CRUEL
AS
THE GRAVE;
OR
The Secret of Dunraven Castle.

BY ANNIE ASHMORE,

Author of "Faithful Margaret," Etc., Etc

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

A bright moon rose above the trees, and filled even the dark interior of the coach with light. He saw this dimly, half unconscious, and he ventured to relax his jailer grasp, and to lay her in a more easy position along the seat.

He bent over her with a fierce and dreaming ecstasy. Oh, if those blue heavenly eyes would only unclose and look into his with a timid glance, in which he might read daunting tenderness! how patiently he would fan the flame, how delicately he would defer to her girlish caprices, how light his chain should be until he had won her whole sweet heart!

For with her heart he could not be content, so mighty was his love for her.

Alas! if he had only been a good man he could have taught her to adore him.

Not many minutes passed thus, the carriage tearing along the silent country road, and Loveday lying exhausted; then she recovered the use of her faculties.

She evolved the situation, still lying with closed eyes, the loathing recipient of her fierce lover's rhapsodies; she remembered that they had entered the carriage so hastily that the coachman had not closed the door for them; it must be still possible to open it from the inside then.

They seemed to be flying over the ground; yet if she must attempt to escape—with her life if possible—but if not—

Loveday's heart cried out to God; she knew it might be her last prayer! she thought then of her own adored Auberon; ah! never would he know how sweetly she loved him! and of her beautiful mother, whose one bright joy she was; and two bitter tears gushed from under her eyelids and glittered like diamonds in the brilliant moonbeams.

"You are conscious, my own love, my wife!" murmured Accrington in her ear. "And life brings only tears to you! wait! I shall soon teach you happiness——"

She bounded, with all her gathered strength, against the carriage door; as she had foreseen, it yielded to her pressure and she fell headlong almost across the flashing wheels, but Accrington caught her in time, and would have pinioned her against his breast, uttering passionate entreaties that she would yield to what was now inevitable.

But Loveday was driven to desperation; she must—she would escape this demon-man, if she lost her life in the attempt. She struggled fiercely; she seemed possessed of supernatural strength; if he had her by the arms, she had wrenched free the next moment; if he grasped her by the waist, she writhed down between his arms and his breast; and all the while the carriage door swung to and fro against the wheels, and he could find no moment in which to secure it.

Long ago the crumpled paper had fallen from his hand, and lay on the floor close by the open door.

In all her frenzy of terror, Loveday never forgot that paper, and when she writhed downward she caught it up and held it in a death grip.

Accrington had forgotten it.

"Loveday!" he said at last; "there is no use in this. I will not give you up to Auberon Crecy—no, not if I have to take your own life to prevent it!"

"You may murder me," panted the poor quaking child; I suppose you will; but I will not go another step with you of my own will."

And with that she almost succeeded in springing out of the carriage.

Having secured her once more, Accrington chanced to glance through the rear window. Then it was that Loveday saw a look on his face that chilled her heart's blood.

They had talked of murder, but his eye, in its strange gaze, now meant it. He drew a pistol, he grasped her firmly—he paced the cold tube against her temple, holding her head as in a vise.

Loveday raised her wide frightened eyes full to his; he pored over their agonized entreaty, their sweet wild wonder and anguish that, after all his love, he could take her happy life away!

His hand shook—his face changed; then he remembered that Auberon Crecy was close behind in pursuit; and jealousy, cruel as the grave, possessed him.

"You shall be mine, or no man's!" cried he with a burst of insane laughter; "come to your bridal, the grave, you fiend, my dear! I shall follow close!"

Her agonized eyes, riveted upon his, and cat him every new thought, discovered his last fatal intent just in time. As his finger pressed the trigger, Loveday dashed up her arm, the pistol was struck from his hand and exploded as it fell; she had one glimpse of Accrington's fierce white face and maniac eyes; then came a dreadful warning yell from the coachman outside—the carriage rocked from side to side—swayed and toppled over—and she flung herself toward the open door.

When the appalling tumult had died away, the grinding crash of glass and metal on the flinty verge, the heart-sickening scream of a terrified horse, the dull moan of human agony, and all was still under the bright moonlit sky, Loveday lifted her closed eyes to meet two eyes full of gentle love keeping watch over her, and her frozen heart began to beat against the warm clasping arms of Auberon Crecy.

For they two stood alone upon the brink of the fatal abyss where her guilty lover had gone down to his death.

"But what is this you have so convulsively grasped in your hand, love?" asked Auberon, when he could return to the shuddering and weeping girl, from the mournful duty of dispatching some men who were attracted to the spot, to descend the ravine and examine the wreck.

So dazed was she that she had to smooth out the crumpled envelope and read the address—to herself—before she knew.

"Oh, Auberon!" she faltered with awe, "it is his confession—some time you shall know more—but it will right a great wrong he did a good man, and he would not give it me unless I came that way for it."

"I see, I see! that was why you granted the secret meeting, not——— Oh, my own true Loveday, I never for a moment doubted you!"

For Accrington had done his best to give Loveday's abduction the color of a voluntary elopement; he had sent an Iago-like note to Auberon by a sure hand, warning him that he had not altogether succeeded in superseding Colonel Accrington in the heart of his betrothed, as he might see for himself if he witnessed a secret meeting between them—giving time and place, and insolently signing with Accrington's own name.

Auberon did not receive this astounding warning until it was close on the appointed hour; and instead of suffering the pangs of doubt and jealousy which Accrington had prepared for him, he instantly fathomed his rival's desperate design, and flew to rescue his Loveday. He brought his own fleet hunter; he was in time to give the dismayed Mrs. Dellamere a hint of the iniquity on hand, requesting her to send her stoutest-hearted servants to the rear gate in case force might be necessary; and then he hurried after poor unsuspicious Loveday, and had the benefit of her confidential attitude which Accrington assumed to convince him of her guilt.

The door was locked between them, and Auberon found himself in the grasp of Accrington's two ruffian accomplices, while his darling was snatched away. But Edgar Lloyd had come, like a flash of lightning, to convey his good news to Mrs. Dellamere, who sent him after Auberon. He turned the tide of battle, and Auberon got free to pursue the abductor on his own fleet horse.

He never told Loveday how he had saved her from the doom of her fierce lover, from whose convulsive clutch he had torn her through the open carriage door, while yet the vehicle was swaying on the brink; nor how she had lain across that awful brink in merciful unconsciousness of the dreadful sight, which Auberon followed with eyes starting from their sockets and blood freezing in his veins.

When Loveday was once more clasped in her mother's arms, and Auberon and Edgar were about to retire to attend to sadder duties, she beckoned Edgar to her and placed the precious confession in his hand, explaining its meaning.

"Thank God," he said, fervently. "I had ceased to hope for this."

He hurried straight to Lord Inchcape, and in silence presented the still sealed envelope to him, signing him to read.

In deep surprise the nobleman broke the seal and drew forth a folded paper, opened, and found it blank!

"Incredible treachery!" cried Edgar, in sudden fierce contempt. "I gave him credit at least for sincerity to her!" and he told the whole story of Miss Dellamere's devotion to his lordship's cause, and the fatal sequel.

Yes Richard Accrington had deliberately plotted the whole thing; his promised reparation was but a sham to bring Loveday into his power, the sealed document merely a bait to secure her by. What need for him to write his own condemnation if he never meant to use it?

This discovery greatly added to Inchcape's horror at his end; it would have been one bright spot in the black picture, had he really entertained a noble intention which sudden overpowering temptation, aided by opportunity, had overthrown; but that he could lie to the innocent being whom he professed to love, aye, did love with a despairing tenacity—such an end was revolting beyond words.

And so seemed to end all hope of Lord Inchcape's vindication in the eyes of that powerful bureau who suspected him. Who could right the wrong, now that the wronger was dead?

For Lord Inchcape and Edgar had intended to start for the north early the next morning, but Edgar entreated his kinsman to go without him, as he wished to pay all becoming honor to his late political foe.

"Only give me one promise," said he, "that you will reserve for me the duty of making known to Lady Inchcape and Lady Ulva who I am. In a week I hope to join you in Sleet-na-Vrecken; it is a short time to keep a trivial secret like that, since they will be so happy that they will never think of me."

My lord gazed with arrested attention in the noble young face before him; he noted the suppressed fire and emotion expressed thereon, and he gave him his hand and his promise without a word of comment.

The next morning saw them far apart, and the road lengthening hourly.

CHAPTER XX.

MY OWN TRUE WIFE.

Lady Inchcape and her daughter were seated in a heathery dell, sheltered by the mountains of Sleat-na-Vrecken; for the summer flies early from the bleak Northland, and already winter's moaning winds echoed the hoarser roaring of the sea.

"How fond you are of this spot, love!" said Engelonde, tenderly smoothing the pale cheek of Ulva, whose head lay upon her breast; "why is it? There are many lovelier views on our poor Sleat-na-Vrecken, many softer mossbeds; and yet it is to this one dell that you come day after day, as to a shrine!"

"And is it not a shrine?" answered Ulva, faintly, her dark, mournful eyes, grown large and deeper than of old, fixed upon a certain spot of the rocky path, which passed near by. "For here I saw for the last time one whom I shall never see again till the sea gives up her dead. Over there—there, mamma, our hands touched each other for one little moment—I feel the clasp upon this poor wasted hand yet. And here could Accrington sit alone, I stood when I met his eyes for the last time—for the last time."

Her low, sweet tones broke, and sank into silence.

Lady Inchcape watched her with yearning gaze.

"Yes, Ulva, we lost a true friend when Captain Edgar died; a truer, God never made!" she sighed, while her heart swelled with unforgotten grief.

She would not tread closer to the sacred ground of Ulva's hopeless love, for by no spoken word had the maiden ever confessed her secret, though her long illness, followed by this settled apathy of grief, had long convinced Lady Inchcape that Ulva's heart was buried with the dead.

Heavily indeed had been my lady's sorrow for the brave man who had taught her how to hope, but she saw with terror and self-reproach that Ulva's was heavier yet, and would last her life long.

In the silence which fell between them, the sound of heavy steps hurrying up from the shore roused them; and both ladies gazed with wondering eyes at Kenmore, as he burst into their presence, then stopped stock still, fingering his blue bonnet, which he had snatched from his head, and "glowering" (as he himself would have said) at his lady strangely.

"Well, Kenmore!" said Lady Inchcape, "you wished to find us, did you not? What is it? Why! how bewildered you look! Kenmore—what is the matter?"

She rose quickly, drawing Ulva with her; with arms twined round each other the two beautiful women stood wondering; but Kenmore seemed to find it hard to speak.

How changed the stern old face was! how the keen eyes blazed! how pallid the brown cheek! And why should he gaze at Lady Inchcape with that wild look?

"Speak, Kenmore!" cried my lady, in sudden panic, "there is more sorrow—some one else that we love—oh, Kenmore, my husband is not—dead?" she shrieked, swooping forward to him.

"Na, na, Leddy Inchcape; God forbid!" at last he found voice to say, a very broken voice, and accompanied by a wild, exulting smile; "it's no ill news—me leddy; it's the bonniest news—it's—och! I canna wait to brak it sma'; he's here himsel'!" and the words came out with a roar of irrepressible joy, and the old Highlander threw up his bonnet in the air and laughed aloud.

Estranged the sudden rapture transfigured the two faces of mother and daughter, the same question burst from them simultaneously:

"He is here! Who?"

"An' wha but oor ain Lord Inchcape, come to his ain true leddy?" cried Kenmore; and with the words my lord's majestic figure strode into the middle of the group, hands outstretched to Lady Inchcape, proud face pale and beseeching, and somber eyes fiery with passionate love.

"My true wife!" he began, but she did not wait to hear his pleadings! her eyes met his in one wild, questioning look, and she was in his arms with such a strange, heart-piercing cry!

Ah, poor wife!

They were alone, and seated hand in hand, still in Ulva's dell; for both the witnesses of their meeting had vanished at once, Kenmore wiping his eyes on his bonnet, and Ulva strangely torn by conflicting grief and gladness.

Forgive her! for she had believed for one unutterably blessed moment that Edgar was alive and had come back to her!

She soon laid this pang along with the sorrow in her heart; and then she could rejoice with her beloved step-mother with all a deeply generous soul.

This, then, had been the sorrow which blighted her life—a misunderstanding between her and her husband.

Ah! how could he have doubted her.

Lord Inchcape and his restored wife could not feast their eyes too much upon each other's long unseen faces.

"Ah, how you have suffered!" murmured Lady Engelonde, in her sweetest tones, and she smoothed with her small, thin, burning hand, the deep lines graven upon the forehead which she had last seen as smooth as her own.

"But you—but you, my Engelonde, oh Heaven! have I come too late?" exclaimed Lord Inchcape in gathering dismay; "are you dying, my wife? dying just when I have awakened from my fatal delusion—just when we might be happy again?"

He gathered the shadowy form of his injured lady close to his strongly beating breast; he scanned with infinite pity and anguish each trace of the grief which was consuming her; he lifted her transparent hand, with the fever-rose burning in the palm, to examine it closely; and then he strained her to his hungry heart with a passionate cry of rebellion.

"I will not give her up now! I cannot!" said he; and then his kisses fell like rain upon her mute, smiling face, upon the dark eyes which hungered no more, upon the worn cheeks, which grew rosy under them; and he pleaded with her, eagerly, hotly, as if she, poor, loving mortal, held the key of life in her hand!

"You will not leave me, Engelonde? Say it, dear; you could not, now that we have got each other back again?"

She drew a long sigh, and nestled in his arms like one weary to death who had reached the desired haven at last.

"Leave you, my husband?" she said, wistfully, "oh, I could not, could not! Surely I may live now! No, no, no, not death now, oh, let me live to drink a little more of this sweet happiness! For I am happy, my lord, your restored love is a divine elixor which pours new life into my veins; why, how could I be ill when my heart is bursting with joy?" and she wept some of earth's sweetest tears.

After a long rapt silence she spoke again.

"My lord, tell me the good news. Our enemy has spoken at last, then? You are vindicated? You will once more take your place in the world? Tell me all, Raleigh, no romance was ever so entrancing to me.

But my lord's brow clouded.

"No, sweet wife, Colonel Accrington has not spoken; he has died like a dastard, with his guilt unconfessed," said he.

"He is dead?" faltered my lady, paling fearfully, "and your vindication is hopeless! Oh, my lord!"

She wept, pressing his hand to comfort him; but suddenly started from his side as a new thought struck her.

"But has not your vindicated me? Else why are you here?"

He drew her back to her place with loving insistence.

"My own noble hearted wife," he said, "in every thought and word you unconsciously prove your loyalty to me. My vindication is your first thought, not your own. And this is the jewel I threw away! Oh, who will give me back those lost five years! Listen, sweet Engelonde, with your head on my heart, its rightful place, of which my jealous madness robbed you so long. No one! Accrington has died with all to answer, and I never shall be exonerated—never shall resume public life; yet now that you are restored to me, cleared from the last shadow of doubt, I look forward to a sweet and noble life, which shall have its elevated duties, too, and I shall accept in all humility this one cross as a just chastisement for my sin toward you. Tears, Engelonde, for me? Oh, believe me, the sweetness of our reunited existence will far outlast the one bitter drop in our cup."

"Yet your doubts of me will return, if you have only come to me from a generous impulse," said Lady Inchcape tremulously.

"I have come to you because those doubts are forever laid," he returned. "I thank God who put it into your gutless heart to write that story of our misfortune, for through the resistless power of truth it helped me to believe."

"Ah! my heart spoke to yours there!" cried she raising herself to look at him with timid tenderness.

"And have you really accepted my simple word—which is no proof?"

"I have not been so generous, Engelonde," answered the Earl sadly. "My stubborn pride fought against my yearning love; we men are hard and stern, sweet soul, not like you gentle beings, whose love makes you so self-forgetful. In reading your narrative, I saw that it was in my power to prove one point; when that was proven, I accepted all the rest joyfully, and entirely."

"And that point——"

"Was one which could be proven by John Hicombe—and which was?"

She considered a moment, then the whole scene came back to her; she turned with a burst of joy, and threw her arms about her husband's neck.

"And you believed me through that one trifling piece of evidence?" she cried exultingly; "because these few words of mine were corroborated you could accept the whole! ah, your heart could not have been very cold or hard towards me, or you would never have come back to me on such insufficient testimony, which the world would only laugh at. Now, indeed, I am happy, for I know how great your trust is! I thank God!" oh, how gratefully, for the gift he has given me to-day is without one flaw, my husband not only loves but trusts me."

For a moment she gazed with streaming eyes towards heaven, then turning, gently laid her arms around her husband's neck, her face upon his shoulder.

Another sweet silence, then she looked up with wondering face.

"You say you have read my story; how can that be? In my happy bewilderment I looked at everything through a mist; I did not realize what you had said. But how did you receive that manuscript which I thought lost?"

"I received it from the faithful hand to which you confided it," said Inchcape gently; "you chose your champion well, my Engelonde!"

She uttered a charmed, wondering cry, half terrified though she was.

"Did Captain Edgar escape after all, then? is he alive? but how can it be? oh, I am awake, I hope!"

"Yes, he is alive; he escaped by a miracle: and the first use he made of his safety was to fulfill his promise to you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OPPOSED TO BEDS.

People Who Sleep on the Floor, in Chairs, or Standing Up.

Several persons, from some cause or other, have resolved at various periods not to sleep in bed. Perhaps the individual who kept his resolution the longest, says Spare Moments, was Christopher Pevitt, of York, who died in 1796, aged 93. He was a carver and guilder by trade, but during the earlier part of his life served in the army. His house at York, after he had settled down, was accidentally burned down, and he therefore formed the singular resolution of never again sleeping in a bed, lest he should be burnt to death while asleep, or not have time, should such a misfortune again befall him, to remove his property. The resolution he rigidly kept for the past forty years of his life, his practice being to repose on the floor, or on two chairs, or sitting in a chair, but always with his clothes on. He lived entirely alone and was his own housekeeper, and seldom admitted any one into his habitation. Among other articles which composed his home was a human skull, which he left strict injunctions should be interred with him.

A pedestrian named Ernest Mendsen, who flourished in the third decade of this country, and who once ran from Calcutta to Constantinople in fifty-nine days, when employed as a courier, took very little rest, and never slept in a bed when on his travels. He got short naps of only ten or fifteen minutes at a time each day, as and when he could, and took them standing or leaning against a tree, with a handkerchief over his face. Only the other day a man, on being charged with begging, declared that he had not slept in a bed for thirteen years, but took his night's rest in doorways and passages.

The Japanese never sleep in a bed, but the same spotless floor that answers for table, chairs, and dancing-stage is utilized also for sleeping purposes. They sleep in a great wadded coat, and putting their arms into the long sleeves, fold it over them and go to sleep upon the floor, with a block of wood placed under the neck for a pillow. Perhaps the strangest sleeping place was one discovered a few years ago, when the police of Budapest found thirty persons of both sexes lying in a dirty, but warm stream of water that flowed out of a mill. The water was shallow, and the vagrants had got into it for warmth, taking stones for pillows.

A New Industry in the Bahama Islands.

For years the inhabitants of these islands have been making a living by fruit and sponge culture, and spending their energies trying to exterminate a pest in the shape of a fibrous plant that has overran the islands. Recently a sensible man, who was sent there by Great Britain, discovered that this fibrous plant was a remarkably fine specimen of the sisal grass, whose cultivation, of an inferior quality, in Mexico, for the use in rope making, has built up large fortunes in the business. Now the people are going into the business of manufacturing "Bahama fiber." It makes an excellent rope, and the threads are so fine it is believed it will go into fabrics. They will begin the export of the fiber next year. This fiber plant is of the cactus order and takes four years to mature. After that, leaves from the same plant can be gathered for from twelve to fourteen years. The leaves are from five to six feet long. This fiber promises to find a ready market in the United States.

A MODEL schoolhouse will be erected on the World's Fair grounds. It is intended to represent a public school, there ought to be a peculiarly dingy and disreputable saloon within 100 feet of it.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Stirring Up Chicago Charities—Sold Horse Meat for Beef—Street Railway Figures—Lightner Was Not Bluffing This Time—Expensive Foolishness.

From Far and Near.

THE wife of Policeman Whalen of Chicago tried to thaw the ice in the water pipes at their residence. The loss is $6,000, with insurance only upon the house.

THE Republican State Convention will be held at Springfield, May 4. The basis of representation will be one delegate for every 300 voters, and one additional for a fraction of 150 and over. This will give a total of 1,235 delegates.

CITY folk enjoy a sarcastic dig at the reliability of the proverbial "honest farmer;" but none of them have ever thought of accusing him of such reprehensible trickery as is charged to a Chicago butcher, Charles Beagle, who buys old broken-down street-car horses and sells their carcasses as beef. He sells the stuff to the cheap saloons which run free-lunch stands and to the cheap restaurants.

BOX CARS in use in Chicago street railways cost $1,251; open cars, $724; grip cars, $661. The City Railway Company alone has 1,474 cars of all kinds, of which 322 are grip cars. This company maintain 2,549 horses, which cost an average of $125. Its total receipts last year were $3,873,198; net, $1,338,882. The gross revenue of the cable lines was $2,591,996, and from the horse lines $1,281,202, and net $1,246,914 and $91,968 respectively. It costs 55 cents per day to feed each horse. The expense of carrying each passenger on the cable was 2.90 cents and on the horse cars 4.64 cents. For damage suits for injuries sustained by passengers the company paid $57,156, of which $17,578 was for cutting off one boy's leg.

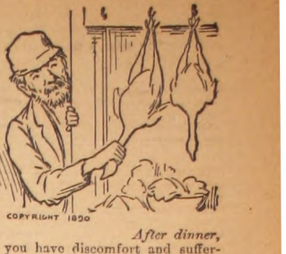
BANKER E. S. DREYER, of Chicago, took it into his head to investigate a number of the so-called charitable institutions in the city. The results, if they did not arouse so high a degree of indignation, are enough to make old Beelzebub grin. The Relief and Aid Society maintains a wood yard, and all able-bodied male applicants are required to earn the aid extended. Good enough! But, the applicants, under the guise of sweet charity, are compelled to do more work for less pay than the most exacting business house in the city would expect. Again, many of the institutions do their begging by regularly appointed agents; and if a liberal business man contribute $100 or $500, the agent who secures it pockets 40 per cent. commission. Many ladies dressed in silks, satins and furs, owe these luxuries to this commission. At the wood yard above referred to one man worked three hours for a 10-cent meal ticket. Another received eight ten-cent meal ticket for thirteen hours work. An association has been formed of charitably inclined wealthy men to investigate the workings of some of the institutions, with a view of hereafter denying them financial support if it be found that their affairs are not properly conducted.

WM. MORRIS is a coal miner living at the Kingston Mines, across the river from Pekin, on the Peoria side. His daughter and her husband, a man named Murphy, lived in a cottage near by. Murphy was good-natured and kindly enough when not under the influence of intoxicants, but when drunk was a dangerous brute. He has of late taken to drinking heavily, and has repeatedly beaten his wife. The other day he had been drinking, and about midnight he went home, knocked his wife down and bumped her head upon the floor. When the woman found an opportunity she ran into her father's cottage and begged for protection. The father, being old and rather feeble, was no match for the son-in-law in a hand-to-hand encounter, so he seized a shotgun, and as he did so Murphy sprang in and with an oath strode toward the trembling woman. "Stand back!" shouted the resolute old father. "D— you, I'll give you some, too," said Murphy, but as he turned toward Morris the old man shot him squarely through the body, killing him instantly.

THE firm of Keener & Pike, of Meredosia, failed for about $130,000. The firm has been doing an extensive business in handling grain and transportation on the Illinois River. It owned the steamers Calhoun and John L. Pike, and was one of the oldest houses in the county. It was established many years ago by Thomas & Fritz Keener, who carried on an immense business at Naples and Meredosia. Thomas subsequently died, and Fritz went to Denver, where he has amassed a large fortune, estimated at $1,500,000. The business at Meredosia was turned over to Charles C. Keener, the son of Fritz, and John L. Pike. The firm had branch houses at Naples, Perry Springs, Bay, Chambersburg, and Versailles, and at each of these places numerous creditors now mourn the failure in various amounts, from a few dollars to thousands. The available assets foot up only about $26,000, the failure is a very bad one. The excessive extravagance of the members of the firm would have brought failure long ago had it not been for the plethoric purse and accommodating spirit of young Keener's father, the Denver millionaire. It is said that he has been drawn on for some time at the rate of $10,000 yearly. Young Keener had, among other things, a private pleasure yacht costing $10,000, which was furnished in luxurious style. During the last Presidential campaign the steamer Calhoun was wagered on the result and lost, but again Father Keener came to the rescue and recovered it. Some of the larger creditors are secured to a certain extent, but many poor people are carried down with the wreck. A great number of these creditors, strange to say, are women. The items in the assets statement total about $26,000.

THE residence of Mrs. Gassmund, near Freeport, was burned, and her little son perished in the flames. Another child was rescued by the mother.

A CAIRO paper printed a letter written by James C. Lightner to his wife in St. Louis, in which he threatened to drown himself. The substance of the letter was telegraphed to St. Louis papers, which had the wife interviewed. She laughingly said that writing such letters was one of Lightner's favorite amusements, and she did not believe he meant it. He did, though. After writing the letter referred to Lightner jumped into the river and was drowned.



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PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Perfect Success. VII

The Rev. A. Antoine, of Refugio, Tex., writes: As far as I am able to judge, I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for anyone who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel now like myself again after taking the Tonic.

NEWTON, ILL., Dec. 1, 1889.

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