad to see you."

had consented to arrange for the supper to which Miss Lyon had invited the German count and the two young men they had met on the avenue. He would have preferred to sup alone with her.

All these laughing matters kept his mind occupied during the ride. At the close of the play the whole party repaired to the hotel, where supper was waiting for them.

The supper was perfect in all its appointments. Miss Lyon failed not to express her admiration. She was lively and ever, and her merry chatter never ceased for a minute. Her vivacity, which at their first acquaintance had captivated him, now made him uncomfortable.

Did she not evince a lack of sympathy in his trouble? He excused her before himself by trying to persuade himself that she only endeavored to conceal her engagement to him. If that was the case she succeeded perfectly; for she treated him in no wise different from the other gentlemen.

Jack Spofford and the designer enjoyed themselves without restraint. Their admiration for Miss Lyon was unbounded.

Walter, who at first was in a morose humor and expected to find the evening tedious in the long, felt a change come over him as the time rapidly passed away. He did not spare the wine, as was his custom, and this may have had something to do with his sensations.

He gradually arrived at the conclusion that Miss Lyon was a most charming woman, and began to think that Ralph's taste was not bad after all.

If the presence of a lady did not restrain Walter from making the intimate acquaintance of the bottle, neither did Count Hohenfels nor Jack think it necessary for an indulgence in the noble juice of the grape, and so it came about that when the dessert was served, the only member who did not show the influence of claret and champagne was Ralph.

Naturally, under these conditions, the conversation, which had been lively from the beginning, gradually became almost boisterous, and reached the utmost limit of what is allowed in the presence of women. Ralph alone did not participate in the loud merriment, and evidently wished that the whole affair was over.

He did not entertain the terrible thought that he had been guilty of the conduct of his fiancée. Could she, after all, be no better than he was told other actresses were, given to sensual pleasures, without stability and the power of feeling deep and lasting affection?

He would not entertain the terrible thought that he had been guilty of the conduct of his fiancée. Could she, after all, be no better than he was told other actresses were, given to sensual pleasures, without stability and the power of feeling deep and lasting affection?

Why did she talk so much to Walter? True, he had by his silence given her little encouragement to address her conversation to him, yet she might be a little more considerate.

His brother's behavior, however, made the Doctor simply indignant. Walter's face was flushed with the effects of the wine, he talked very much and rapidly, and every word was addressed to Miss Lyon.

He endeavored to pay her one compliment after another, but he had not the knack of delicate flattery, and his compliments were invariably of a rather coarse character. Nevertheless, they evidently pleased the lady to whom they were addressed.

Ralph had given her credit for better nature than she deserved.

Walter Warringham grew bolder and bolder as he became more intoxicated. He repeatedly seized Miss Lyon's hand and pressed it with unnecessary warmth. She withdrew it, but not with the repelling energy that she might have expected.

Ralph sat in ominous silence. His eyes wandered from Walter to Miss Lyon and from Miss Lyon to Walter. The flush had left his face, and he was very pale now.

Walter at last lost all sense of delicacy and propriety. He forgot that she was the intended bride of his brother, and the other gentlemen, he made an attempt to kiss the handsome actress.

Up jumped Ralph with the lightning-like celerity of the tiger, and his right hand dealt a blow on his brother's cheek.

A curse escaped from Walter's surprised lips. His hands involuntarily clutched a bottle that stood before him, and he would have hurled it at Ralph, but the Count interfered and held his hand.

ache, but forgot it under the more serious trouble that disturbed his mind.

No allusion to what had just occurred was made, either by him or Miss Lyon, when he took leave from her after the supper that had been so disagreeably interrupted.

Miss Lyon looked very charming in the tight-fitting, dark-colored traveling suit she wore on the occasion; for the young couple had decided to set out on a trip to Europe at once.

Ralph was in paradise. That signifies Jack Spofford had been selected by the Doctor as the person who should communicate the ominous news to Mrs. Warringham.

It had been on intimate terms with Ralph since their college days, and felt an unbounded admiration for his clever friend. Him nobody ever dreamed of calling clever, but he had the reputation and every body liked him. Ralph regarded him with sincere friendship and implicit trust.

This amiable young gentleman did by no means feel comfortable at the thought of his commission. But there was nothing he could have done at Ralph's behest. He would even have sold him his favorite horse.

When the ceremony was over and the newly made couple had received the congratulations of Jack and the legal gentleman, the Doctor aside for a moment. Mrs. Warringham, with the assistance of the maid, was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, while the lawyer arranged his papers and documents.

"I wish you all the happiness a good man can give to a woman," Jack said, grasping his friend's hand. "You have done your duty to the best of your ability. I wish you could see me in a few days."

Ralph saw the emotion in Jack's eyes and warmly responded to the pressure of his hand.

"Fare you well, my dear fellow," he said, "thank you. I know that you will do that. And listen, Jack; tell my cousin Hattie to keep my memory green, for I do not know how soon I may see her again."

Ralph was himself somewhat overcome by emotion.

Jack Spofford carefully elaborated in his mind the little speech with which he was to communicate to Mrs. Warringham the facts of her husband's planned departure for Europe.

He could not, however, tell his tale without admitting that he had taken part in the necessary arrangements, and drew deeply crimson when Mrs. Warringham said cutting irony.

"I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Spofford, for the pains you have taken in promoting the happiness of my family."

He felt greatly relieved when he had at last left the house. As he was walking toward the front door, he met the mansion with green lawns and shrubbery he met Miss Beckford.

"This seemed to Jack a partial compensation for the ordeal he had just gone through, and at the same time he remembered that he had a message to her also.

He had sought her in vain at the dignified frankness that was so charming a characteristic of this young lady of nineteen.

"Why are you in such haste to get away, Mr. Spofford?" she asked. "Your call has been very brief."

Hattie turned a shade paler. "Bad tidings," she asked. "What is it, Mr. Spofford?"

"I called to bring yourself and Mrs. Warringham the adieu of your cousin Ralph. He has just departed for Europe."

never get it into shape again, Mr. Baxter, up-stairs, fulfilled the duties of his office. No outsiders were present, with the exception of Jack Spofford and Miss Lyon's French maid, who served as witness.

Miss Lyon looked very charming in the tight-fitting, dark-colored traveling suit she wore on the occasion; for the young couple had decided to set out on a trip to Europe at once.

Ralph was in paradise. That signifies Jack Spofford had been selected by the Doctor as the person who should communicate the ominous news to Mrs. Warringham.

It had been on intimate terms with Ralph since their college days, and felt an unbounded admiration for his clever friend. Him nobody ever dreamed of calling clever, but he had the reputation and every body liked him. Ralph regarded him with sincere friendship and implicit trust.

This amiable young gentleman did by no means feel comfortable at the thought of his commission. But there was nothing he could have done at Ralph's behest. He would even have sold him his favorite horse.

When the ceremony was over and the newly made couple had received the congratulations of Jack and the legal gentleman, the Doctor aside for a moment. Mrs. Warringham, with the assistance of the maid, was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, while the lawyer arranged his papers and documents.

"I wish you all the happiness a good man can give to a woman," Jack said, grasping his friend's hand. "You have done your duty to the best of your ability. I wish you could see me in a few days."

Ralph saw the emotion in Jack's eyes and warmly responded to the pressure of his hand.

"Fare you well, my dear fellow," he said, "thank you. I know that you will do that. And listen, Jack; tell my cousin Hattie to keep my memory green, for I do not know how soon I may see her again."

Ralph was himself somewhat overcome by emotion.

Jack Spofford carefully elaborated in his mind the little speech with which he was to communicate to Mrs. Warringham the facts of her husband's planned departure for Europe.

He could not, however, tell his tale without admitting that he had taken part in the necessary arrangements, and drew deeply crimson when Mrs. Warringham said cutting irony.

"I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Spofford, for the pains you have taken in promoting the happiness of my family."

He felt greatly relieved when he had at last left the house. As he was walking toward the front door, he met the mansion with green lawns and shrubbery he met Miss Beckford.

"This seemed to Jack a partial compensation for the ordeal he had just gone through, and at the same time he remembered that he had a message to her also.

He had sought her in vain at the dignified frankness that was so charming a characteristic of this young lady of nineteen.

"Why are you in such haste to get away, Mr. Spofford?" she asked. "Your call has been very brief."

Hattie turned a shade paler. "Bad tidings," she asked. "What is it, Mr. Spofford?"

"I called to bring yourself and Mrs. Warringham the adieu of your cousin Ralph. He has just departed for Europe."

AFFAIRS IN ILLINOIS.

ILLINOIS LAW-MAKERS.

ITEMS GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

What Our Neighbors Are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes.

The Department of Illinois, G. A. E. in session at Decatur, elected Horace Clark, of Mattoon, Commander.

It was represented that the widow and daughters of the late Maj. B. E. Stephens, founder of the G. A. E., were living in reduced circumstances at Petersburg, and a movement is on foot to purchase and present to them a home.

The following resolutions were adopted: Whereas, it is now a matter of history that at the Decatur fair, of Illinois, was organized the first post of the Grand Army of the Republic;

Resolved, That this encampment, rejoicing in the honor, believes it should be the first to contribute its share for the raising of the necessary funds and remit the same to the department officers-elect.

One of the most destructive fires in the history of Chicago destroyed John M. Smyth's mammoth furniture establishment—the largest retail furniture store in the world—Kohl & Middleton's West Side Dime Museum, and a number of other buildings. Only the Haymarket Theater narrowly escaped.

The total loss is upward of a million, with insurance of about \$400,000. No one was buried in the ruins, but one spectator was fatally injured and several badly hurt by the collapse of a sidewalk.

It invaded a room occupied by Mrs. Sarah Macks, who was in confinement, attended only by Dr. J. Z. Bergeron. The Doctor by superhuman effort carried his patient, wrapped in blankets, down three flights of stairs, and fifteen minutes later a healthy girl baby was ushered into the world.

For the first time in its history the public schools of Ramsey held commencement exercises. A class of thirteen received diplomas.

JOHN ERNST, of Chicago, becoming impatient to die the first day he was elected it, he tried to kill his wife. She escaped and he blew his brains out.

Two FARMERS near Vanburenburg, Cyrus Browning and Thomas Cullom, quarreled over an account. Browning fatally stabbed Cullom.

The Turners of Central Illinois intend to be strongly represented at the National Turnfest at Indianapolis in June. A meeting of delegates at Springfield has settled the preliminaries.

Following are extracts from observations made at a few places from Springfield, concerning the crop prospects of Illinois:

Coles—Conditions favorable; nothing injured as yet.

Crawford—Wheat looks well; no insects; no cats own; but little plowing done; vegetables backward, but early crops.

Clark—Wheat in excellent condition; meadows doing well; too wet for farm work; very little oats sown; fruit prospects excellent.

Christian—Wheat, wheat, and rye looking well; fruit prospects excellent.

Clay—No oats sown; ground too wet; wheat looks fine.

Clark—Wheat in excellent condition; meadows doing well; too wet for farm work; very little oats sown; fruit prospects excellent.

Is the Senate the joint resolution granting special investigating committees power to extend investigation to all live stock exchanges doing business in the State was adopted. Mr. Fuller presented a petition from the Boone County Patrons of Industry complaining of a change of Mr. Hunt's bill requiring butters to be colored pink.

In the order of unfinished business in the House, the ballot reform bill came up for further discussion, after some adjournment. On motion of Mr. Green, the bill, with all the amendments adopted, was ordered to be presented and its further consideration postponed to the special order for the 16th.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Messrs. Watson, Green, Johnson, Hayes, and Anthony as members of the special committee to investigate the charges against the management of the Anna Insane Asylum, Mr. Hamilton presented a resolution which, after some debate, was adopted, extending the jurisdiction of the Live Stock Exchange Investigating Committee to the investigation of Louisiana Live Stock Exchange.

When the Senate convened on the 13th at 5 o'clock, the tranquillity was interrupted by a serious jar between Senators Crawford and Hunt. The Agricultural Committee for not having reported back a stock yards bill, Senator Hunt looked in astonishment at Senator Crawford. Then he appeared angry and said: "What is the cause of your opposition?"

Senator Crawford said: "I placed your bill with the other two before the committee in the hands of a subcommittee, but your request and made me the chairman of it. The bills have never been heard from since."

Senator Hunt replied: "I am waiting for your report, and what in the world do you mean by this public accusation of me?"

Senator Crawford said he would report in the morning. "Did I appoint you first?"

Senator Hunt replied: "Yes—does that make me chairman?"

Senator Crawford said he would report in the morning. "Did I appoint you first?"

Senator Hunt replied: "Yes—does that make me chairman?"

Senator Crawford said he would report in the morning. "Did I appoint you first?"

Senator Hunt replied: "Yes—does that make me chairman?"

Senator Crawford said he would report in the morning. "Did I appoint you first?"

Senator Hunt replied: "Yes—does that make me chairman?"

Senator Crawford said he would report in the morning. "Did I appoint you first?"

Senator Hunt replied: "Yes—does that make me chairman?"

Senator Crawford said he would report in the morning. "Did I appoint you first?"

Senator Hunt replied: "Yes—does that make me chairman?"

Senator Crawford said he would report in the morning. "Did I appoint you first?"