

# From Sin to Contrition

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 VII.—Continued.

#### THE HAND OF DEATH.

Jack Spofford was veiled in the extreme by the behavior of the girl, who seemed at the same time to attract and repel him. She had not said no, he thought, even if she would not say yes. But Jack was determined now to have a definite answer. "What is it, Lucy? Do you really hate me?" he asked.

"Poor Hattie was in a truly pitiable plight. She felt that she was incurring the just reproach of coquettishness by her behavior, yet nothing was further from her heart than that contemptible display of egotism. She had, however, never unkindly regarded him as one of her very best friends, but marrying him was entirely out of the question. But how could she tell him so? What would she answer him if he asked a reason for her refusal? Could she tell him that her heart belonged to another man who was married and never had thought of her?"

"Please, dear Mr. Spofford," she said at last, "do let me speak of something else! I cannot say yes, but please do not ask me any more questions."

Jack had to desist. But he vowed inwardly that he would return to the attack and that he would yet win this pretty little obstinate girl, cost whatever it might.

After having raged for three hours, during which Hattie and Jack had been imprisoned in the grotto, the rain finally ceased, and it became possible to venture forth on their homeward journey. The clouds, which still covered the sky, caused a premature darkness, although the sun could not yet be below the horizon. As before, they had completed half their journey it was night. Hattie was very anxious to get home. The company of Jack Spofford could not now be but embarrassing to her, and she hastened onward as fast as she could. Conversation lagged still more than it had done on the upward trip, but for different reasons. Hattie gave no answer to the young man's remarks, and Jack himself was too much vexed, too much vacillating between hope and despondency, to be a very entertaining talker.

So they reached home. Jack took leave from her at the gate of the Warringham cottage, and she did not invite him to have supper with them as she had always done before on similar occasions, nor did she shake hands with him.

When she entered the house she was met in the hallway by Jeannette, the French maid, who told her, with a terrified expression of countenance, that madame was very ill.

Hurriedly she entered Mrs. Warringham's bed-chamber. Her aunt was in a state of violent paroxysm of fever! A physician was present.

"I hope it is nothing serious, Miss Beckford," he said. "But I cannot conceal from you that it may be very bad. After the long ailment of Mrs. Warringham, it is doubtful whether her constitution is strong enough to resist such an attack. Yet there is no necessity for despair as long as there is life."

Terrible words! Hattie knew that they meant even more than they precisely stated. The words of the Doctor were spoken in an undertone, but even if he had raised his voice to a higher key the patient would not have comprehended them.

Her mind was wandering in the madness of feverish dreams. Ever and anon she would utter the name of her eldest son, sometimes with a low wail, sometimes reproachable, then again in a pleading voice, as if she asked him to come back to her. Long sentences she would mutter in a scarcely audible voice, but at intervals break forth into a loud and violent malediction of her who had lured him away from his mother. At such moments she would rise from her couch into a sitting posture, look around with glaring eyes, but apparently not seeing anything but the wild fancies of her overheated brain, and madly gesticulating, as she poured forth the terrible words. The physician would calm her for a few moments by gently laying a moist cloth upon her head, but soon the vagaries of her imagination would be renewed.

It was a terrible spectacle for the young girl.

When the patient seemed a little quieter the Doctor took his leave. Before he went away he gave Hattie some instructions in regard to the treatment of her aunt, and directed that she should be sent for as soon as she should seem to grow worse.

Hattie remained in the sick-room. Jeannette covered on a chair in the room the nearest to the room. She was completely overcome by terror and fear, and Hattie soon saw that the servant could be of very little assistance to her in the nursing of her sick aunt.

When the rainstorm had come up, so Jeannette told her young mistress, Mrs. Warringham had been very anxious about the safety of the two promenaders. She had repeatedly gone on the piazza to look up the valley, whether she could not see them come back. Thus she must have caught an acute cold, Jeannette thought, for suddenly she had felt very ill and almost fainted. The footman, who had once dispatched for the Doctor, but before the latter arrived Mrs. Warringham was already in the condition in which she was now.

Hattie told the maid to go to bed, and Jeannette obeyed with never-seen alacrity.

The young girl remained alone by the bedside of her sick aunt. How slowly the fingers crept forward on the dial of the clock that stood on the mantel shelf! Nothing was heard but the slow, measured ticking of that clock, and the soft, raving ravings of the patient, or, in her quieter moments, the fitful, labored breathing of the latter.

Following the instructions of the Doctor, Hattie frequently renewed the application of a cold, moist cloth on the patient's forehead. She also, from time to time, with the thermometer, observed her temperature, for the Doctor had told her that if the mercury reached a certain spot he would instantly administer as there was imminent danger. Fortunately this did not become necessary.

Slowly, slowly the hours wore on, and at last the morning dawned, finding Hattie still at the sick-bed. What a night she had spent! What tormenting thoughts had assailed her! The throbbing heart of the young girl! The absence of Ralph, yesterday's conversation with Jack Spofford, her aunt's sickness and possible death—here were sorrows enough, indeed, to overwhelm the heart of one so young.

Morning, however, had the new day brought no change for the better in Mrs. Warringham's condition. All that surrounded her did the utmost to save her, but all was in vain. When night had come again, Hattie Beckford wept over the cold clay of her who had taken another place by her, when her eyes were closed in death, and the child of scarcely five summers unprotected and alone.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE RHINE.

One of the magnificent palaces that serve as headquarters between this country and Europe safely landed Dr. Ralph Warringham and his young wife on the coast of old England.

Ralph's honeymoon was scarcely that round of unalloyed joy which it is commonly alleged to be, and which the Doctor had expected to find in company with her. He was alone there was always recurring a pang of conscience, not for his filial disobedience—he was convinced that he had done strictly right in that respect—but for another reason. He could not banish the self-reproach that he had obtained a bride under false pretenses, in not telling her his exact financial position. Only when he was with her and nobody to disturb them he felt completely happy. But he soon began to think that his wife did not give him that pleasure as frequently as he would have liked.

During the passage on the steamer she was the center around which the passengers, at least the male portion of them, gathered, and it must be owned that she understood, as few women do, the art of entertaining a large circle of admirers. But her husband soon began to think that she devoted herself rather freely to the exercise of her social accomplishments. It has been said to be poor breeding for a married couple to make their relations to each other in company by too exclusive devotion to each other. Of this error Mrs. Warringham assuredly never showed herself guilty. When she was sitting on deck with half a score of gentlemen surrounding her, all eager to get a smile and a pleasant word from her, and none disappointed, surely none would have guessed, from appearances, that at least the male portion of them usually sat a little aside and took up no means a leading part in the conversation, was the husband of that vivacious and charming lady. However this might please others, it was not to the taste of the Doctor, who, in the fervidness of his young love, grudged everybody the slightest glance caught from the idol of his heart. Ralph did not think of this subject, and as eager as he was to find excuses for Lucy's behavior, called himself a jealous monster. Did he expect his wife to have no tongue nor eyes but for him? If that was the case, he should go to Turkey and shut her up in a harem.

Was not Lucy, by her theatrical career, accustomed to an unembarrassed association with men, and could she not, by a fixed habit within a few days? Probably the idea had never struck her that she was not acting just as she would have liked her to do. He might throw out some hints, and resolved to do so.

But notwithstanding all this reasoning, which to his head seemed conclusive, his heart would not be quieted. It obstinately yearned for the blackberries, which he had seen as plenty as blackberries.

He did throw out hints, pretty broad ones, too. But Lucy had a way of turning off the shafts of his anger with a jest, a smile, a kiss, and a funny little *pas de seal* that was simply irresistible. Ralph felt his anger vanish like snow under the rays of an April sun, folded his arms in his arms, and he had the dearest, prettiest little wife on the globe, and promised that he would never again trouble her with his foolish jealousy.

These little occurrences became, even during the nine days of the ocean voyage, of daily occurrence, and always ended in the same manner. Mrs. Warringham went on as before, and Ralph spent most of his time inventing grounds on which to excuse her before himself.

To admit that she did not care as much for him as he did for her would have seemed to Ralph equal to a sentence of death. His love for her pervaded all parts of his being, and he could not even bear to think of her faithlessness as a hypothetical case. It would have been fatal blow to his sanity, also, of which he possessed his full share. It would have justified all the malicious criticism of the world which he had so proudly despised. And worse than all, it would have meant that he had given the love of his admired mother for the possession of a creature that was utterly unworthy of such a sacrifice.

He consoled himself with the hope that all would change for the better as soon as they left the ship, when they would no longer be thrown into hourly contact with strangers.

The intention was to stay but a short time in England, and after having seen the principal cities, to cross over to the continent. Ralph had been in England before, and felt, in advance, the pleasure of serving her as cicerone. But here he was to have another disappointment. He soon found that Lucy felt very little interest in the things that had the greatest charm for him. At Stratford-on-Avon he could clearly perceive that inwardly she pronounced Shakespeare a bore, although to please him she declared herself "charmed" with everything he showed her. At other places of interest this experience was repeated, and Ralph was greatly shocked, when, on the 15th, which they crossed over to Ostend, she admitted that of all the things she had seen in England nothing had pleased her more than the magnificent shops in Regent street and the afternoon parade of "society" in Rotten Row.

The fact was, that Lucy's education was of a very limited nature, and the natural endowments of her mind not of a very high order. Everybody knew that the gift of mimicry is but remotely allied to the higher talents, and it is a common experience that even great actors are seldom, if ever, men of extraordinary general intelligence.

After spending some time in the au-

gent cities of the Netherlands and Belgium, the Doctor and his wife at Bonn took a steamer for a trip up the Rhine.

Perhaps no other journey can be made so thoroughly enjoyable as one on that river. Having been one of the chief attractions to tourists since the middle of the last century, the Rhine, as there was imminent danger. Fortunately this did not become necessary.

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## AFFAIRS IN ILLINOIS.

### ITEMS GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

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

The weekly pay bill has received Governor Edwards' signature, and as a law will be operative November 1, labor organizations are elated as the following is a sample of resolutions being generally adopted, will show:

WHEREAS, For many years the working classes throughout the State of Illinois have been desirous of securing members of frequent payments than once a month for labor performed; and

WHEREAS, The Thirty-seventh General Assembly has passed what is known as the weekly payment bill, which secures to us these rights so justly due us and our families; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we hereby tender our most heartfelt thanks to the members of the Legislature who supported the bill, and especially to Representative J. B. Gill, and Senator O. C. C. and to Representatives Geher, Burton, Parsons, Dickinson, and Seale, who so ably assisted them in securing the passage of the bill, and be it further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the body of the Legislature and be inserted in the county papers.

An unknown man hit Jos. Porkorney over the head with a "slingshot" at Chicago and killed him.

The Farmers' Association of Lawrence County wants \$1.25 per bushel for wheat, and has the way to get it all figured out. To what it is. Nevertheless she can't get to the cereal until the pesky city fellows are started into paying all that's asked.

UNCLE SAM has sent his fair daughter, Illinois, a check for \$966,750.00, her share of the district tax fund.

E. D. BOON, a chic clothing salesman, disappeared March 28, and the other day his body was found floating in the lake.

At Seda'ia, Mo., is a rascal who parts his name in the middle, known as the Rev. C. Sheby Hughes, under arrest for bigamy. He formerly lived at Thompsonville, this State, and filled the Methodist pulpit there. He married a Miss Flannigan and deserted her. Being relieved of his pastorate he went West.

ANNIE DE BARR, a Chicago young woman with brawny arm and a most elaborate knowledge of the anatomy of a steam engine, has secured a license as a full fledged engineer. For six years she has worked around stationary engines and knows just what to do when the escape valve is stuck and the steam gage is high. Nevertheless she had such trouble in getting her license, because of the jealousy of some men who "didn't think engineering a fit business for a woman."

CASAWAY B. UPHURCH, of Benton, and Mrs. Sarah M. Nance, of Cuba, the latter 63 years old, were married.

MABEL ROGERS is missing from her home at Canton.

He couldn't agree with his wife, so he killed himself, did George Buchanan, a farmer near Vandalia.

An aged woman and a little child were burned to death in a fire at Chicago, when seven tenement houses were destroyed.

PROF. S. H. HEIDLER, of Springfield, spent several hours in jail, because of his arrest at 2 o'clock in the morning. The warrant was issued at the instance of a father whose boy had been punished for infraction of school rules.

Mrs. SARAH CRIST died of starvation at Decatur. An affliction of the stomach prevented her from eating.

FRANK MARTIN hanged himself to a tree in his employer's yard, near Elgin.

DEERE & MANSUR, Deere & Co., and the Moline plow concern, all of Moline, are merged into one establishment.

MINERS are disappointed because the Newell gross weight bill failed to pass the Legislature. The bill provided for the weighing of coal at the mines before screening.

NELLIE GOODSON, a 10-year-old girl living near Greenville, attempted to use a window as an entrance to the house. The heavy sash fell on her neck and choked her to death before she was discovered.

At Chicago, Edward Murphy and Jas. Tooley were sentenced to three years and three months, Kennedy to five years in the penitentiary for burglary. Rutherford B. Hicks, a 15-year-old, who stole several hundred dollars from J. W. E. Thomas, the colored lawyer who defended him, was sent to the reform school for three years.

Mrs. HOWARD, an aged Chicago lady, formerly a school teacher, drank carbolic acid by mistake and died.

OFFICER THOMAS FAHEY, of Chicago, was relieved of his watch and chain by a footpad. He was sitting on a dry goods box, when a man approached him and asked him which way the next car ran. He gave him the information, and thought no more about it. Soon after the man approached him, and said: "That's a nice chain you wear," at the same time grabbing his watch from his pocket. The policeman was taken by surprise, and when he felt the watch started in hot pursuit. After a chase of several blocks he caught his man, and marched him down to the station. He gave the name of Peter Hansen. To Justice Doyle he explained that he only snatched the watch to get even. Last summer, he said, a detective robbed him of his watch, and he could not stand his hands to the Grand Jury were fixed at \$500, the charge being highway robbery.

On his eighty-third birthday the Naperville brass band made night hideous for Willard Scott, the oldest surviving pioneer in Du Page County. Mr. Scott settled there in 1825, and as third chief of the Pottawatomie Indians, did valiant service against Black Hawk.

M. J. PAUL, traveling salesman for Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., of Chicago, stepped off a train running forty miles an hour at Merrill Park, Wis., and was killed.

At Springfield, the Executive Committee of the Illinois State Grange held a meeting and practically closed a contract for 100,000 tons of binding-twine, enough for all the farmers of the State of this year. The members of the grange refuse to state to whom the contract has been awarded. They say, however, that they will be able to furnish binding-twine to the farmers this year at from 8 to 13 cents a pound. The price last year ranged from 14 to 18 cents.

The committee adopted a resolution inviting Secretary Rusk, of the Agricultural Department, to address the State Encampment in August.

## Syrup of Figs.

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

Last on the Job.  
An Iowa man was tarred and feathered for base conduct, and he hired a man to clean him up for \$2. It took the man four days and a half, and there was still some tar sticking here and there after that. He has sued for \$10 more.

Some people are determined to go to the devil, and you can't head them off.

It's sometimes said patent medicines are for the ignorant. The doctors foster this idea.

"The people," we're told, "are mostly ignorant when it comes to medical science."

Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure, and the medicine that cures is the medicine for the sick.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the "do believes" and the "don't believes." There's no hesitation about it, no "if" nor "possibly."

It says—"I can cure you, only do as I direct."

Perhaps it fails occasionally. The makers hear of it when it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good.

Suppose the doctors went on that principle. (We beg the doctors' pardon. It wouldn't do!)

Choking, sneezing and every other form of catarrh in the head, is radically cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Fifty cents. By druggists.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

better than any other medicine of the kind, relieves and

Promptly Cures

colds, coughs, croup, sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis, lung fever, pneumonia, incipient consumption, and

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"WOMAN, HER DISEASES AND THEIR Treatment." A valuable illustrated book of 72 pages sent free on receipt of 10 cents, to cover cost of mailing, etc. Address P. O. Box 1068, Philadelphia, Pa.

## IF YOU HAVE

no appetite, indigestion, flatulence, Sick-Headache, "rail run down" or losing flesh, you will find

## Tutt's Pills

Just what you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies.

## RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD. NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

Cures and Prevents Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Stomach, Indigestion, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES. Not one hour after reading this advertisement, a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Grippe, Spasms, Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Colic, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

50c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

## RADWAY'S PILLS,

An Excellent and Mild Cathartic. Purely vegetable. The safest and best medicine in the world for the cure of all disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions, they will restore health and renew vitality. Price, 50c. per Bottle. Sold by all druggists, or mailed by RADWAY & CO., 23 Warren Street, New York City, on receipt of price.

## The Soap that Cleans Most

is Lenox.